

PHOTOPLAY

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APRIL



TYRONE POWER
By Paul Hesse

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE Another Movie Book for Your Library

NEW DOCTOR KILDARE NOVEL By MAX BRAND

Hollywood's Greatest Lessons in Love By Greta Palmer



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Ballet or Ballroom, Set or Stage, stars of the entertainment world have discovered how refreshing L'Orlé is in both their professional and private lives. Follow the stars and find delightful security in the perfume that deodorizes.



For women, favored fragrances are: Princesse de Condé, Marquise de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Duchesse d'Orléans, Madame Rolland, Duchesse de Chateauroux, Gardenia, Lily of the Valley, Bonnie Heather, Orchard Blossoms.

For men: Squire Boots & Saddle, Tumble-weed, Fire & Stream, Stick Ball, Skiing.

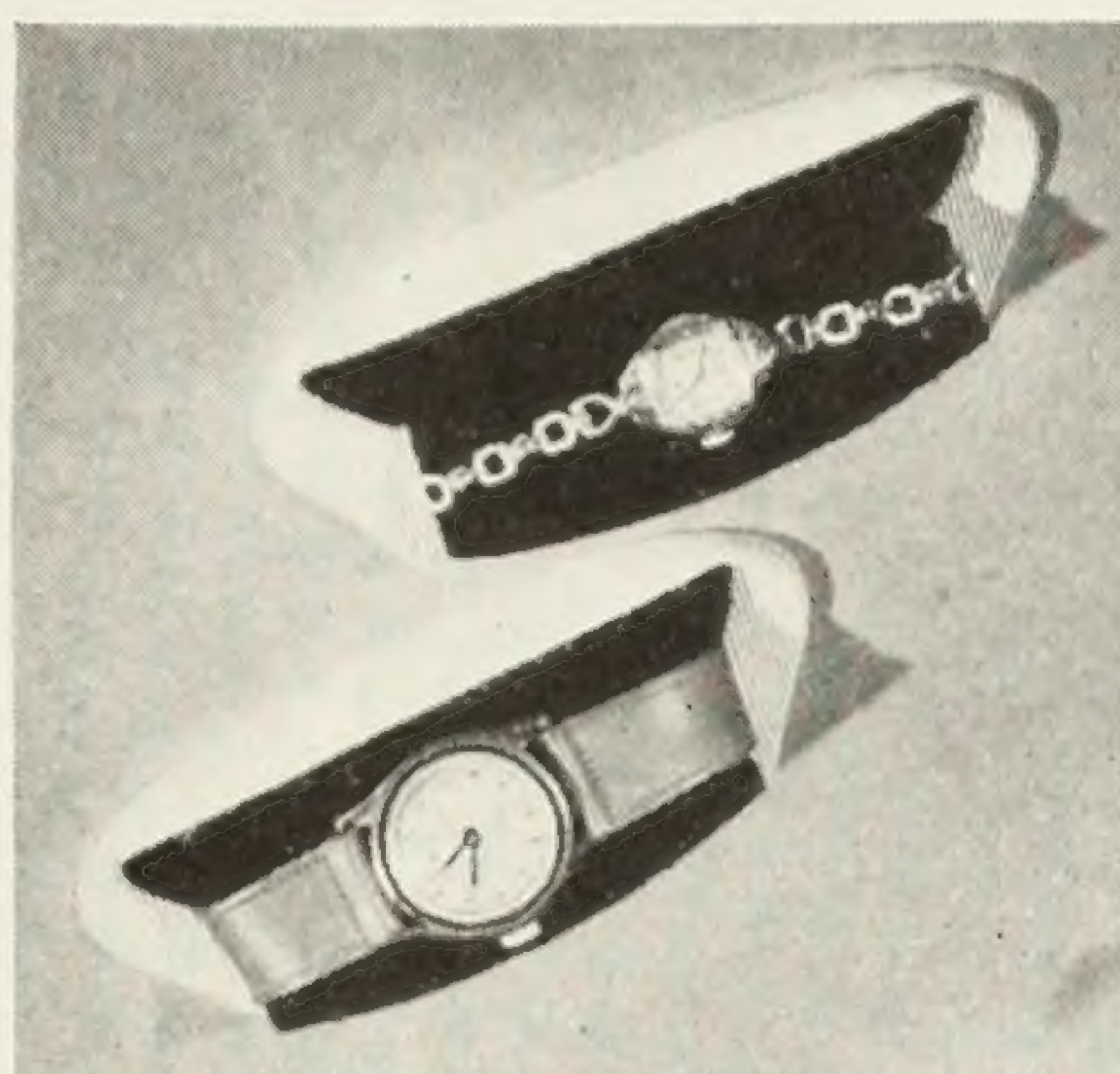
SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

BY FRANCES HUGHES

"It's SPRING!" chirped the first robin, and we feel like chirping with him, only we've more important things to do this minute. Everyone around here is pining out loud for something new . . . in clothes . . . in beauty . . . in gadgets. You get the idea—a fine, fresh start for a fine, fresh season! So off we went on our roller skates, to round up a thing or two that will put you in the pink. As you pick your own little treasures from these pages, check off the birthdays on your spring list, too—you'll save yourself time and money if you do. Just write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City, for the name of the shop nearest you that sells what you want.

1. FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . .

A pretty exchange of timepieces. For Her, Croton's "Miami"—a 14-carat, 17-jewel wrist-watch with two winking diamonds where watch and link-bracelet are joined. Perfect timing for \$29.95. For Him—Croton's "Resistant"—a shockproof, waterproof, dustproof, non-magnetic, 17-jewel he-man watch—a miracle of timekeeping at \$37.50.



2. CALLING ALL GLAMOUR GIRLS

If there's a glamour girl on your list who rates a handsome present, give her La Tausca pearls. Three lovely gleaming strands with a rhinestone glitter-clasp will turn classic sweaters into conversation pieces. She'll flaunt them with her gala gowns as well, thanking you and her lucky stars as she collects her compliments. Only \$4.95, and you'd better wear one too!



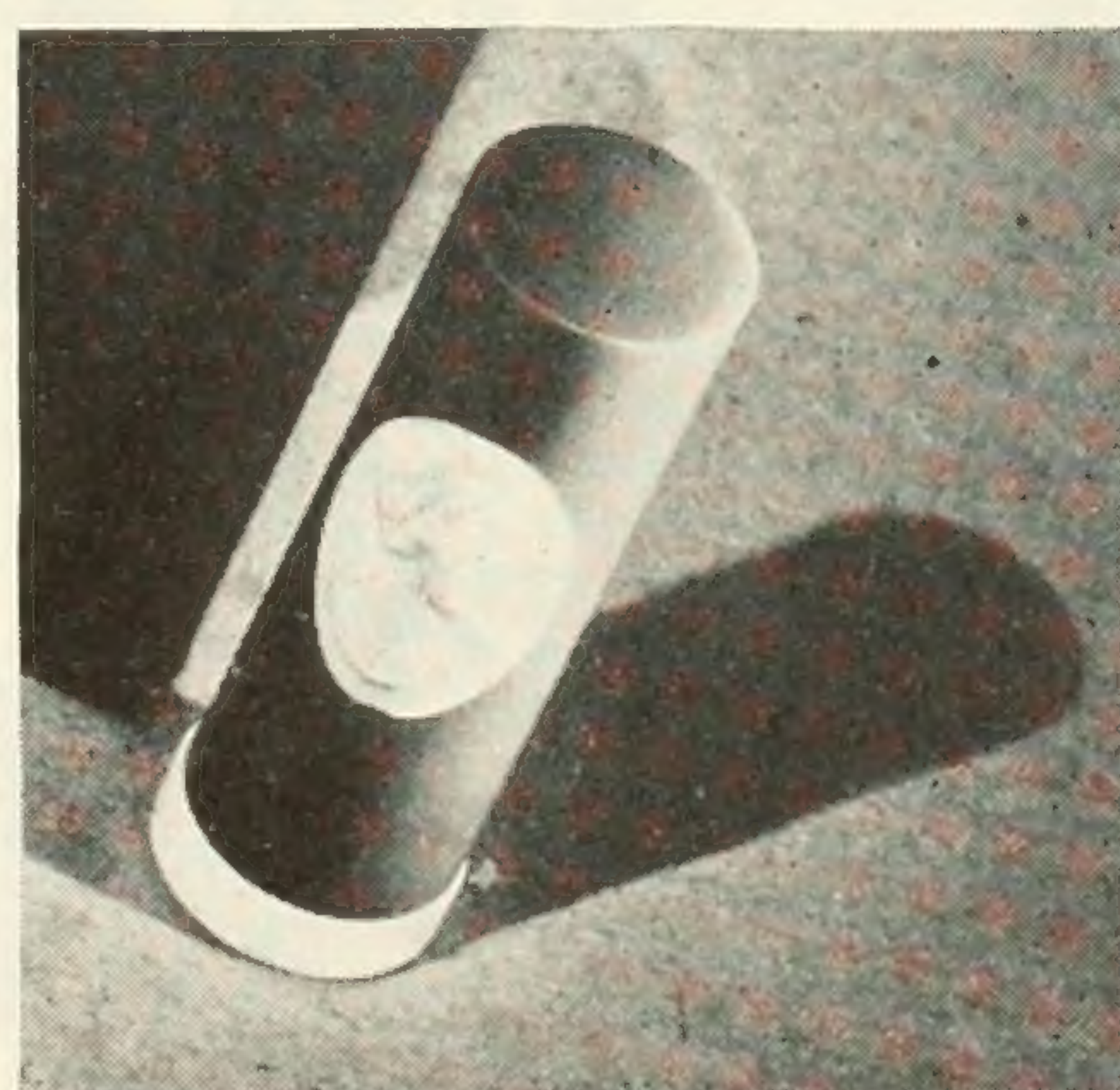
3. BEAUTY BARGAIN

What news! Helena Rubinstein's three big beauty basics, "Herbal Cleansing Cream," "Town and Country Make-up Film" and "Youthifying Stimulant," in generous new junior sizes at \$1.00 each. One is death on dust and dirt; the other puts new glow into your skin; the third blots out blemishes like magic. Don't resist them at their new and appealing low.



4. ATTENTION, PLEASE!

And Don Juan's new Military Red lipstick will get it for you quicker than you can say Jack Robinson! More insistent than a bugler's call—and more lasting than you've ever thought a lipstick could be—is this **new** Don Juan, done up for spring, in a stirring coat of Military red, crested with the famous cameo. \$1.00.



5. TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR PERFUME

Use a De Vilbiss atomizer. Perfumes are blends of this and that—and in concentrated drops the more delicate scents pale besides the stronger odors. But spraying breaks them up into millions of tiny particles and thus each one can assert itself. It's more economical too, because there's less evaporation. Try this one in sparkling crystal with sapphire or topaz top, and you'll see. \$2.00.

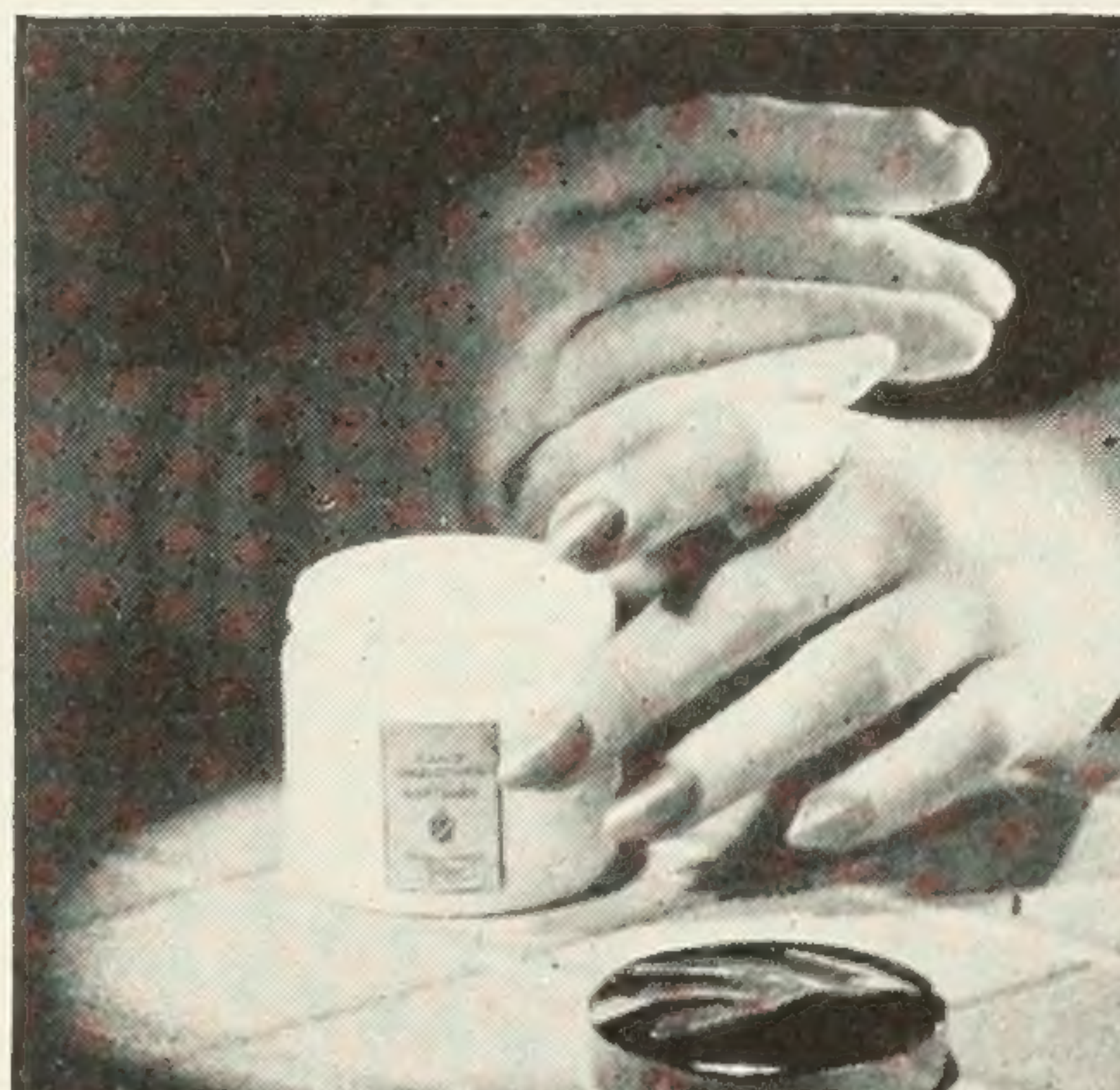


6. NET RESULTS

The net results of taking a bath without netting your curls are better left untold. Avoid this sorry sight by wearing a "Fascinnet." A comfortable, all-over stretchable cap that won't slip and won't give up its elastic grip, but **will** protect your waves while you sleep . . . bathe . . . motor . . . play tennis . . . whatever you do between shampoos that plays such havoc with your hair! \$1.00 buys this gentle persuader in colors to match your sports clothes or your hair.

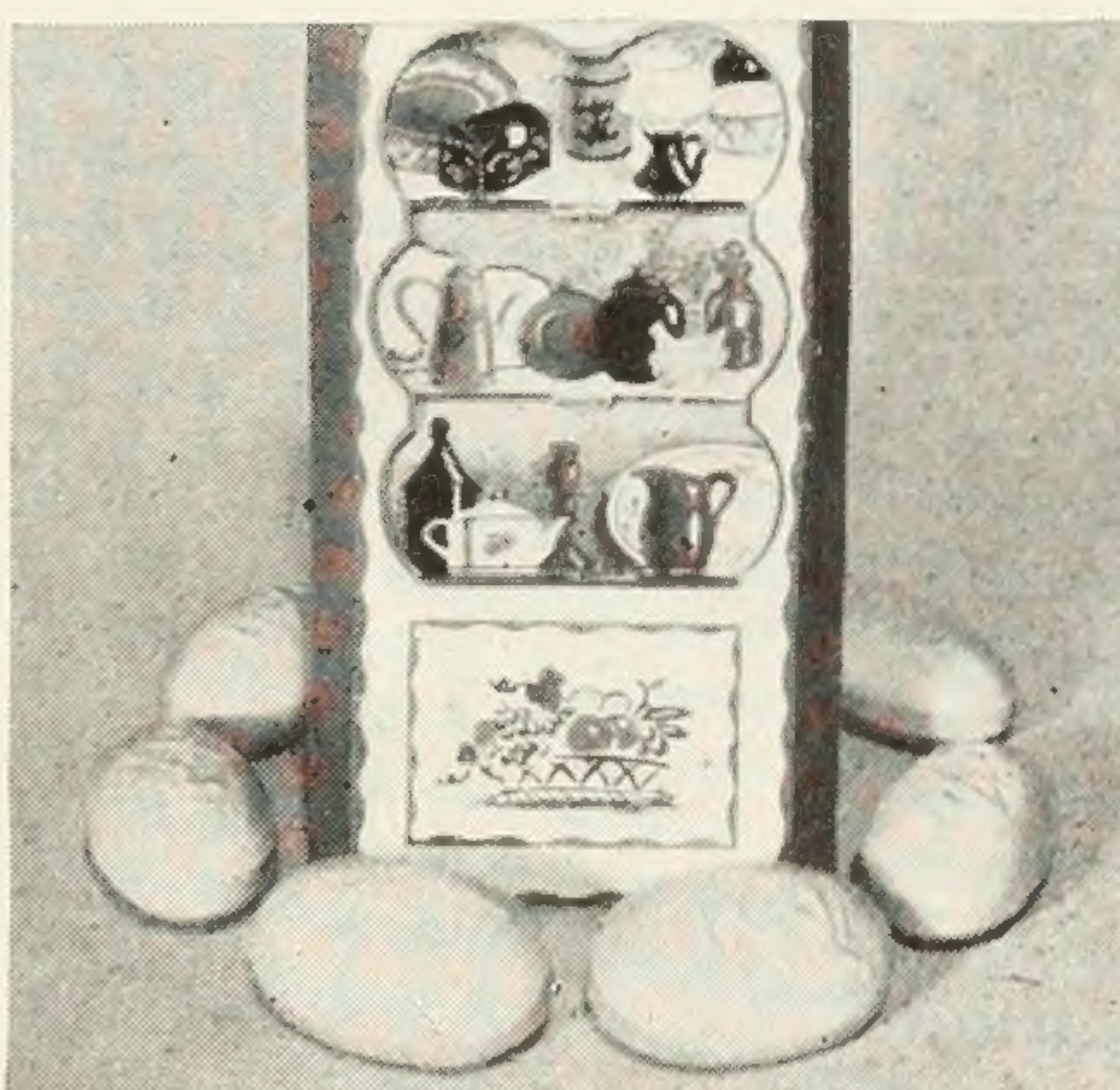
7. HAND IN GLOVE

"There's a time in a girl's life for wearing gloves **indoors**," says Miss Peggy Sage, who ought to know about such things. She refers, of course, to her own pink cotton gloves, designed to wear at night over rough, unsightly hands liberally coated with "Hand Smoother and Softener" cream. The gloves are a present, tucked into every \$1.00 package of cream. Try this routine and you won't know your own knuckles!



8. WHAT NOT?

Grandmother's parlor whatnot stored all sorts of gadgets—dust-catchers, mostly. But Eighteenth Century's whatnot stores six handy cakes of spicily scented soap, "Old Colonial" it's called, and it's ever so nice to have on hand in guest bathrooms. The whatnot itself is made of cardboard, and under the gaily painted shelves are bars of soap—two to each shelf. \$1.00.



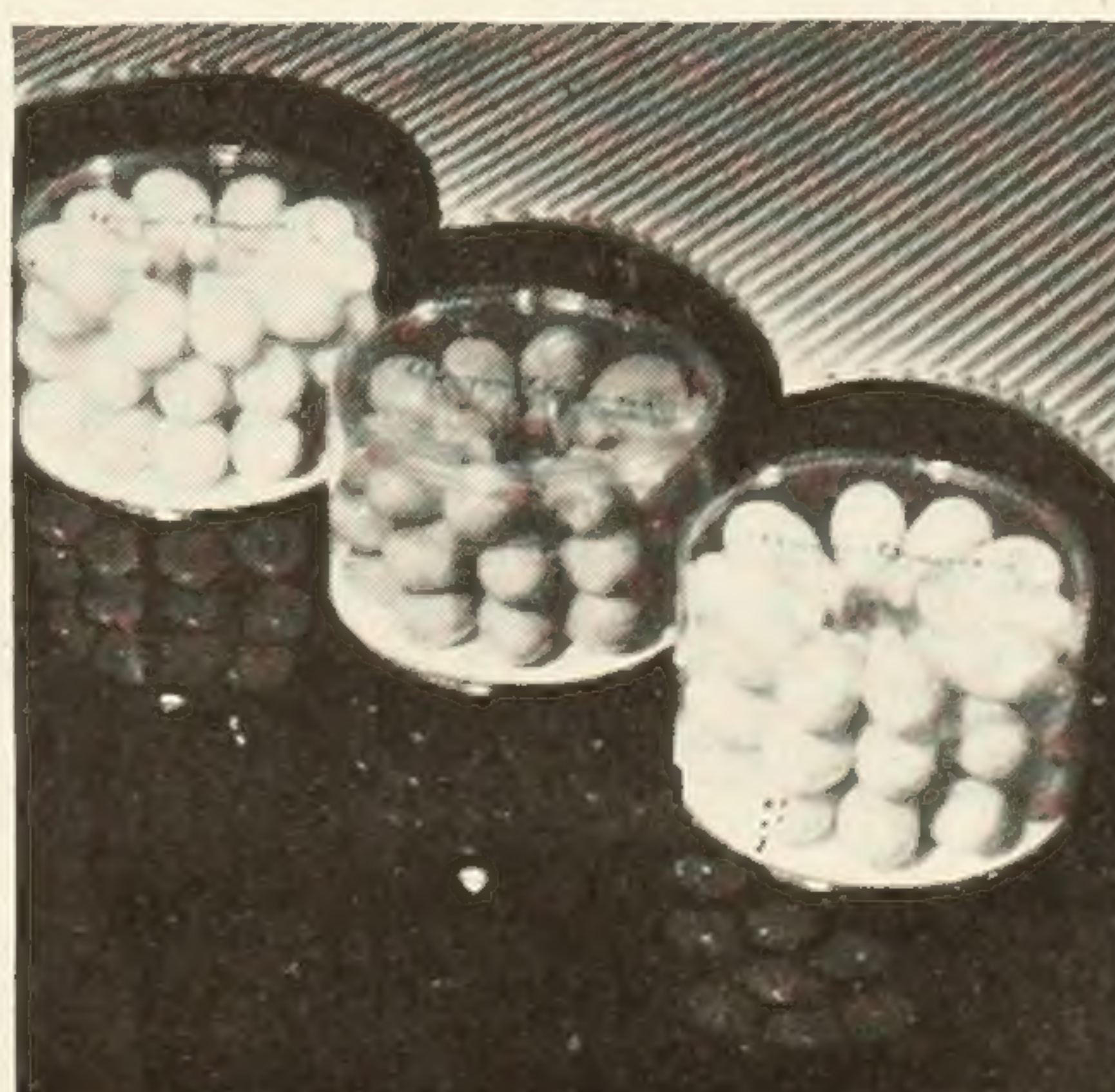
9. HOW'S YOUR SOUTHERN ACCENT?

Ever since Scarlett O'Hara took the movie world by storm, gals have been practicing up on their southern accents and copying Scarlett's other charms. You might start with Olympic's Scarlett O'Hara sweater, interpreted by Léon in Tish-U-Knit's Shetland blend, captivating in baby colors like Melanie pink and Bonnie blue, at \$1.98.



10. THE CAPSULE ERA

First we took vitamins in capsules. And now, it's Margaret Brainard's cleansing cream in sparkling jewel colors—30 capsules to a cunning plastic cylinder for \$1.00, with cleansing oil enough in each one for one thorough facial. Tell us whether your skin is normal, dry or oily and we'll get Margaret Brainard to send you a sample, free.



(For More Shopping News, See Page 91)

A MAN AND A WOMAN
fleeing nameless terror . . .
through angry seas and the
tropics' dangers . . . yearning
for the peace they had never
known, the happiness they
could find only in each other's
arms . . . You'll remember
this star-crowded M-G-M pic-
ture as one of the great emo-
tional experiences of the year!



CLARK JOAN
GABLE • CRAWFORD

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Dramatic Triumph

STRANGE CARGO

with IAN HUNTER

PETER LORRE • PAUL LUKAS
ALBERT DEKKER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
EDUARDO CIANNELLI

A FRANK BORZAGE *Production*

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard • Directed by Frank Borzage
Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Tyrone Power, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Courage

IN RECENT months Hollywood has shown more courage than ever before. One of the reasons seems to be the loss of the foreign market. No longer concerned about profits on the Continent, producers have now turned to profits in their own country. This new daring should bring a new public to the movies. My only question is: Will it perhaps antagonize some of us movie-goers who want escape and release rather than new problems when we go to the theater?

I have particularly in mind a picture like "The Grapes of Wrath," which is probably one of the greatest social documents the movies have yet produced, but I wonder if it can be called entertainment to sit and suffer, as I did, until the back of my head ached, for two hours? It is a great symptom of artistic progress when an art dares to be as relentlessly honest as Zanuck was in showing us the Joad family's Gethsemane. "The Fight for Life," which you may not yet have seen, deals artistically and dynamically with the problems of childbirth among the poor. Pare Lorentz, working for the United States Government, has done an astounding job, but it is not escape. Nor is the fine picture about Doctor Ehrlich, or the honest picturization of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." Perhaps the answer is in such brilliant pieces of entertainment as "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," which dares to assail political corruption and still makes you superbly happy. Or "Ninotchka," which pokes fun at the Communists without restraint but is filled with constant laughter.

When the movies can combine entertainment with daring, it is a divine combination. But I think we should applaud even when that courage brings us only unrelieved reality. It was the greatest Greek dramatic theorist who pointed out that by experiencing pity for others and fear for their destinies we purge ourselves of our own torments.

Let us hope that these daring producers will gain a new public and lose no part of the old as reward for their courage.

Ernest V. Heyn

VOL. LIV., No. 4, APRIL, 1940

CLAIRE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.



"Love's Wisdom—keep your HANDS SOFT AND SATIN-SMOOTH"

SAYS

Claire Trevor

(Popular Hollywood Star)

How this simple, quick Beauty Care helps Prevent ugly Roughness and Chapping

HAVE COAXING SOFT "Hollywood Hands"?! Masculine hearts are wax to their smooth, caressing touch.

Even the snappiest cold, and constant use of water, can't roughen and coarsen your pretty hands if you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Jergens furnishes beautifying moisture for your skin; supplements depleted natural moisture. Helps guard the softness of your hands.

Many doctors use 2 fine ingredients to help smooth and soften harsh, roughened skin. Both these ingredients are in Jergens Lotion. Apply Jergens after every handwashing.

Smooth well on wrists and finger tips. Takes no time! Leaves no stickiness! Jergens soon helps you have hands whose soft touch thrills! Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.



More women use Jergens nowadays than any other Lotion. It's so effective for lovable soft hands! Easy to use! Never feels sticky.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

For satin-smooth, kissable complexion—use the new Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Cleanses expertly, swiftly. Vitamin Blend helps vitalize drab, dry skin. Try it now! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste coupon on a penny postcard, if you wish)

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to: The Andrew Jergens Co., 4014 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

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Street _____

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BOOS

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Anne Nagel, featured player in Universal's "Black Friday" spends a day on the beach in shorts that stress a diagonally tucked high waistband, a short-sleeved sweater, and clogs with nail-studded canvas straps to hold them in place

LOY-ALTY VS. JEALOUSY

I AM not a Loy fan. My songs of praise usually go to Flynn as a dashing Essex, Ty as a doctor, or Sonja as a schoolmarm, but sometimes things go too far. Recently, in every film magazine I look at, there are boos for Myrna Loy. All the way from England, someone had to write you saying that, after seeing "Lucky Night," they arrived at the conclusion Myrna couldn't act. Someone else says that "The Rains Came" washed her up with them for good. She's not really that bad. I can't believe it's just luck that put her where she is. I'm not saying she's a Bette Davis, but she's pretty and she acts better than plenty of others. I suppose you're going to tell me Dottie Lamour sings!

So far as I've read, all the writers are girls. Supposing it's just jealousy, why not be frank? It's no disgrace to be jealous of such a charming personality as Myrna Loy.

PATRICIA KERNAHAN,
Curépe, Trinidad, B. W. I.

THE GENTLE ART OF KISSING

I WISH someone would explain to me why kissing is gradually being eliminated from the screen. Years ago, we could go to the movies and thrill to the ecstasy of a kiss, we could see love scenes that held us spellbound; they were cherished in our memories.

Is the world getting so modern the kissing is considered old-fashioned? Surely, the censors can't think the kissing is harmful—crime wasn't as prevalent, when more love scenes were shown in the movies, as it is today.

I don't expect this letter to sway the censors, but I just want to join the silent multitude who have the same opinion I have.

MRS. LOUIS HUMPHREY,
St. Paul, Minn.

HOLLYWOOD TAKES THE RAP

WHAT'S all this panning of Carol Lombard just because she didn't smear her face with make-up and glamorize her hair in "In Name Only"?

At the time that picture was being cast, I well remember reading something to the effect that Miss Lombard requested specifically that Kay Francis

AND

Bouquets

be given the role of the wife. Now, we all know what a good sport Miss Francis has been all through her troubles with poor pictures, and what a fine actress she really is. Also, we all well know how beautiful and glamorous Carole Lombard can be, and how "regular" she is in real life.

Not that Miss Francis needed it, but I wouldn't be one bit surprised if the sporting Miss Lombard didn't deliberately submerge her own glamour to give Miss Francis a fighting chance, since it was a comeback picture—and for a grand star—in a supporting role! More power to the producer and director who let her do it, because it didn't detract a bit from the splendid story—her being an unsirenish "other woman." I don't know when I've enjoyed such a true-to-life story, so perfectly cast and so splendidly played.

Sometimes I wonder if much-maligned Hollywood doesn't take the rap for a lot of plain stupidity on the part of us movie-goers!

MRS. J. H. WILLIS,
West Los Angeles, Calif.

LO, THE TIRED BUSINESS WOMAN!

THERE is some excuse for the "leg art" stills of girls, but what is the object of showing us male stars, both in films and in stills, needlessly and too frequently almost naked?

If producers imagine that the Tired Business Woman is thirsting to undress her favorite star and gloat over his contours, they are making the common mistake of judging other people's tastes by their own. Men like to see pretty legs, but it does not follow that women do. Besides, what makes men imagine that their limbs are worth seeing?

Were they commonly like Jon Hall or Doug Fairbanks, Jr. this fashion for male nudity would be tolerable, but there are very few who do not look far better clothed. Many an actor who appears handsome while camouflaged in the universal tweed uniform is a hideous disappointment when deprived of it. Then is revealed a pair of skinny legs, a pallid skin dotted with bristles like a badly plucked fowl, a slight "corporation," a concave chest, arms without muscle, or a prominent Adam's apple. If it is the actors themselves who insist upon these poses, their vanity must indeed be colossal.

I suggest that, if they must strip tease, they should first take a course in physical training.

BERTHA BARWIS,
London, England.

SINGING ACTOR—OR VICE VERSA

RECENTLY, I walked out of a theater feeling more elated and full of happiness than I have felt for a long time. The reason? The picture I had seen was "The Great Victor Herbert." I have now seen it five times and hope to see it again in the future. The music was captivating, Mary Martin is one of the year's greatest finds and the same goes for Susanna Foster, but none of these is the reason for my joy. It was Allan Jones, my favorite of favorites. I saw him in "A Night at the Opera" quite a while ago and, since then, I have followed his career with interest.

During the long period in which he was idle and more or less forgotten by his public, I prayed continually for him to get the break he so deserved. Then,

finally, after almost two years of waiting, it came. He has a superb voice and has proved to be a wonderful actor. In this picture, he actually seemed to live the part and left you with tears in your eyes, deeply moved by his touching performance. Who said singers never made good actors? I would like to see him teamed with Mary Martin again, and please won't you print more articles about him?

HARRIET HEATH,
Williamsport, Pa.

FOR MEN ONLY?

I READ with interest the letter from a reader in Illinois insisting that Dorothy Lamour should have her hair cut if she ever expects to amount to anything in pictures.

I am a man and I disagree intensely with the advice. Moreover, I think I express the sentiment of most men, because almost every man likes long hair. If Dorothy Lamour should cut her hair, she would look like millions of other women in this country, while, as she is, she is one of the most (if not the most) beautiful girls in Hollywood.

I could add that, if Hollywood producers had more feminine-looking girls in the movies, they would have more manly men looking at the movies.

And I could add that I think Dorothy Lamour is doing pretty well for herself "as is."

FRANK JULIEN,
Charlotte, N. C.

TRANS-PACIFIC PICTURES

I AM taking the liberty of sending you some photographs of our leading motion-picture actors and actresses.

This idea occurred to me some time ago. First of all, I am the still photographer of the Philippine Films, Inc., Manila, leading motion-picture company of the Philippines; second, your magazine is the most popular here, especially picturing the latest films and also showing the latest fashions.

Perhaps, since production of motion
(Continued on page 87)



"The Colbert of the Philippines" is Mina de Gracia, photographed by reader Murillo (see letter above)

COLUMBIA, THE STUDIO OF GREAT COMEDIES,

"It Happened One Night" . . . "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" . . . "The Awful Truth" . . . "You Can't Take It With You" . . . "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" . . . is proud to present a picture that will take its place high in a notable list!



Reproduction of a painting by the noted artist, BRADSHAW CRANDELL

WESLEY RUGGLES'

Too Many Husbands

starring

JEAN ARTHUR
FRED MELVYN
MacMURRAY • DOUGLAS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



It's double-trouble for Bergen, but double delight for audiences when Mortimer Snerd joins him and Charlie in "Charlie McCarthy, Detective"

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

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ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

Before the American Revolution the Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a rebellion to keep industrialists from selling ammunition to the Indians. John Wayne plays the leader of the protesting settlers and Claire Trevor adds the romance. Recommended with reservations. (Jan.)

ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount

A college picture in which football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of Joseph Allen, Jr., and Jean Cagney; John Arledge and Betty Moran; Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. (Jan.)

★ AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE—Columbia

Melvyn Douglas carries off his role of a slap-happy detective with much zest, but Joan Blondell, his sweetheart, can't be too happy when every date is broken because of a murder. Edward Brophy, a convicted criminal, Ruth Donnelly and others add to the fun. Full of laughs.

★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

Bill Powell's first since his illness—and it's amusing. As usual, the Myrna Loy-Powell family, now blessed with a baby, sparkles with smart talk. Bill, of course, gets mixed up in another murder mystery in which C. Aubrey Smith is the victim and his daughter, Virginia Grey, complicates the plot. Otto Kruger is the D. A., aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton. (Jan.)

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

It's a touchy subject, religion; but Virginia Weidler has made this an inspirational film. She's an orphan whose faith has its effect on adults. Gene Reynolds foils for her; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull contribute. (Jan.)

★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

The title is the name of a café in Russia in 1914 where Cossack Prince Nelson Eddy comes upon the stunning Ilona Massey of the gorgeous voice. There's a revolutionist plot, the war, and Paris after the war. Eddy does a fine job and is in perfect voice. Ilona is a discovery and an important one. You'll like this. (Jan.)

BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

A hodge-podge—but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. It's about a forgotten American consul in China whose station is used by brigands, a reporter and a girl evading a murder charge. (March)

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

Rookie cop Joe E. Brown is assigned to catch Marc Lawrence, bank robber, but Joe's off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle. At the resort, however, he runs up against some murders, and there's a climax in a spook house. Bool! (Jan.)

BIG GUY, THE—Universal

Jackie Cooper, working on his inventions in a garage, manages to stay out of trouble until he gets involved in a jail break which uses warden Victor McLaglen as a shield. Power, emotional appeal and the Cooper-McLaglen teamwork raise this above the average prison picture. (Feb.)

BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

Dagwood Bumpstead loses his job; Baby Dumpling loses the dog Daisy and goes off to find her. Whereupon the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms remain the Bumpsteads. (Jan.)

★ BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners

This sequel to that original rib-cracker makes for delicious comedy. Wayne Morris, the "fixer," gets Eddie Albert a coaching job, but the baby (remember Eddie was secretly married to Jane Bryan) gums up everything. Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and young Peter B. Good will have you yelling for more. (March)

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

There's a lot of action (including a fine brawl) in this rather sordid story, which presents Ann Dvorak as "hostess" who picks the pockets of her partners—until sailor Preston Foster catches her at it. Then the fun begins. (Feb.)

CALLING PHILO VANCE—Warners

Philo Vance's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity in this mystery which has to do with selling secret airplane plans to foreign powers. Henry Stephenson lacks the suavity we've come to expect of Vance. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in hackneyed roles. (March)

CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

You'll overlook this weak murder-mystery plot if you're a devotee of Charlie McCarthy. Edgar Bergen has his hands full

with both Charlie and Mortimer Snerd going whimsical all over the place. (March)

CHILD IS BORN, A—Warners

A re-make of that maternity ward drama, "Life Begins," with Geraldine Fitzgerald portraying the prospective mother who is released from prison to have her baby. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others are well cast. (March)

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero fills Warner Baxter's boots as the *Cisco Kid* with grace and humor, Virginia Field is fine as a dance-hall girl, and Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child. But they didn't have much to work with in this story of how the *Kid* and his band save a mine for a little orphan. (Feb.)

CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

Just another *Charlie Chan* picture, with Sidney Toler solving mysteries in Paris during the blackouts. Lynn Bari is in it, too, but the result is only fairish. (Feb.)

★ CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M

Gorgeous comedy, with stars Ann Sothern and John Carroll capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation, where a former surgeon gets mixed up with a stranded show girl who helps him subdue mayhem-minded witch doctors. You'll like this. (March)

COVERED TRAILER, THE—Republic

The best *Higgins Family* film to date. *Pa* (James Gleason) wants to vacation in South America, but *Ma* (Lucile Gleason) bungles everything, as usual, and they have to sneak off in a trailer for their holiday. What with a bank robbery and false reports, things go rapidly from bad to worse. (Feb.)

★ DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox

The old secretary-wife-husband triangle, done very entertainingly. Tyrone Power is at his gay best as the erring husband, Linda Darnell registers as his wife, Wendy Barrie as his pretty secretary, Warren William complicates the plot, and Binnie Barnes helps to straighten it out again. (Feb.)

★ DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

This honey of a Western has Brian Donlevy as a frontier crime king, with Marlene Dietrich as his honky-tonk queen. Enter Jimmy Stewart in the title role, determined to clean up the town without shootin' irons. Festivities are also helped along by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer and Irene Hervey, but Jimmy, Marlene and Charlie Winninger are something terrific! (Feb.)

★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are at their best in this saga of the heroism of up-state New York pioneers in their fights against the Indians. Edna May Oliver is superb in the role of the widow who takes Hank and his bride in when the Mohawks burn their home. Well worth seeing. (Jan.)

★ EARL OF CHICAGO, THE—M-G-M

Something new—and it's grand. Robert Montgomery, a Chicago gangster, inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them. Up against tradition, you watch the conflict between the man he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial adviser Montgomery double-crosses. There's no love interest. (March)

★ END OF A DAY—Juno Films

Poignant drama, this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living in the memories of past triumphs. Fine cast, headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon. (Jan.)

★ ENTENTE CORDIALE—Glass

Victor Francen does superb work in the role of Edward VII of England—that royal playboy whose love for Paris brought about the friendly alliance between his country and France. A wise and witty picture, with Victoria faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay. (March)

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

Ah, the pity of it! Sonja Henie skates only once in this triangle story, with the usual two men—this time Ray Milland and Robert Cummings—chasing her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. (March)

★ FIGHTING 69th, THE—Warners

The story of New York's famous regiment has Jimmy Cagney giving a memorable performance as the toughy who cracks up under shell fire. George Brent is excellent, but it's the performance of Pat O'Brien, as the beloved Father Duffy, that will leave a lasting impression. Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Frank McHugh and Sam Levene help make this more than just an evening's entertainment. (March)

★ FIRST LOVE—Universal

What this lacks in suspense, it makes up in gaiety and charm. Deanna Durbin plays a modern Cinderella; her Prince Charming is new Bob Stack; the servants, her collective Fairy Godmother. Leatrice Joy, as her screwy aunt; Helen Parrish, as the meany cousin; Eugene Pallette, as the uncle (and good), and Kathleen Howard, as the eccentric schoolmarm add to the film's liveliness. (Jan.)

FLYING DEUCES, THE—RKO-Radio

Laurel and Hardy are up to their old tricks—this time as enlistees of the Foreign Legion. It's all slap-stick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner add to the cast. (Jan.)

FOUR WIVES—Warners

The Lane sisters and Gale Page carry on the plot of "Four Daughters," but it isn't as good this time. Priscilla, widowed by John Garfield, discovers she's going to have his baby—after marrying Jeffrey Lynn. Rosemary pursues newcomer Eddie Albert, and the others (including May Robson and Claude Rains) have their original roles. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 8)

West of Dodge City There Was No Law
... And There Virginia City Lay!

ERROL
FLYNN

MIRIAM
HOPKINS

ere-and brilliantly-is the
deathless saga of the gal-
ant 73 who charged through
the boldest adventure of
America's law-forsaken
West..history's epic of the
City of Gold that was built
on the lead of bullets. Its
story is true-and its stars
make it too thrilling to miss!

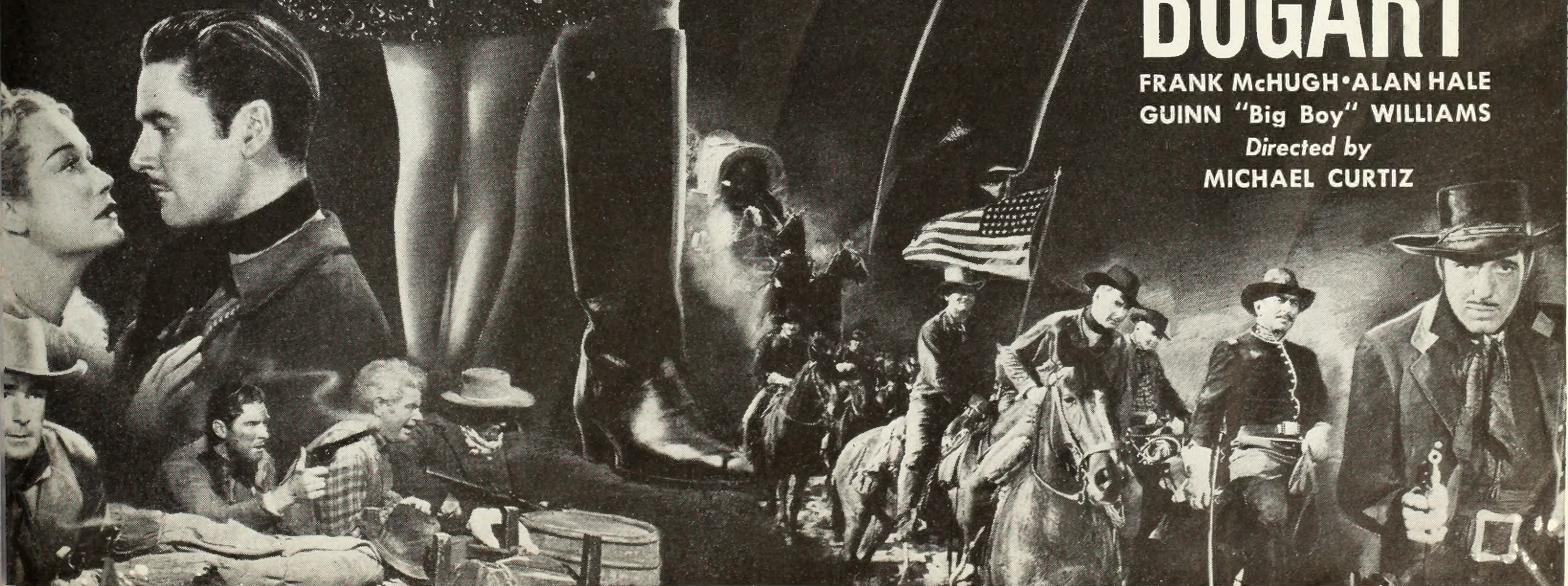
A New Dramatic
Success by
WARNER BROS.
Producers of
'The Fighting
69th'

VIRGINIA CITY

Such a story and such
irresistible enter-
tainment has rarely
been screened before

With RANDOLPH
SCOTT
HUMPHREY
BOGART

FRANK McHUGH • ALAN HALE
GUINN "Big Boy" WILLIAMS
Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ



Original Screen Play by Robert Buckner • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture

"Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?"

Well, you're going to get one!"

says Lady Esther



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe a new-born skin is coming to life upon your face—your arms—your whole body! Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—they can make your complexion look drab and dull! My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently and soothingly wafts away these tiny flakes—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Get the Truth about Your Face
Cream from Your Doctor

He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* vitamins or hormones into your skin. Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, says Lady Esther, try my face cream *at my expense*. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help you to keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Accept Lady Esther's 10 DAY Sample **FREE!**



(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (54)
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from page 6)

GERONIMO!—Paramount

Nicely authentic in feeling, this is the story of the cruel Apache Indian chief who ravaged the frontier in bygone days. Ralph Morgan is the general who sets out to fight Geronimo (Chief Thundercloud). Bill Henry is his son from West Point. There isn't much personal story, but there's a riot of action. (Feb.)

★ GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

So magnificent is this re-creation of the modern classic about the Civil War's effect on the South that it would take volumes to review it adequately. In brief: Full justice has been done the novel. Clark Gable IS *Rhett*. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as *Scarlett*. Olivia de Havilland does her best work as *Melanie*. Leslie Howard (*Ashley*) and the others fulfill all expectations. The whole film is overwhelming, even to the finest Technicolor yet. (Feb.)

GRANNY GET YOUR GUN—Warners

May Robson is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety and happiness of her granddaughter (Margot Stevenson), when her divorced husband (Hardie Albright) is murdered. It's much ado about people who aren't very nice. (March)

★ GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE—Paramount

With *that* music—and plenty of it—how could it fail to please? Not a biography of the composer (Walter Connolly), but the love story of two of his stars, fictional characters played by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. They're both great, in voice and acting—as is young Susanna Foster. (Feb.)

★ GREEN HELL—Universal

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is exploring the South American jungle for Inca treasure when Joan Bennett, widow of one of his men, arrives. Between the struggle over this one pretty girl in a group of rough men (grand actors all) and Indian hostiles, everybody has a most exciting time. (Feb.)

★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount

Sweet music and the still-pungent satire of the original Jonathan Swift classic are only two of the many virtues of this full-length animated color cartoon. Story, of course, is that of *Gulliver*, shipwrecked among six-inch-high *Lilliputians*, and how he settles their foolish little war—with a *Lilliputian* romance thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)

★ HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol

Depth of spirit and soundness of characterization highlight this French glorification of the simple life. Gabriel Gabrio is a farmer who remains faithful to the good earth and becomes almost a hermit, until Orane Demazis joins him and they prove what honest labor can accomplish. (Feb.)

HENRY GOES ARIZONA—M-G-M

Vaudevillian Frank Morgan inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother is murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler bosses the ranch while Frank sees that justice is done. There you have it. (March)

★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox

The first of a one-school-picture-a-year plants Jane Withers in San Antonio's famous Jefferson High where her uncle is principal. She thinks she's big potatoes till the kids snub her down to her size. Joe E. Brown, Jr. adds to the film's merits. (March)

★ HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

Ultra-modern version of "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as an ace reporter, divorced from

editor Cary Grant. His attempts to keep her on the job with exciting assignments — and from marrying Ralph Bellamy — create complications but it's the witty performances which put this over. (Feb.)

HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE—20th Century-Fox

Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver are teamed in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two, as newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set, with resultant situations straight from life. (Feb.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—RKO-Radio

Charles Laughton is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination and emerges as the pitiful bell-ringer who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion. Maureen O'Hara is pretty a the gypsy. Edmond O'Brien and Sir Cedric Hardwicke give excellent accounts of themselves. (March)

★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

Smash-bang entertainment in which Pat O'Brien is cast as a cocky racing driver who wants to help his kid brother, John Payne, at the racing game, but gets mad at him when he falls for Ann Sheridan. There's an accidental killing when Pat gets drunk and some wonderful racing shots. (Jan.)

★ INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE—Universal

It's fascinating, this monstrosity of a plot in which Vincent Price is to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor (John Sutton) uses a formula to make Price totally invisible. What happens after that will give you a permanent up coiffure. (March)

INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners

What happens when an ex-convict returns to the living and finds he isn't wanted is graphically portrayed with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has new twists—and Jane Bryan, William Holden plays George's weak younger brother. (March)

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M

Joe (William Gargan) and Ethel (Ann Sothern) get pretty mad when their veteran postman gets fired, so they go right to Washington to protest. It's a bit dull in spots, but Lewis Stone is sweet as the President and Annie's great, too. First of new series? (Feb.)

★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

This series gets better with each new chapter. Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties when he is too cocksure of winning a cash prize for an essay. But financial disaster is averted when he finds the missing daughter of his father's client. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is good, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone. (Jan.)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

Another *Hopalong Cassidy*, in which Bill Boyd is assigned to deliver cattle in South America, and uncovers two murders en route. There's romance in the person of Steffi Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot. (Jan.)

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio

With the usual business about a lawless town, a horde of vigilantes, and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale), this latest George O'Brien Western turns out to be topnotch, full of pace and excitement. (Feb.)



"She certainly can can-can"—but this is as close as photographers got to a pre-release of the Miriam Hopkins scene in "Virginia City"

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

Baby Sandy's awfully cute, but not cute enough to carry this. Hugh Herbert is cast as a baby-plumist of a newspaper and finds Sandy abandoned in his office. This leads to a contest, in which Sandy is entered. (Jan.)

MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio

This is the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman; Alan Marshall the man, and Barbara Read the wife. It's unpretentious—and superior cinema. (March)

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

If you like a homey film, this is your dish. Jean Marsholt plays the village practitioner who heals with word as well as pill. In the first of this series, he's trying to establish a hospital in the town. Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin and Paul Harvey support. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

Pure slapstick, with no compromise. Lupe Velez comes from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, son of a rich family who give Lupe the lorgnon treatment. Leon Errol is excellent in a dual role as an English lord and Donald's eccentric uncle. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play the nasty aunt and previous fiancée. (March)

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

Based on a Colorado prison riot of 1929, Charles Clifford plays a priest who sacrifices self for unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. (Jan.)

BUCK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, Dime Novel Hero Comes to the Screen at last. Walter Pidgeon plays the title role and tracks down the missing rocket-ship blueprints, while Rita Johnson flies the plane for him, after a terrific battle in the desert. (Feb.)

EIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE—Paramount

Lugubrious Laugh-Clown-Laugh story with Pat O'Brien playing Pagliacci so his little girl, Olympe Adina, won't know how low he's sunk. Pretty good all the last half, when it bogs down with its own thos. (Feb.)

OF MICE AND MEN—Roach-U.A.

John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar story remains gripping despite censorship. Burgess Meredith is George, the wandering ranch worker who befriends poor Lennie. (Lon Chaney, Jr.)—who doesn't know his own strength and winds up a murderer. They're swell, and so are Charles Bickford and Bob Steele. (Feb.)

H, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal

A slap-happy little ditty in which traveling salesman Tom Brown gets mixed up with heiress Peggy Moran, gangster Allen Jenkins and a tourist camp. You'll remember Betty Jane Rhodes singing the theme song. (March)

ON YOUR TOES—Warners

Broadway's musical suffers as filmfare. Eddie Bert plays the hoofer who writes a great American ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls for the première danseuse, Zorina. The acts are delightful. (Jan.)

OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CARTERS—Paramount

More small-town melodrama, with Mr. Averageizen having his troubles keeping a family together. Frank Craven and Fay Bainter carry the burden of the story. Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Bush and others carry on.

PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS—Warners

This is the story of a blind horse, but added to the thos there's laughter and warm sentimentality. With Fellows, James McCallion and Granville Van Dyke are the troupers.

RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U.A.

It's the same old story, but it's still swell drama. This time David Niven is the suave Raffles, Olivia Havilland his fiancée, and Dudley Digges the detective. You remember, Raffles decides to reform when he meets Olivia, but her brother (Douglas Walton) is in trouble, so Raffles goes on the prowl again. (March)

REMEMBER?—M-G-M

This has sparkling moments—but the trio, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Lew Ayres, deserves more. Bob is an advertising genius who steals Greer away from her fiancé, Lew. They marry, fight, divorce, but Lew does them up with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce. (Jan.)

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

Even Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. He's a strict Attorney. She's a wayward girl whom he seduces to an old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi—after which the anticipated reform sets in. (Feb.)

RENO—RKO-Radio

Intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a mining town, Richard Dix brings this up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. His wife, Gail Patrick, takes advantage of it, as does his daughter, Anita Louise. Picture lacks pace. (Jan.)

RENDAL SHEET—Columbia

This is completely wacky. Otto Kruger is a newspaper publisher with a secret son (Eddie Norris); a friend (Ona Munson); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth. (Jan.)

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. When Lionel Barrymore collapses (for the sake of the plot) Lew pretends he's more interested in the heiress' millions than in his work, so his chief will take a rest. Laraine Day is still the young doctor's sweetheart. (Jan.)

★ SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE—M-G-M

This is a gem, packed with charm, superb acting and the inimitable Lubitsch touch. It's a simple story—about a boy and girl (Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan) who are employees working in a gift shop and find romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course they discover they are writing to each other. Frank Morgan is superb in a straight role. (March)

★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount

Even in pre-GWTW days Vivien Leigh was being a *Scarlett O'Hara* character (to Charles Laughton this time) in the story of a girl who, by ruthless determination, succeeds in rising above the lowly "busking" (those London sidewalk entertainers) profession. There are magnificent scenes between Leigh and Laughton. (March)

★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

Murder and comedy all mixed up, this has Pat O'Brien as the engaging attorney plotting the downfall of political boss Edward Arnold. When Arnold's sweetheart, then Pat's secretary are killed things look bad for Pat. You'll be mad about Ruth Terry, the naive little singer who pursues Pat. Broderick Crawford helps the plot. (March)

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

A piece about prison and convicts—and a particularly exciting jail break. Ronald Reagan plays G-Man; Eddie Foy offers comedy, and Margot Stevenson furnishes romance. (Jan.)

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

A murder picture with a new twist. Morgan Conway is acquitted of murder, Reporter Linda Hayes pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues. Linda and Kent dig into his past and find he's plenty guilty. (Jan.)

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

Here's the life of Stephen Foster, who wrote such songs as "Oh, Susannah!" "My Old Kentucky Home," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." You'll hear them all in this, with Don Ameche playing the role of composer, Andrea Leeds contributing to romance and Al Jolson doing a grand minstrel man. (March)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstyn

A strong dose of propaganda—a World War veteran is convinced that his comrades have not died in vain. When the call to arms comes again, he turns to the War dead. They arise, mutilated and bloody, and accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace. Victor Francen is splendid. (Jan.)

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

Kay Kyser brings his College of Musical Knowledge to the screen with a better story and better support than radio stars usually get. The result is pleasant and Kyser proves to be a screenable personality as the band leader whose group goes Hollywood on him. With Adolphe Menjou. (Feb.)

★ THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

This new version of Kipling's novel is a four-handkerchief film. Ronald Colman, a successful artist, finds himself going blind from an old Sudanese battle injury, paints one last masterpiece of Ida Lupino—then she destroys it. Colman, Walter Huston (as his friend) and the photography are superb. (Feb.)

THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS—Columbia

This is a psychological study of a fear trauma. Walter Connolly is sent to prison for doctoring a wounded convict. And it's the prison physician, Onslow Stevens, who has the fear complex. Connolly gives his usual fine performance. (Jan.)

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

Religion is usually taboo on the screen, but this deals with a Protestant minister who takes the confession of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do it. Charles Bickford plays the minister. (March)

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

English history turns out to be more gruesome than a modern horror film, with Basil Rathbone as King Richard, who spends his time killing off heirs to the throne, and Boris Karloff as his pet executioner. First-rate mellerdrammer, with a fine all-around cast. (Feb.)

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

Fine writing and beautiful acting prove once more what this studio can do with a simple, unpretentious story to make it memorable. Jimmy Lydon gathers special honors as an orphan who finds a foal, then has to struggle with his honor when he discovers it belongs to people who later befriend him. (Feb.)

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

Not a story of Sing Sing, but of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor, rescues some lost flyers and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. (Jan.)

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

Paul Muni is an English country doctor who befriends a young Austrian dancer (Jane Bryan) at the outbreak of the last war. His wife (Flora Robson) takes the wrong pills and dies, and Paul and Jane are accused of her murder. An uncompromising presentation of the James Hilton story, with fine production, direction, acting. (Feb.)

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



**Win – and hold – his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor – each day use Mum!**

“AND HE fell in love with her for a life!” A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too...when you're lovely to be near always...when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses...just *which* you get depends on *you!*

So don't take chances—not even *once*. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes perspiration that is *past*. To avoid risk of odor *to come*...more women use

Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable!*

SAVES TIME! Just half a minute a day keeps underarms fresh. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every* day!

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



Avoid Embarrassment
Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

We predict that for many years to come, you will remember **THE BLUE BIRD** as the most beautiful picture ever made and the most human story ever told.

Maurice MAETERLINCK'S
THE BLUE BIRD
in **TECHNICOLOR**

with

Shirley Temple • Spring Byington • Nigel Bruce • Gale Sondergaard • Eddie Collins • Sybil Jason • Jessie Ralph
Helen Ericson • Johnny Russell • Laura Hope Crews
Russell Hicks • Cecilia Loftus • Al Shean • Gene Reynolds

Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play
by Ernest Pascal • Additional Dialogue by Walter Bullock

A
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Picture

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Now at popular prices.
Watch for it at your
favorite theatre.





CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS BY RUTH WATERBURY



Money-makers of 1939—"Stagecoach" (above left) and "Dark Victory," with Geraldine Fitzgerald and Bette Davis (above), indicate — but for entirely different reasons — what we, the great American Public, prefer in filmfare

THE Showman's Trade Review, a publication which all Hollywood reads and respects for accurate information on what movies take in at the box office, lists the twenty-five leading money-making pictures for 1939 . . . big productions like "Gone with the Wind," "Ninotchka" and "Elizabeth and Essex" came too late for 1939 to be included in the record . . . but up until last November fifteenth the following, in the order of their popularity, were the films that we, the great American public, preferred . . . "Jesse James," "Dodge City," "Union Pacific," "Kentucky," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," "Babes in Arms," "The Wizard of Oz," "Stanley and Livingstone," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Bachelor Mother," "Out West with the Hardys," "Tarzan Finds a Son," "The Rains Came," "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," "The Hardys Ride High," "Adventure of Huckleberry Finn," "Only Angels Have Wings," "Rose of Washington Square," "Dark Victory," "Gunga Din," "Hollywood Cavalcade," "Angels with Dirty Faces," "Young Mr. Lincoln," "Stagecoach."

Studying that list I don't see how any producer can advance that old argument that you

never can tell what the public wants . . . the producers ought to be able to guess what we do want from the list of the things we obviously don't want . . . for example, we don't seem to want love . . . find a really romantic love story in that bunch of pictures . . . maybe you say "Dark Victory" . . . but while this and the lightsome "Bachelor Mother" come nearest to being love stories of any of those listed, "Dark Victory" is primarily a story of sickness and of courage . . . the inspiration of love is in it . . . but the great appeal of the picture turns as definitely on tragedy as that of "Bachelor Mother" turns on farcical comedy. . . .

But laughter . . . how we did go for that . . . laughter and spectacles about America, our own great land . . . look how the *Hardy Family* clicked . . . every film about the *Hardys* was a hit . . . Mickey Rooney, in fact, is represented in the list of twenty-five films by five appearances . . . more in fact, than any other star . . . Tyrone Power is second with three appearances in the winning twenty-five, with Alice Faye, George Brent, Henry Fonda and Cary Grant tied for third place with two appearances each . . . otherwise, this list is startling in its revealing that the story and not the star is "the thing" . . . except for "Dark Victory" which was devised solely to provide Bette Davis with a medium for her bright talents . . . there isn't actually a "stellar vehicle" on the list. . . .

We want adventure, that's plain . . . there are four real "Westerns," . . . "Gunga Din" and

one "Southern" . . . "Jesse James," "Dodge City," "Union Pacific" and "Stagecoach" . . . plus "Kentucky," which in my opinion is as purely a pictorial picture as ever made, and "Gunga Din" was really a "Western" even if the dialogue did insist its action took place in India . . . (it didn't . . . they filmed most of it, just as they did "The Rains Came," in Utah) . . . the male beauty rides high in these . . . Ty Power, Errol Flynn, Joel McCrea, John Wayne, Richard Greene, Cary Grant and George Brent are all extremely handsome . . . in fact to a feminist like me, it's tough to admit that Bette Davis, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye and Deanna Durbin, were the only important girls to survive the male competition in 1939 . . . "Only Angels Have Wings" had Jean Arthur, I know, but I believe the appeal of it was chiefly Cary Grant's, just as the big draw on "Angels with Dirty Faces" was Jimmy Cagney's. . . .

"TARZAN Finds a Son" has to be listed under pure adventure . . . it's probably the most original film in the whole list, because the events in "Tarzan" aren't related to anything on heaven or earth . . . and there again, a beautiful man, Johnny Weissmuller, was the star . . . with all this chatter about Lamarr, Dietrich, Shearer, Crawford . . . that is, the glamour girls . . . it is interesting that they are conspicuous in 1939 by their absence . . . and that the women stars who did win out this past year are the ones who are distinguished by their naturalness. . . .

Next to adventures, we prove we want laughs . . . the three *Hardy* pictures . . . the youthful zest of "Babes in Arms" . . . the gay fantasy of "The Wizard of Oz" . . . the nonsense of "Bachelor Mother" . . . which latter film by the way, is the only money-earner which had any



Biographies, such as Henry Fonda's "Young Mr. Lincoln," proved that we liked serious drama, as well as . . .

. . . gay fantasy, color and music, as projected by this delightful quartet in "The Wizard of Oz" . . .

sly sex implications to bother the censors. . . .

Musicals don't rate much . . . "Rose of Washington Square" had a few songs but only "The Wizard of Oz" can truly be listed in the musical category, and maybe the music was even discounted in its popularity . . . on the score that it did have fantasy and color . . . for color we do seem to go for, too . . . "Jesse James," "Dodge City," "Kentucky," "The Wizard of Oz" . . . show that.

TEAR-JERKERS we'll take . . . "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Dark Victory" were both four handkerchief pictures . . . and we'll even be serious and watch biographies as witness "Young Mr. Lincoln" and "Stanley and Livingstone" . . . though in the latter I think it was the appeal of a serious spiritual message that got us . . . "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" most cleverly combined two appeals, that of high-browishness about Washington and of laughter about an innocent dupe who won out against the forces of corruption . . . but you'll find no really serious, problem-play in all this list . . . I know that "The Rains Came" has subtle characters in it, but I think it was the earthquake and the flood that sold it to us and not the involved relationships of Ty Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent therein . . . to re-emphasize how true this is, it is interesting that "Wuthering Heights," a film that won the New York Film Critics award as the best film of 1939 (which, if you care, I, personally, do not think is anything of the kind) does not enter into the popular earning group at all . . . "Wuthering Heights" was an artistic production, magnificently acted . . . but, for me, and seemingly once again I'm just an average movie fan, it was too dreary to be purely enjoyable . . . maybe it was art . . . but it wasn't entertainment. . . .

WHAT gives out on this is that such a list clinches what I've been arguing right here in **PHOTOPLAY** for several years . . . that it isn't the money that is spent on a film that attracts us . . . it's what it's about and the emotional kick it provides . . . "Jesse James" . . . "Dodge City" . . . "Union Pacific" . . . "The Rains Came" . . . "Stanley and Livingstone" . . . "Gunga Din" and "The Wizard of Oz" were very expensive pictures . . . but those are only seven films in the twenty-five winners . . . the other eighteen were only average in cost . . . Ty Power . . . Spencer Tracy . . . Myrna Loy are the only big box-office stars represented in the list, too . . . for when 1939 started Mickey



. . . while "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," starring Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur, combined two appeals that were "naturals" to make it a box-office smash

Rooney wasn't so big and Ginger Rogers had slipped from her former fair estate . . . thus proving we don't go exclusively by who's starred in the picture . . . proving, in fact, the opposite . . . we want our eyes appealed to with beautiful human beings in beautiful settings, and our hearts touched with warmth and laughter.

THE stars of today realize these facts . . . it's a realization that they have much more clearly, apparently, than the producers and it gives a feeling of insecurity to any Hollywood group . . . the old rule of personalities not lasting more than five years is long since gone. . . today one may last as long as one's pictures are good . . . which can be twenty years or two . . . because of this situation no one in Hollywood blames Robert Taylor for quarreling with Metro . . . or the exotic Vivien Leigh for being unhappy over being cast in "Waterloo Bridge" as her next production after "Gone with the

Wind" . . . that smart young woman knows that the *Scarlett O'Haras* are few and far between, if they ever repeat at all . . . but as she shrewdly told me, this is no time to be putting out a dreary romance about the last World War . . . it is criminal to waste such moving talent as Geraldine Fitzgerald's on "A Child is Born," or the lovely charm of Greer Garson's on such tripe as "Remember?" . . . but, reversely, when you see Rosalind Russell coming into her long overdue glory with a rambunctious, warm, gay performance in "His Girl Friday," you know that at least one swell trouper is safe for a little while longer . . . they've had the label hung up in Hollywood for a long while saying that Roz was "cold" . . . meaning only that she didn't have the standardized type of sex appeal . . . when you see her in "His Girl Friday," you know she's got sex appeal all right, the brainy, witty kind such as at least one in four of our ten million women in this country are proud to flourish. . . .



Oh, the "Road to Singapore"

Is a picture you'll adore . . .

If it's laughter you are after

You'll be rolling on the floor . . .

Join us somewhere East of Suez

On our tuneful tropic tour . . .

And you'll lose those winter bluez

As your heart thrills to Lamour . . .

Bing and Bob
Just a couple of hitch hikers
on the "Road to Singapore"



DOROTHY LAMOUR...
who causes that traffic jam
on the "Road to Singapore"

Paramount presents
"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"
with **BING CROSBY · DOROTHY LAMOUR · BOB HOPE**
Charles Coburn · Judith Barrett · Anthony Quinn · Jerry Colonna
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER · Screen Play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler · Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS



SWEET POTATO PIPER

CAPTAIN CUSTARD



TOO ROMANTIC

THE MOON AND THE WILLOW TREE



SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .



D O N ,

AND

*The heartwarming story of two men
and a woman who have found the
secret of Hollywood friendship*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ONE friendship started out of tragedy and the other out of comedy, but added together, they created the riotous Three Musketeers of Hollywood, Power and Faye and Ameche.

There's always talk about there being no friendships in Hollywood, and of how jealous stars are of one another. That's true enough of the time to make this explosive combination the exception that proves the rule.

But Ty, Alice and Don work on the same lot. They play in one another's pictures. They continually sing one another's praises and they go in for horseplay and practical joking between

themselves that gets so rough at times it nearly wrecks the whole Twentieth Century-Fox plant.

Men frequently get together in friendship, but this setup is unique in having a girl mixed up in it. And the fact that two handsome young men think enough of a slim blonde girl to spend hours thinking up new ways to tease her, spells out in letters a mile high what a swell number the Faye is.

This three-cornered friendship (and make no mistake, it is friendship and never was romance) started off on a noble fine note. Tyrone Power, very unknown, definitely unsung, was kicked out of Alice Faye's picture, "Sing, Baby, Sing." Maybe you've heard this before, but it has to be repeated for you to get this unusual relationship going in its proper sequence.

It was Ty's first picture and thus the event was discouraging. At that moment if Alice had acted according to the guide to stardom she would never have spoken to Ty, not because he had done anything wrong, but because it looked as though he were to be that Hollywood thing worse than death, a failure.

Alice, however, barged over at this crucial

moment of artistic disgrace and asked Ty to take her to dinner. She didn't know him then, or he her, but they spent the evening together. They got solemn as owls about everything. Alice gave Ty a great pep talk, and Ty said she was his Inspiration. Alice said he was her Friend. They told each other that each understood. They promised to be friends forever and ever. On such a high, moral, sweetness-and-light plane the Faye-Power friendship rested until Dominic Felix Ameche came along.

Now there is no guy who has been made to seem such a plaster saint in his publicity as Don, and who is, in actual fact, such an impudent devil. Don does go to church every Sunday and he does adore his wife and sons, but those things, and those only, are what he is serious about. Everything else is a laugh to Don, and if you don't laugh with him, he'll soon find a way to make you.

His way of achieving that is dead-pan kidding, right in the middle of any production's most portentous scenes. It's a little difficult to convey to you the nerve tension, the solemnity that ordinarily reigns on sets. I suppose it is



Hollywood calls them the Three Musketeers — Ty-rone, Alice and Don—and in their work, and in their play, they've proved they are one for all, and all for one. Don and Alice are together in "Lillian Russell," while Ty is soloing in "Dance with the Devil"

TY

with combs, flowers, folding chairs, powder puffs and the firm determination to reduce her to laughter. He was polite as all get out at the introduction but once on the set, every time Alice moved, he popped up to serve her, a mocking gleam in his eyes. He raved over her beauty. He was speechless with adoration when she put over some big scene. The little Faye hadn't grown up on New York's Tenth Avenue and fought her way up through the song-plugging game to movie stardom without knowing a ribbing when she saw it. She knew Don was kidding the socks off her and it made her mad as a snapping turtle. She wasn't actually too happy in those days. She didn't like Hollywood or Hollywood men. She wanted to go back to New York—either that or be a great dramatic actress—and here was this clown, making her want to giggle all the time. She resolved she wouldn't and the more fiercely she resolved that, the more determined Don grew that she would.

THE spoofing feud went on for two whole weeks of production or up until Don enlisted Ty's aid in it. That brought results on the evening of the day Alice had been presented with a new dressing room.

The rooms the boys were dressing in at that time weren't exactly hovels but still there was nothing about them to do them proud. Alice's new dressing room, however, was a Class A, super deluxe special and she didn't hesitate to let them know about it. In fact, she invited them to call and observe her splendor and that was what led to her downfall. For those two pranksters looked at the room's miles of white satin, covering chairs and dressing table and

hangings. They saw exquisite Victorian lamps with their big pink shades. They saw the neat closets for Alice's gowns, closets concealed behind mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling. They observed all that and they just waited for Alice to be called away.

The call to return to the set finally came and away tripped innocent Alice. When she returned she saw what their loving hands had done. They'd wrecked the joint, that's all. The lamps were overturned. The bows were off the satin. Her gowns lay in limp attitudes over everything. Her mirrors were scrawled with grease paint. One whole mirror just said "Hello, dear." Alice surveyed that desolation and if those two boys had been anywhere around she would probably have wrung their necks. But they carefully weren't around and then the more Alice looked, the more she realized how big she had taken all this luxury, and how silly that was, and when she thought of that, she began to laugh. Laugh and think about revenge. A simple call to the decoration department in the studio would do away with most of the damage, but she had to do the revenging herself.

She rushed over to Don's dressing room but it was discreetly locked. But Ty, the most temperamental of the three of them, hadn't thought that far ahead. Alice crept into his diggings. There before her she saw Ty's first pair of imported English shoes. She knew them on sight because Ty had already proudly displayed them to her and even boasted that he had gone berserk and paid thirty-five dollars for them. Another telephone call and Miss Faye had a hammer and nails in hand. Five or six neat blows and Mr. Powers' beautiful dog-coverings were fastened tight to the floor. They didn't show it. They sat there slyly waiting for the moment when Tyrone, the 3rd, would put his feet in them and attempt to walk away. For that moment Alice also left a note on Ty's mirror. It merely said, "Thanks, kids."

After that, there was no stopping them. There was always two against one, though in different

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unavoidable. Millions are at stake, moods are the equation on which the whole hinges and the star to keep her moods happy must be pampered. Any star can walk from a scene on any set and without even turning her head, have a chair appear instantly back of her. Hairdressers spring forward wordlessly to run their combs through already perfect locks. Make-up men solicitiously pat cheeks and nose with unnecessary powder. Publicity men flutter and the yes-boys go into their gurglings. The star is either very gracious about it, or pretends she doesn't notice all this fuss, depending upon which type of person she is. Either attitude kills Ameche, and he kills the attitude.

Don and Ty were old friends from their starving Chicago days, and after the "Sing, Baby, Sing" episode Ty had communicated to Don what a regular person Alice was. Don had never met her however until they were cast together in "You Can't Have Everything."

"You Can't Have Everything" was a very important picture to Alice and she was prepared to treat her role with due respect, but the first day Don reported on the set he came equipped

Randy rolled over and opened his eyes gradually. "Caroline," he said, "do pineapples grow on trees in bunches or do you pull them up like potatoes?"



HAWAIIAN HONEYMOON

Beginning—a sparkling new novel of two young stars who didn't know what they wanted, and a worldly one who did—and meant to get it

BY HAGAR WILDE

AT thirty-five, Randolph Grimes had not yet learned to accept hangovers with the philosophical detachment befitting his age. Each time he achieved one he was surprised and slightly hurt. Now, stretched full-length on the sands of Waikiki Beach he was mumbling to himself, "Oh-kool-e-how. Poonay. Lah-nigh. Mah-lah-hee-nee. Kah-mah-i-nah."

Caroline Hathaway, brunette, slender and in the first stages of a good even tan, reared up on her elbows and regarded him suspiciously. "Would you mind telling me what you are doing?"

"I am pronouncing all the Hawaiian words I learned last night and trying to decide which one is responsible for the condition I now find myself in," said Randy with dignity.

"The word," said Caroline, "is okoelehau. Properly defined, it would be: Liquid dynamite reserved for the unwary such as one Randolph Grimes who thinks anything that pours is suitable to drink."

"I was only practicing saying it," said Randy. "If I practiced saying a million dollars I wouldn't wake up with several million dollars in my fist, now would I?"

"No, darling," said Caroline.

"But every time I said oh-kool-e-how they gave me a glass of it."

"They certainly did," said Caroline.

"Caroline, did I make an ass of myself?"

"Yes, darling," Caroline said cheerfully.

Randy rolled over and opened his eyes gradually. A pained expression flitted across his face as a number of healthy people engaged in



All her life Ann had responded to certain symptoms with one course of action — a bath. Now she sat on the edge of the tub undressing and crying at the same time

healthy pursuits crossed his line of vision. Far out in the king surf tiny figures balanced gaily on surfboards and swooped in on the wave crests. The outrigger canoes rocked gently, the steersmen watchfully waiting the telltale swell from far out which promised a good, long, swift ride in to shore. Randy shuddered and turned away his eyes.

"Caroline," he said, "do pineapples grow on trees in bunches or do you pull them up like potatoes?"

"I'm ashamed to say that's a subject I have never gone into," said Caroline.

"But you must have some idea."

"Don't be ridiculous. There's no idea that I must have. If I don't know, I simply say I don't know and people ask somebody who does."

"Last night," said Randy, wrestling valiantly with a memory which disappeared and reappeared as unpredictably and illogically as the Cheshire cat, "I met a man who cans pineapple."

"Do tell," said Caroline.

"And I'm sure I borrowed twenty dollars from him," said Randy. "He invited me to come and see the pineapple plantation. Now the point is, suppose he leads me up to a pineapple and stands back proudly and I don't recognize it?"

"That's simple," Caroline said. "If you recognize the man, you'll identify him with pineapple at once. Then whatever he leads you up to, you just exclaim in admiration. And pay him his twenty."

"If we put you in the diplomatic service," said

Randy, "we'd be at war before you could drop a hat. How a good mind like mine puts up with a mind like yours I've no idea."

Caroline grinned. "I've often wondered how so many good minds got to Hollywood. And were they good minds in New York or did they hand them to you gentlemen when you got off the train at Los Angeles?"

"You're a bitter woman," Randy said admiringly.

"No I'm not," said Caroline. "I'm just vicious. I've met so many good minds and they seem to get better as the salary checks get bigger. Maybe associating with such a raft of other good minds makes a commonplace mind get ashamed of itself and start trying. Or, like the Coué system, a mind could keep saying to itself, 'Every day in every way I am getting smarter and smarter and God keep J.B. head of the studio until after option time.' Or. . ."

"I catch," Randy said.

"Now that is a good mind," said Caroline, "and when I'd barely outlined the idea."

"Well, in six years I've come from forty bucks a week on a paper-and-twine trade journal to a producer's salary which modesty forbids me to name," Randy said. "That proves something, doesn't it?"

"It proves you came to Hollywood," Caroline said sweetly.

"I'd hate to be married to you. It'd be like living with a fluoroscope."

CAROLINE sat up and dug her fist into the sand. "Speaking of being married, didn't we come to Honolulu with a couple who were?"

Randy gave it a moment's thought. "I believe we did. Very famous people they were, weren't they? A man and a woman."

"That's the usual combination." Caroline's voice was at its most soothing. "Was the woman a little thing with a snub nose, kind of? And red hair? Could her name have been Ann?"

"She's your best friend. You should know."

"Have you seen them today, Randy?"

"I haven't seen anybody today. Or," Randy added bitterly, "anything."

"Look," said Caroline. "I'm worried."

"I'm too sick to get up and move. Tell me all about it."

"I'm afraid Ann isn't happy."

Randy closed his eyes and groaned. "You find the strangest things to worry about." He opened his eyes again. "If a woman's not happy on her honeymoon, when the devil would she be?"

"Have you noticed how she watches David?"

"To be absolutely frank and aboveboard with you," Randy said, "I haven't noticed a thing except a buzzing sound in my ears and an inability to walk in a straight line ever since I left Hollywood."

"David's out surfing," Caroline said irrelevantly.

Randy shook all over with an involuntary reaction of distaste. "You mean out in all that mess of water with people zooming past him on other people's shoulders?"

"But Ann isn't," Caroline said significantly.

"Good for Ann," Randy said heartily. "That

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Glamour Girl.



1940-STYLE

Our Bureau of Standards looks over the Hollywood glitter market. Could you fulfill these specifications?

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARMANDO SEGUSO

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IF you are a Hollywood glamour girl, 1940 style, your given name is short, staccato and smacks of the exotic. Preferably, it is Hedy, Myrna, Carole, Sonja, Greta, Bette (not finished off with a plain old "y," either), Isa, Irene, Joan, Miriam, Kay, Alice, Gloria, Norma, Ginger. Other accepted glamour names are Claudette, Jeanette, Marlene, Madeleine, Katharine, Margaret, although they are many syllables too long for swank. Lucy, as a cinema glamour name is taboo.

Your surname is hand-picked for euphony unless your family moniker is a good one. Hepburn's was all right, so were the Bennetts'—Joan, Constance, Barbara; Gloria Stuart's too. Miss Gustafsson changed hers to Garbo, LeSeuer to Crawford, Williams to Loy, Peters to Lombard. A glamour gal's name must be packed with enough marquee magnetism (whatever that is) to lure people to the box office.

If you are the synthesis of a Hollywood glamour gal you are about thirty years old and admit it. What is there to lose? The World Almanac will give you away if you lie about your age, anyway. You wear artificial eyelashes before the cameras and, just for the heluvit, to a costume party given by another glamour gal. You'd

rather do that than use the waterproof mascara of your profession because that hardens and pulls the eyelashes out when you remove it. Even little pre-glamour maiden Deanna Durbin rues that. You use one of those lipstick pencils to outline your rather full lips (you, like all glamour lasses think full lips make a woman look "sexy" and sexy you must look for your constituents).

Your hair has been all shades from platinum blonde (during the late Jean Harlow reign), through the copper tones, and now you are mulling over a period in black. You have discovered that you are practically a Hedy Lamarr in a black wig, and La Lamarr is the

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Marital vacations are taboo for the Bob Hopes

PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WITH THE CHIN

A black and white of Bob Hope—a comedian on whom Fate cast a benign eye when a hunch played him false

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HIS favorite Scotch joke is the one about the Scotchman who sat up all night and watched his wife's vanishing cream. He considers the most foolish act of his life the time he rejected his first radio offer because "radio would never amount to anything." He recalls, wistfully, that he lost five years before he began to get his share of the ether bonanza. He loves smörgasbord. He is almost punctual. He is very abashed when confessing that his baptismal name is Leslie Townes Hope. He never wears a hat and hat manufacturers are forever beseeching the studio to make him wear one. He has a casual, yet lusty attitude towards life, taking it in full stride. He thinks Parisians are the happiest people he has ever known. He likes caviar, gum-soled shoes, canaries and garlic seasoning.

He sees an average of two pictures a month and doesn't care much for smoked salmon. He was born in London. He, in self-defense, adopted the cognomen, Bob. His nose and chin are profiled like ski-slides and because of that he was the most surprised man in the world when he clicked in the movies. He is five feet, eleven and three-quarter inches tall. He is married and has a four-year-old daughter adopted from The Cradle. He has a strong aversion for hillbilly and Hawaiian music. He is fond of a six by eight-and-half foot bed which he brought from New York and in which he does all his reading. He brushes his hair fifty times a day and massages his scalp. He endorses physical examinations before marriage.

His chief hobby is collecting bad notices, framing them, and displaying them in his bar. He is an incurable sentimentalist. His favorite comic strip is the *Bungle Family* and he unconsciously observes all the usual theatrical superstitions. He is a sucker for lending his services for any kind of a benefit, but he resents being invited to social functions merely to provide entertainment. He likes quoting the late Will Rogers, who, following a dinner at which he was embarrassingly made to amuse them, sent his

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Likes pickled herring . . . thinks he's a jinx as best man . . . thought his profile would keep him out of pictures



He's Bubbles to Bing, who's Chub to him—above in a scene from "Road to Singapore"



Luxurious five-passenger coupé de ville (small town car, say we), convertible to sports sedan—so Hedy Lamarr can go both gay and glamorous



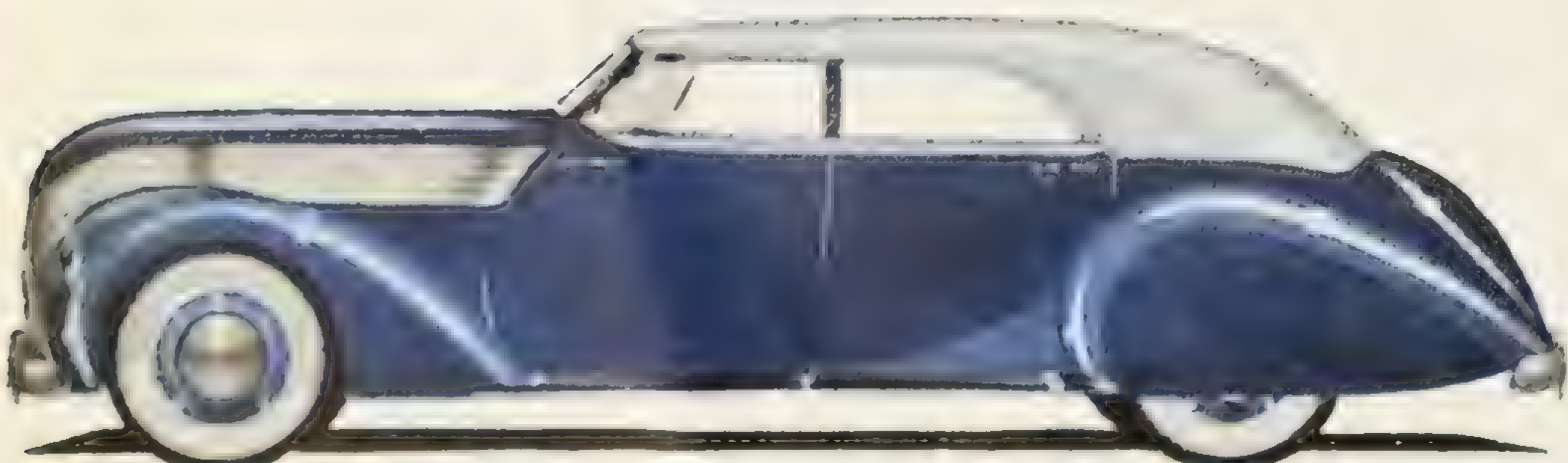
Conventional-type sports roadster, highly individualized—for Bette Davis, the little girl from traditional old New England with the big bundle of acting pyro-technique

Cars for



William Jenks—his designs combine beauty, utility, originality

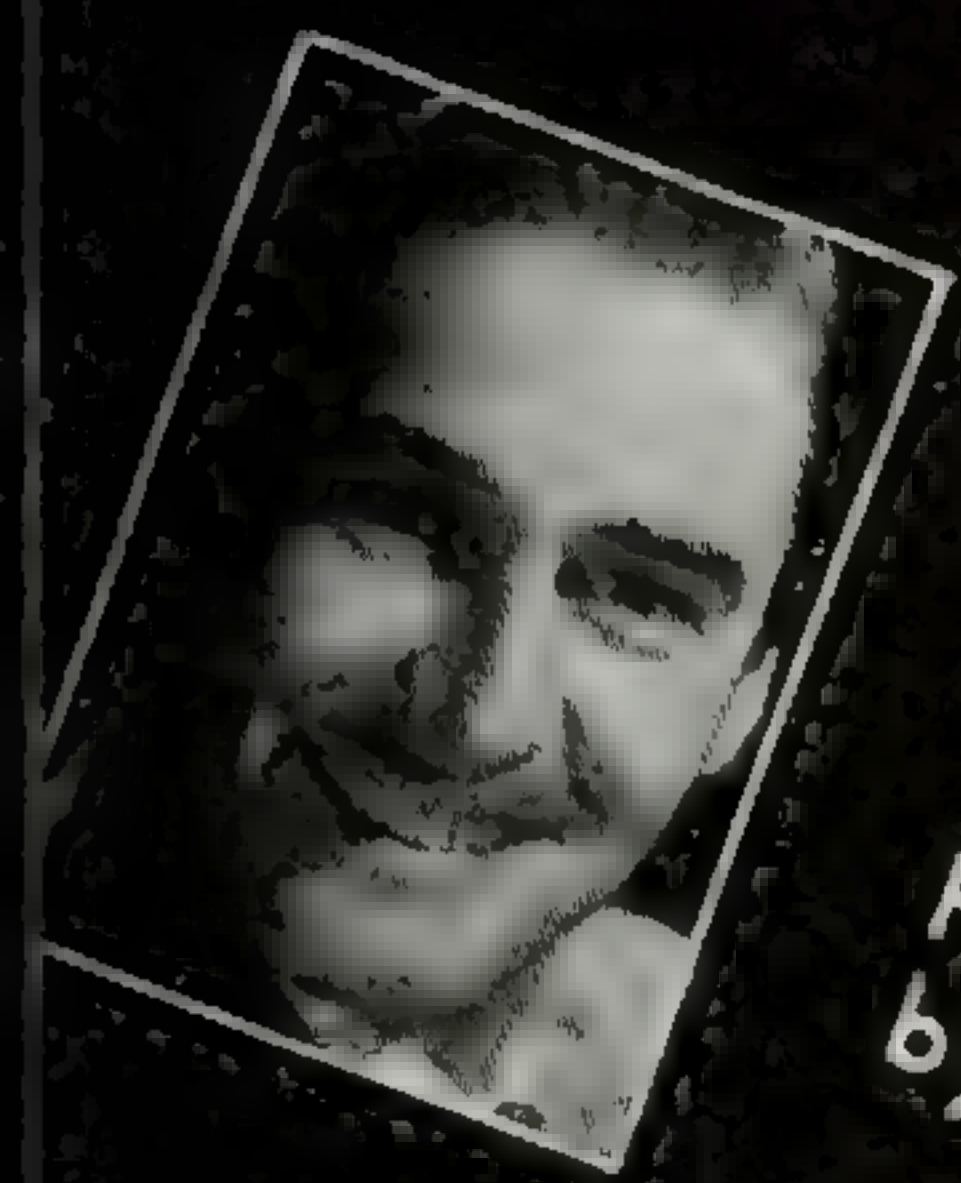
IDEA of the Month: Automobiles to express film personalities. Not that these are actual jalopies you'll see them riding in among the hills of Hollywood . . . just that here's a young man who enjoys conjuring up designs like these as much as we hope you'll enjoy previewing them . . . Man Behind the Idea: William Jenks by name; born twenty-two years ago in New York. Californian by adoption; his family settled there when he was ten—now married, he still lives in Glendale. Artist by inclination, cultivated by study at the Chouinard School of Art. Specialist in mechanical drawing by preference, developed by work with a well-known local manufacturer of custom-built cars, where he learned the inside intricacies and outside streamlines of special jobs for Gary Cooper, Countess di Frasso, et al.



"The Liner she's a lady," sang Kipling—but here's a streamliner for a modern perfect lady—a convertible sedan for the gracious adaptability of an Irene Dunne



For Clark and Carole Lombard Gable—San Fernando Valley station wagon, with air-conditioning, movable seats, rear engine



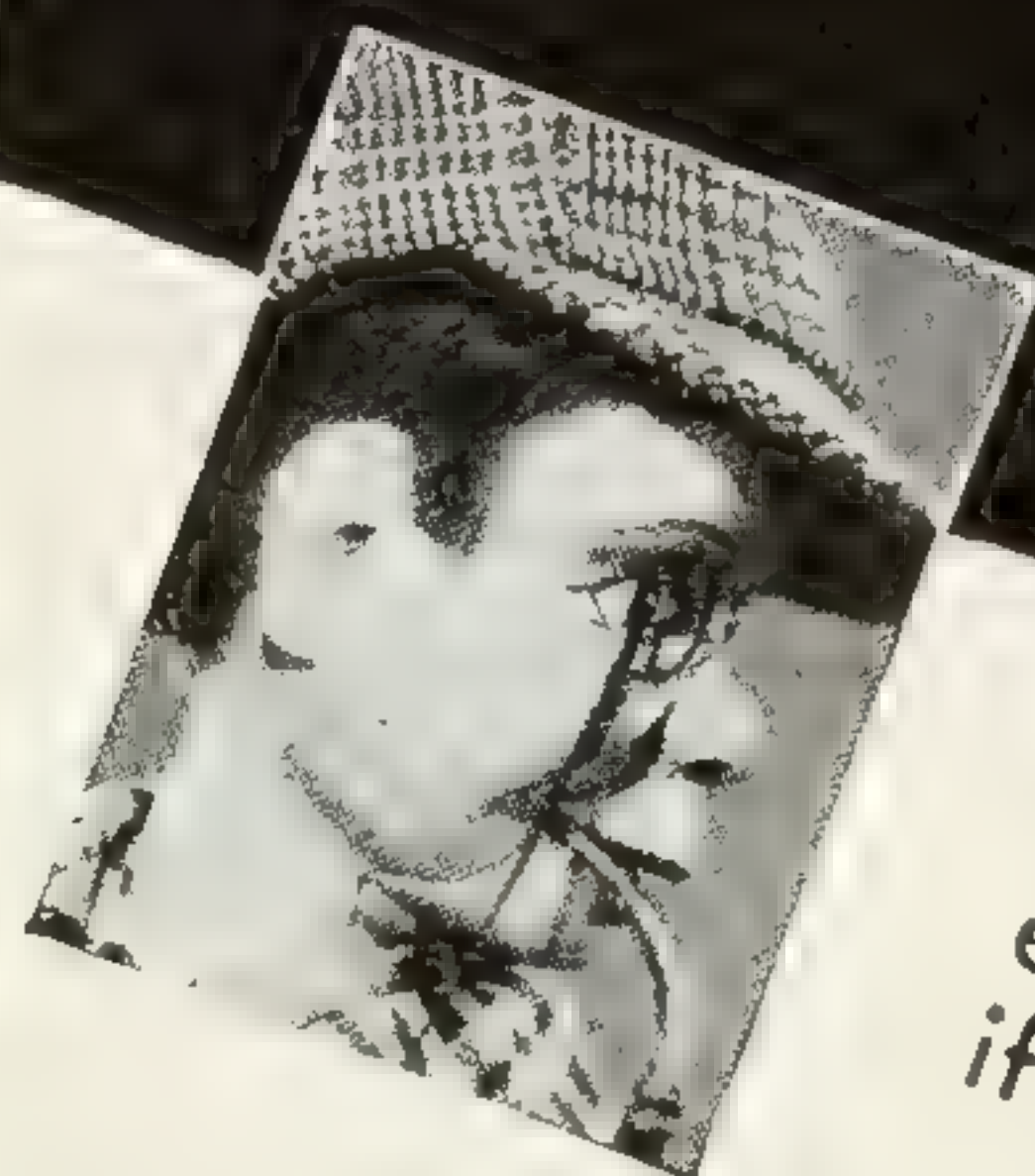
"Teardrop" coupé, inspired—not by Errol Flynn's non-existent lugubriousness—but by his comet-like, supercharged speed!



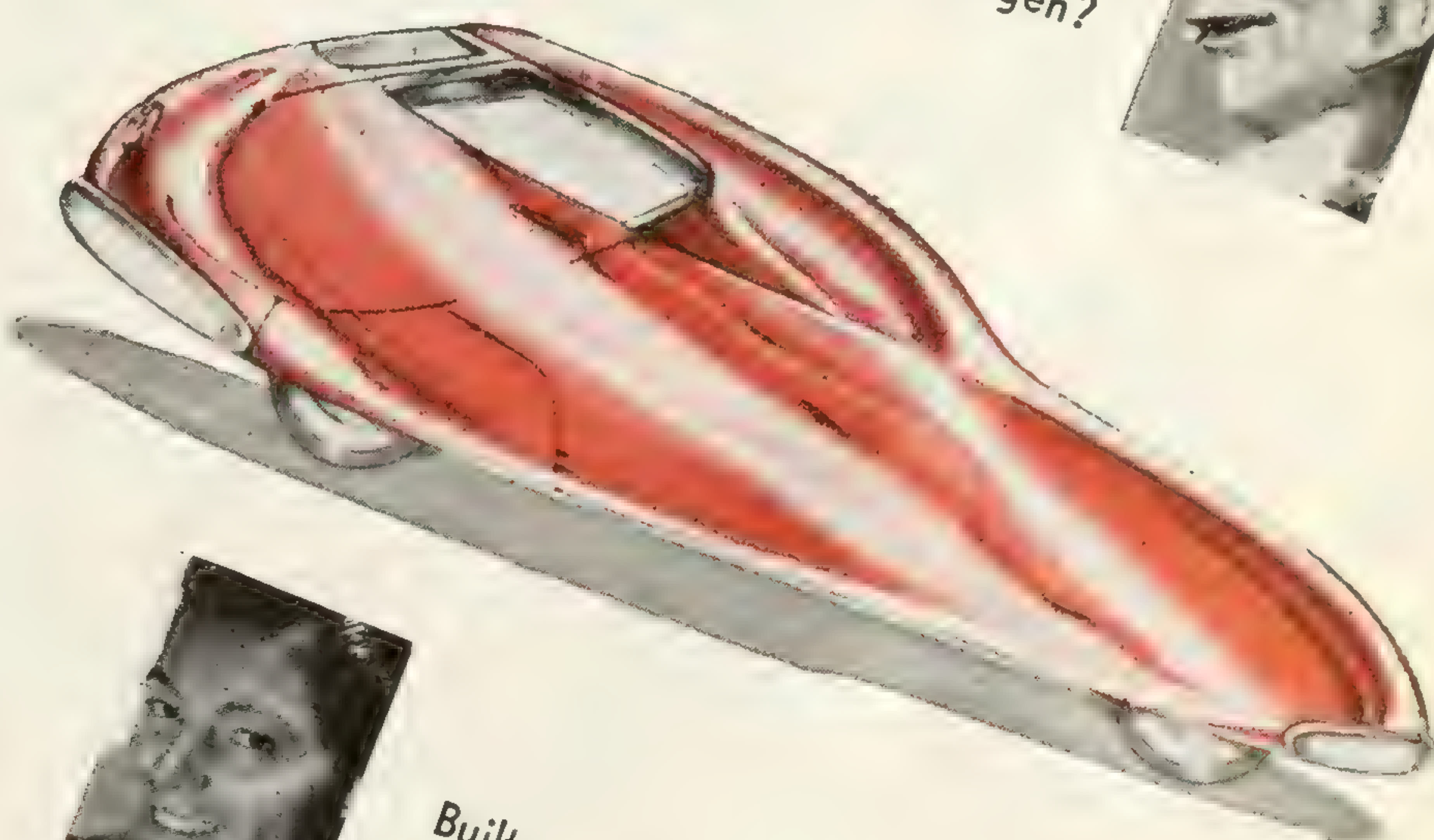
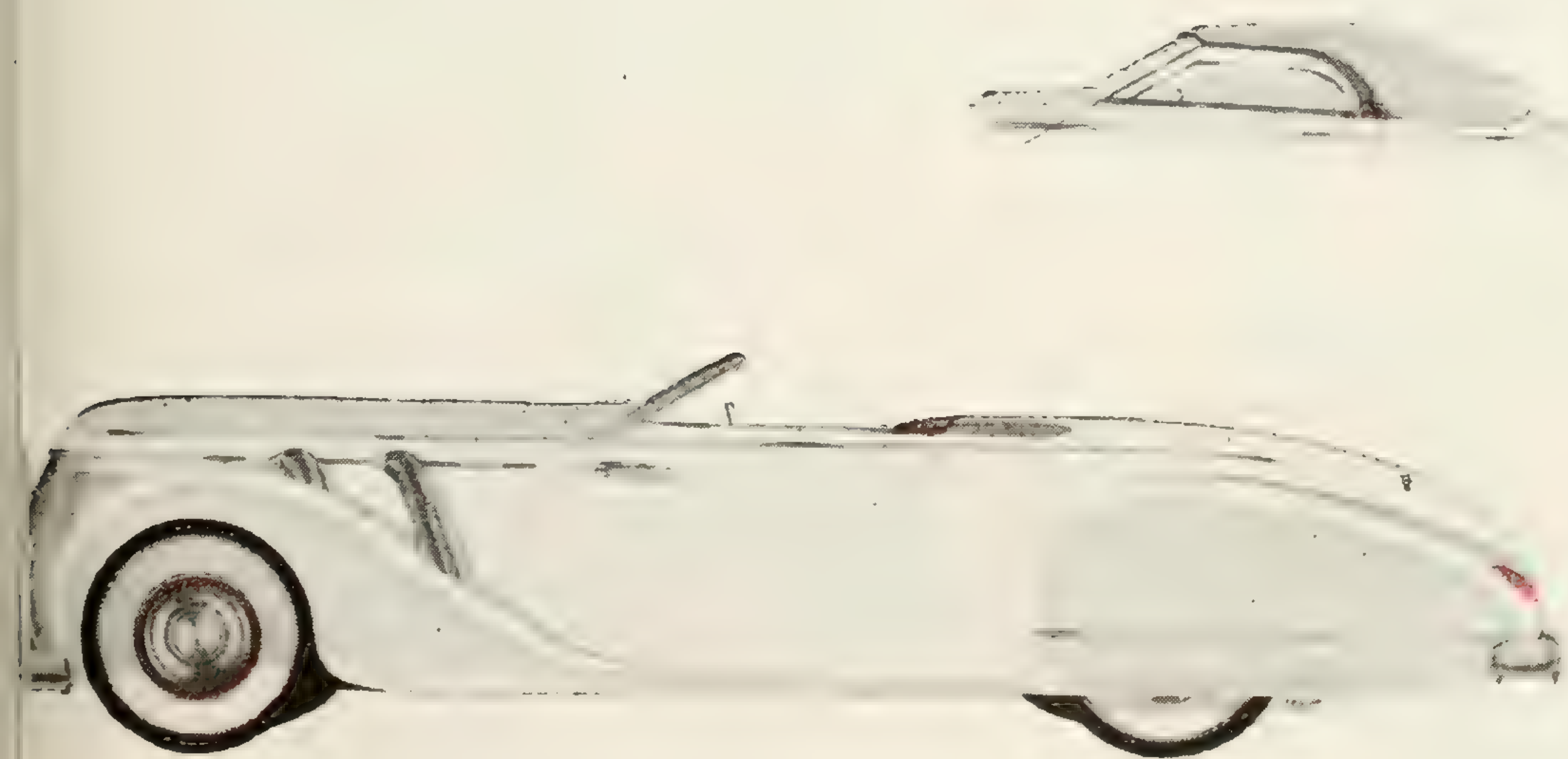
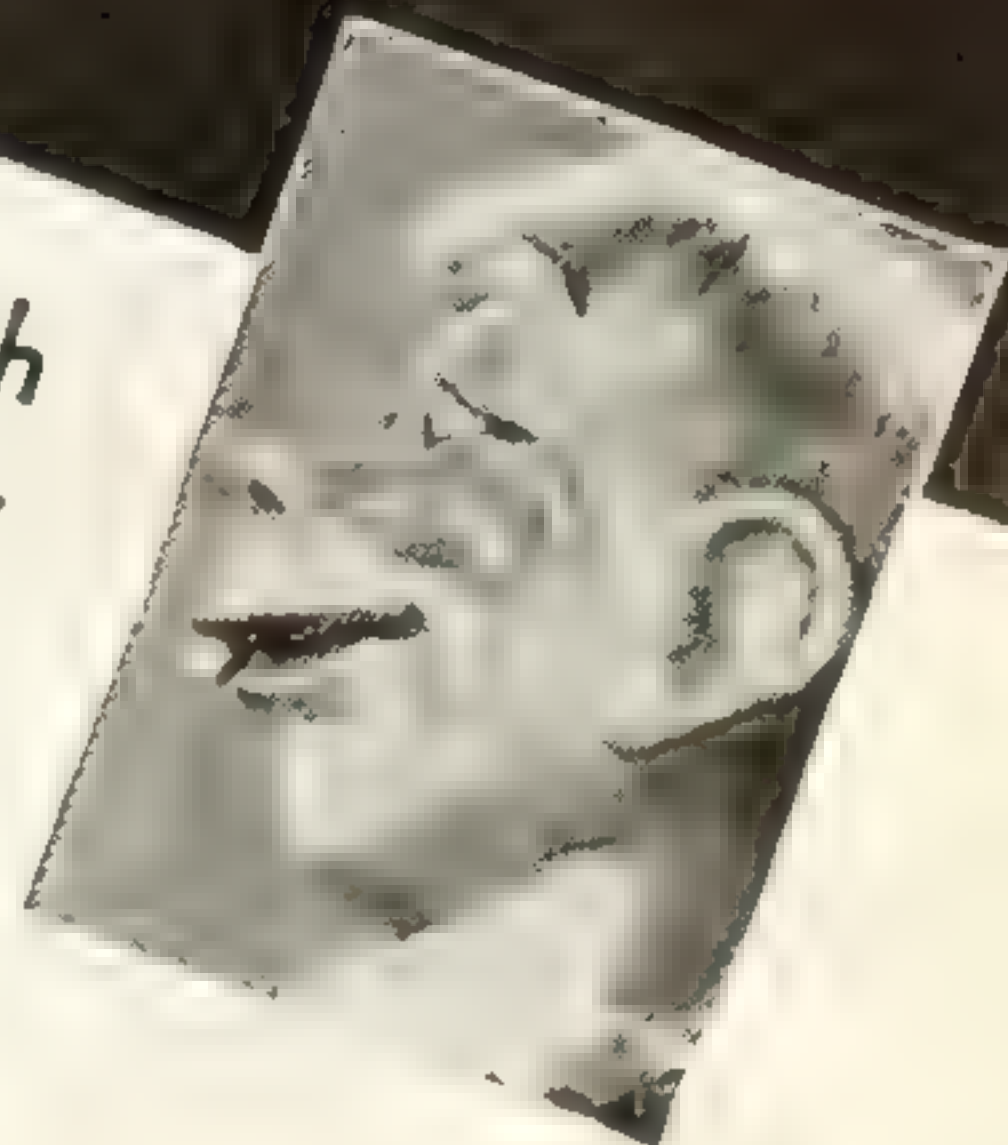
Here tomorrow, gone today—in a blaze of spark and a sputter of sound! What better suited to Mickey Rooney than a streamlined motorcycle?

Stars

play, in search for new delights,
presents these products of a brilliant
's imagination—"personal" auto-
cles for streamlined personalities



Nothing but a super sports roadster for Charlie McCarthy, with extra seat for Mortimer Snerd (he has his own windshield, too—if he's ever invited). What—no mother-in-law seat for Bergen?



Built to swim through traffic—tomorrow's rear-engined coupé, with opera seats and a narrow rear tread—for Johnny Weissmuller



Practically stripped to the gears, with detachable fenders, convertible as all get-out—presenting the "Oomph" roadster—for Ann Sheridan, of course



▲ Anne Shirley and John Payne (at the Troc) need no props for their marriage



The Paul Munis have passed the acid test for happiness in the home

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST

Lessons in Love

*There's a certain surprising truth
to be learned from matrimony among
the stars, where the sanctions of
wealth, of society and of religion
are not what keep people together!*

BY GRETTA PALMER

SO Constance Bennett is planning to get a divorce from her Marquis—that same Marquis de la Falaise whom actresses seem always divorcing! And Madeleine Carroll and Captain Philip Astley have ended their marriage by divorce. Those in the know will whisper to you that that famous couple which recently appeared so battered on the lot were not hurt in an "automobile accident," as the publicity department would have you believe; they had a bang-up, shantytown Saturday night row, in which the devoted wife gave as good as she got. Domestic affairs, among the stars, are suffering from the doldrums once again.

So we rise to ask (with, heaven knows, no

illusion as to the novelty of the question): What about Hollywood marriage? Is it true what the press agents say—that all of these glamorous men and women live on so high a domestic plane that life is one long, sweet honeymoon (until the divorce is, somewhat embarrassingly, announced)? Is it true what the exposé-writers would have you believe—that the whole screen colony wallows in inconstancy, and that marriages occur only for purposes of box-office appeal?

What, in a word, is the truth about matrimony on the Coast?

On a recent whirlwind tour of the colony I became the Marriage Reporter Pro Tem of the Coast. I looked at the stars with no eye for their wardrobes, their coiffures or their conversation, if any. I studied them as wives. Not even Clark Gable's eyelashes were able to deter me from my chosen point of view. Mr. Gable, bless his heart, was interesting to me only as a married man. And having angled some of the famous pairs from a strictly Married Love approach, I can report that things out there are just about as always. There are more divorces, to the mile, than there are in Newton, Kansas. There are fewer Darbys and Joans than in, say, South Carolina. But when a Hollywood marriage is good, it's terribly, terribly good!

Mr. and Mrs. Gable are a case in point. They are a good case simply because we have here two stellar personalities in a field which is supposed to be the most highly competitive in the field. The legend has it that no marriage can survive when one partner exceeds the other's

success. Well, both Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are doing everything in their power to hoist each other to as high a step on the ladder as possible. Miss Lombard, when talked to, was full of excitement over—guess what?—her husband's picture, "Gone with the Wind"! She was as delighted about the praise for his magnificent portrayal of *Rhett Butler* as if she had never been inside a studio herself!

Clark Gable is as thrilled over his ranch as any settled, married man. He has taught his wife to ride and to enjoy his out-of-door life with him—because, you see, he doesn't want to be married to a mere glamour girl of the cafés—he wants a *wife* who will share his interests and his hobbies.

THERE'S one Hollywood marriage that's working like a breeze. Take, for a moment, a less conspicuous couple—Anne Shirley and John Payne. They don't go in for extensive ranches, but anyone who has spent a week in Beverly Hills has seen these two together, having a whale of a time. They are among the most enthusiastic of the couples dancing at the night clubs—and dancing together, Madam! When they go out for an evening's fun they may be surrounded by the most spectacular names in America, but they're oblivious to this—as oblivious as when the reader and his wife drop in for a Saturday dance or two at the local roadhouse—that is, if the reader *likes* his wife!

Among the older married couples, take a look at Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who don't go



Legend says their marriage can't survive—but the Gables have Legend lashed to the mast

Those five points that are reasons for failure of Hollywood marriages haven't licked the Don Ameches

out dancing as much now as they used to. You see, the children are older now, and they want to stay at home with them. And there are the Fredric Marches, whose life revolves around their home and their gracious social life there. There are couples like the Darryl Zanucks: When he is kept late at the studio, Mrs. Zanuck comes and routs him out and says, "You've worked enough for one night, now you're coming to a party with me!"

There are couples in Hollywood whose marriages date back to the '20's. There are many couples who have celebrated their tenth (or tin) anniversaries, a few who have made their twenty-fifth (or silver) wedding days, and they're not obscure bit-players either. These veterans include James Cagney and Frances Vernon—Paul Muni and Bella Finkel—Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere—Spencer Tracy and Louise Treadwell—Warner Baxter and Winifred Bryson. All these marriages have lasted ten years, or more.

"Well," you may say, "I can match such cases in any town or city in America, and they will occasion no great surprise." It is only in Hollywood that the man or woman married ten years is regarded as a cross between a saint and a side-show freak. Hollywood is conditioned to divorce. It doesn't expect marriages to last.

"Why not?"

I asked that, too. Why are the dice of the marriage-gods so heavily loaded in this town? What dooms so many young couples who started their married life, cameras grinding, with youth and wealth and good looks in their favor? Why is the divorce rate in Hollywood about three times as high as for the country as a whole?

There's only one way to find out about a thing
(Continued on page 79)



Veterans of more than ten years—the Jimmy Cagneys have foiled the difficulties famous people encounter



Typical of today's crop—Brenda Joyce of "The Rains Came," "Little Old New York"



A sports announcer turned actor—that's Ronald Reagan of "Brother Rat and a Baby"



One turn-down wouldn't stop Ann Morriss featured in "Broadway Melody of 1940"

Round Up of

FAMILIAR FACES

*Unsung till now but definitely tuneful are these eight
provocative personalities now scoring in current films*

BY SARA HAMILTON

ACROSS our movie screens, in endless parade, march our film friends. Old friends such as Alan Hale and Jane Darwell keep step with the bright eager newcomers—Ruth Terry, Ann Morriss, Brenda Joyce and others.

It's about these youngsters we want to speak first, for we have a feeling the steadier, whiter light of today's children will burn longer than the consuming fires of the young stars of yesterday. Their voices, eyes, minds all speak of durability. Take, for example, Brenda Joyce, of 20th Century-Fox's "Little Old New York."

"The name Brenda is wrong for me," she says. "My own name is Betty, you know, which I think suits me. The name Brenda, to me, has always stood for dark, dashing sophistication. I have none of those qualities."

She says it honestly and simply. Behind her horn-rimmed glasses (Brenda is nearsighted) her light brown eyes are calm and undisturbed.

They smile when her lips do. Her mouth is lovely; her hair, parted on the side, a natural gold; her face squarish and photographically perfect. It should be. She's smiled at you many times from magazine and posters, for Brenda came into movies from commercial photography. When her money ran out she left the University of California at Los Angeles in her junior year to become a photographer's model.

One day during a tennis game, a woman agent, who was also playing, spoke to her about movies. Brenda confessed she'd always yearned to be an actress and mentioned that she thought 20th Century-Fox had always seemed so kind to newcomers. So the agent took her to Fox, and to Tom Moore (remember the famous brothers, Tom, Matt and the late Owen?), who is the talent coach at that studio. Tom encouraged the quiet-spoken, gently-bred young beauty. Two weeks later Brenda was tested for *Fern* in "The Rains Came," then she was on her

way in "Here I Am a Stranger" and "Little Old New York." It was just that simple.

For her first scene with George Brent and Myrna Loy she had to row a skiff with one oar.

She wears her heart on her wrist. It's a gold one on a chain bracelet, but inside is a picture of her real heart, Owen Ward, who went all through Junior High School, Los Angeles High School and U.C.L.A. with Brenda. Owen is an accountant, and when he makes enough to support them, they'll be married.

Measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever kept up such a constant parade in little five-year-old Brenda back in Kansas City where she was born, that her mother (her parents have been divorced for years) brought her to San Bernardino, California, hoping the change in climate would shake off the germs. It did. But the change wasn't so good for the natives, especially those who awoke one morning to find the sidewalks of that town covered with large



ute newcomer Ruth Terry had veteran Pat Brien on the run in "Slightly Honorable"



Brod Crawford of "Slightly Honorable" didn't want to act, but changed his mind



"Adventure in Diamonds" isn't the only adventure Isa Miranda has had in her life



H superb characterization in "The Grapes of Wrath" put Jane Darwell in the spotlight

fornia, then transferred to U.C.L.A. Oh yes, she has one small mole and three baby satellites on her lower left cheek. They couldn't find a softer more beautiful place to nest. I'll tell them that right here and now.

A Very Grim Fairy Tale

The day Ann Morriss, whom you'll see shortly in "Broadway Melody of 1940," stormed the gates of M-G-M, talent scout Bill Grady stated that while she was distinctive looking (she isn't beautiful, thank heavens), as well as talented, she did need more dramatic experience. "Come back in a year," he told her.

Less than a year later Ann was back knocking at the gates. So M-G-M opened the gates and in walked Ann and straight into the lead of "The Chaser" with Dennis O'Keefe. She went to the preview and no one paid her the slightest attention. But afterwards—well, everyone knew they had an actress on their hands and they'd better do something about it. They did. They put her into "Honolulu," "Spring Madness," "Society Lawyer" and "The Women." They built up her small part in the new "Broadway Melody" to a goodish size, so you know they must think well of her.

Ann is a product of Hollywood High School. As long as the Morrisses lived down in Texas, where they moved from Tampa, Florida (Ann was born, there), she didn't say too much about being an actress, for her dad was a minister and Ann thought he wouldn't like the idea too well. But when her mother, sister and brother moved to Hollywood to live, Ann quietly set about her goal, studying at Ben Bard's drama school and taking notice at all movies. After she was in, her dad wrote he was delighted and shyly confessed he, too, longed to be an actor. Then mother one day secretly confided she wished she could be an actress, and Ann's sister boldly stated, "Well I'm going to be." She's going through the storming-the-gate stage at present.

Ann's nice serious face with its grey eyes is framed in ash-blonde hair. She's five feet seven in height. She claims it doesn't distress her at all to be seen with a shorter man, and dismisses the whole "tall girl" problem with the statement, "It's nice for reaching on top shelves."

Much as I distrust the word "lady" I must employ it to describe Ann, with her soft quiet voice and her naturally dignified manner. She ignores double meaning wisecracks because, as she says, she doesn't know what they mean anyway, and



Incongruous as all get-out—this Alan Hale of "The Fighting 69th" and "Irene"

she'd blush too red if she did. Certain of our little colony can't make her out. Fred Astaire and George Murphy, who worked with her in "Broadway Melody," admire her tremendously.

There was a day she suffered untold agonies of embarrassment on that set, and that was when she forgot and ate her favorite vegetable for lunch—onions. Next to onions she likes pickles and peanuts (between meals) and Mexican foods. She plays crack tennis, Ping-pong and golf and can sail a boat like a man. She has two dimples that try and try and break through when she smiles. Just because everyone thinks it's sure death to whistle in a dressing room, Ann whistles in hers! Yellow is her lucky color. She washes her hair and does her nails, herself. She's always promising herself that now that she can afford it, she'll go to a beauty parlor. She never does. She likes men who make a girl feel at ease and her pet aversion is men who

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Forever gay (even though black is a new fashion note for the little star of "Everything Happens at Night")—with Rudy Vallee, at the Victor Hugo

WHEN SONJA HENIE MET ALAN CURTIS



—and Alan can testify!

Heartbreak's a solo plunge but happiness comes in pairs...as both Sonja—

BY BARBARA HAYES

THE dice were definitely loaded on the day that Alan Curtis made his first date with Sonja Henie to take her to the brilliant premiere of "Hollywood Cavalcade." To laughing Sonja, she of the miraculous feet and the cool, clear head, it was just another date, a very nice one, admittedly, since Mr. Curtis is a handsome lad with more than his share of that thing called "oomph!" Yet even at that the date to Sonja meant nothing to get terrifically excited about.

But for Alan it was an Occasion in more ways than one.

However, even he didn't anticipate that a few weeks later all Hollywood would be asking, "Can Alan Curtis win Sonja Henie?" Least of all, did he dream that he would be asking himself the same thing.

For anyone who doesn't live in the movie village to appreciate how the charm dice were loaded on that first evening, it is necessary to go back to the many factors involved in the basic situation. They are the kind of hidden factors that aren't usually talked about in the film colony, but which every insider knows are there. They couldn't exist anywhere else, and experiencing them couldn't hurt a person so much anywhere else either. They have to do with hearts and the aches hearts can get in them, and with pride and ambition, and with that difficult thing the Chinese call "saving face."

First of all you must realize that Miss Henie is what is called in Hollywoodese a very, very big potato. She is a star of the first-ten magnitude. Her film wage is in that fabulous bracket from which the income taxes nick some seventy-odd per cent, which means millionaire stuff. She is perfectly capable of going out of an evening and earning herself an additional \$15,000 to \$25,000 for a simple skating exhibition—and often does. Hollywood always remembers those facts about Sonja. But one fact it rather constantly loses sight of behind all that glitter of gold. It forgets that Sonja is also a vital, warm, beautiful unmarried girl of twenty-six.

Alan Curtis is the current example of what happens all the time to talent in Hollywood, and a crying shame it is, too. Alan was put under contract by M-G-M some two years ago because he was handsome, young, very sex-

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PHOTOPLAY PROUDLY PRESENTS

As its April Movie Book - Complete in this Issue

THE NEW DOCTOR KILDARE NOVEL

BY MAX BRAND

That stalwart triumvirate—Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres and Laraine Day—is another of M-G-M's thrilling Kildare films. On the following pages is a condensed version of the original novel on which the latest picture, "Dr. Kildare's Girl," is based

Two hours of dramatic reading, about a young interne who defies all rules in his daring fight against disease and death



IN the crowded waiting room of Dr. Gillespie there were people of ten nations of more than ten degrees, from the old pugilist with rheumatism in his broken hands to the Indian mystic whose eyes already were forgetting this world; but little Florie Adams took precedence over all of these. Her mother lagged breathless, a step behind, as Florie was led quickly on by a nurse so pretty that the little girl had to keep looking up at that freshness and that bloom; and so her stumbling feet forgot their way.

"Emergency!" said the nurse to the Negro who was on duty as though to guard the door. "Emergency, Conover!"

So they came to the threshold and the mother leaned over the child, saying: "He's a great man, Florie. He's a great, great man; and you just look at him and listen at him, and he'll make you well!"

Then the door opened and little Florie entered, prepared to listen with all her soul, and to see. She saw an office worn and old and littered, with the smell of a drugstore and the look of a secondhand furniture shop. She saw a young man in white with a pale face and eyes darkly stained by sleeplessness; he seemed to Florie like someone who has stared too long and too hard at intangible, fading things; there was about him the humility and the tension of a foreigner who listens to speech that is only partially understood. But the great man was not he. The great man sat yonder in a wheelchair. To Florie he was as old as her private conception of the deity, and like her God he wore a tangled radiance of white hair, thin and luminous. He had a high forehead with a blue vein of wrath etched across it; he had the smile of a fighting Irishman who may be delighting in the battle or suffering from a twist of exquisite pain; and beyond all else he had eyes of fire that made Florie forget the rest. He barked at the pretty nurse in a harsh voice: "Well, Lamont, what's this?"

"An emergency, Dr. Gillespie," she answered.

Florie expected her to shrink, but there seemed no fear in her; she even smiled at this great and terrible doctor.

"It's scarlet fever, Doctor Gillespie," said the mother. "Little Joanie, she come down exactly like this; but I thought maybe there's a way of . . ."

"Never mind what you thought," snarled the great Gillespie. "What the devil is this, anyway?"

The last words were for another nurse who had come in with a tray that she placed across the arms of the wheelchair.

"It's two boiled eggs with some toast and crisp bacon crumbled into them," said the nurse.

"Take the stuff away!" shouted Gillespie. "Take it away and bring me coffee!"

THE young doctor, in the meantime, sat on his heels and took the hand of Florie with a touch so gentle, so firm, so assured, that she could not help feeling that everything would be all right, if only the terrible old man would stop roaring. She smiled at him and he smiled back as he scanned her face deliberately, reading it up, reading it down.

"I'm sorry, sir," the nurse of the tray was saying. "It was orders to bring this."

"By the jumping thunder—by the living . . . whose orders?" boomed Gillespie.

"Dr. Kildare, sir."

"Kildare!" exploded the great voice.

"Yes, sir?" answered the young man who sat on his heels.

Florie trembled, but this Kildare did not even turn his head from the examination as he spoke.

"And what am I to say is the meaning of this?" said the terrible voice. "About this confounded interference, what am I to do?"

"If I were you, I would eat the eggs, sir. You've had nothing since yesterday."

He rose as he spoke and kept on smiling down at Florie. The wrath of the great Gillespie dissolved.

"Not since yesterday? Haven't I, Jimmy?" he said, apologetically. But instantly he was barking: "Where's the coffee, Parker?"

His anger drove her back toward the wall.

"It wasn't ordered for the tray, Doctor Gillespie," she said.

"I'm to be treated like a babe in swaddling clothes, am I?" demanded Gillespie. "You think I'm going to put up with this damned outrage? Well, get out of my sight! What are you waiting for, Nosy?"

The nurse vanished.

"Bring the child to me," commanded Gillespie.

"Certainly, sir, when you've finished eating," said Kildare.

And still the lightning did not fall!

"It's a simple case," went on Kildare. And he

The compelling novel of a young interne's courage in a drama behind hospital walls



"You have until Friday to do something about it," Gillespie told Jimmy. "Why couldn't some other young jackass have had the idea? No, it had to be my boy!"

THE NEW DOCTOR KILDARE NOVEL BY MAX BRAND

said with that wonderfully gentle and quiet voice that opened the heart of Florie: "She's been having aspirin, hasn't she?"

"Oh, yes," said the mother.

"I wouldn't give her any more just now," suggested young Doctor Kildare. "Aspirin is a very good thing, but sometimes it will bring out a bit of a rash, like this."

"Is that all it is?" gasped Mrs. Adams. "Oh, Doctor Gillespie, is this right?"

"Right?" boomed Gillespie. "Why, the young fool doesn't dare to be wrong, does he?"

So Florie was drawn out of the room, still with her head turned to catch her last close view of greatness.

"Why did Mary Lamont bring that case in here?" Gillespie growled. "It could have gone through other avenues. . . ."

"Perhaps Mrs. Adams is a sister of Mike Ryan, sir," suggested Kildare.

"Mike Ryan? The ignorant bartender in the saloon over there?"

"Yes, sir; my old friend Mike Ryan."

"Next patient!" called Gillespie. "You've got a taste for low company," he added with his growl, "that may drag you down to the gutter. And don't say: 'Yes, sir,' to that!"

"No, sir," said Kildare.

THERE was a commotion in the outer office, a hurrying of heavy feet, a confusion of voices.

The door was broken open and a burly ambulance driver with a prize fighter's jaw and the bright little eyes of a pig came in, supporting a man doubled-up with pain. At the door appeared Conover, complain-

ing: "I tried to keep them out, Doctor Gillespie!"

"Never mind him, Joe," said the big man. "Here's the little old doc, and he'll fix you up. He fixes everybody up. He can look right through you like an X-ray."

Joe, slumped in a chair, managed to whisper, with a twisting grin: "Then he'll see the slug that McCarthy left inside of me five years ago."

"What d'you mean by this, Weyman?" demanded Gillespie. "Do you think this is the regular emergency ward, or what?"

Weyman, his cap in his hand, began backing up with small steps, only taking note that Kildare, on his knees, already was at work on the patient.

"Yeah, sure—emergency room," said Weyman, "only it was farther away—and I thought about how fast the Doc is, here—and Joe is a pal of mine. . . ."

"Get out!" commanded Gillespie, and Weyman disappeared, saying hastily as he went through the door: "Doc, he's even got the same name as me! We was raised on the same block!"

"By the same cops with the same nightsticks," commented Gillespie, suddenly grinning. "Let me get at that boy, Jimmy!"

"It's all right, sir, I've got it . . . Stomach pains for several years, Joe?"

"Yeah, Doc. Off'n on. But this one—it's different—it's a sock in the eye. . . ."

Pain cut off his breath. The smile he was trying to give turned into a ghastly, white contortion.

"How long has this pain been going on? . . . Nurse, ring Killefer in surgery. I've got a job for him. A rush job . . . And get an orderly here to take him . . . How long has this been going on, Joe?"

"Since about five this morning . . . I thought it'd pass. . . ."

"And the pain went down lower?"

"Yes. And then I remembered about you—because I was scared."

"Ten hours?" murmured Kildare. "I wish you'd remembered me sooner. . . ."

As the orderly appeared with the wheeled stretcher, Kildare picked up Joe and laid him on his side on the table.

He said, briefly: "Dr. Killefer—ruptured gastric ulcer—ten hours old. Tell Killefer."

Kildare gripped Joe's hand and followed the stretcher to the door.

"I'll see you through, Joe," he said.

"Will you? That's swell!" murmured Joe, and relaxed, his eyes closing over their story of pain.

"More of your low company, Kildare," said Gillespie. "I see you're the 'doc' to the whole district, now. When any ragamuffin pickpocket, yegg, or second-story man speaks of 'the doc,' he means young Doctor Kildare. And what do *you* get out of it? For the sake of a fugitive rat with a bullet-hole in him, you slap down the authorities, kick the hospital in the face, and damn near ruin yourself; and what would they do for you?"

"I don't know," said Kildare, thoughtfully, "but I think some of them would die for us—and they're the only ones who would."

CHAPTER II

THE call of "Next Patient!" brought in a sal-low-faced youth of twenty-two and his personal physician, a Dr. Arthur Sloan, who kept the sprightly verve of an athlete at fifty-five. "You have the case history and the laboratory reports already, Dr. Gillespie," said Sloan.

"Good," said Gillespie, "and now I have the man! Arthur Sloan is a known and experienced physician, Kildare, but you may be able to help him."

"I'll try, sir," said Kildare.

Dr. Sloan stiffened.

"I hoped for your personal attention to a very baffling case, Dr. Gillespie," he said.

"You'll have it if it's needed," said Gillespie. "But Kildare does something more than fill time-gaps around here. He won't waste many minutes if he hasn't an idea."

"Very well," said Sloan, coldly, "if you'll remove the bathrobe, Mr. Loring. . ."

Kildare went briskly ahead with his examination.

"This case has been worked up thoroughly," said Dr. Sloan, who from the corner of his eye seemed to condemn every gesture Kildare was making. "It seems a characteristic case of chronic malaria . . . you know that we come from a malarial district. Mr. Loring is losing strength and appetite, together with weight. He has a degree or two of fever in the afternoons. Classical symptoms, you'll agree. But I bring him here because I've been unable to find the malarial plasmodia in any of the blood smears. However, it *must* be malaria!"

"I'm afraid that I can't agree with you, Dr. Sloan," said Kildare, stepping back a little.

"Ah, you don't agree?" asked Sloan, smiling a little. "After your *very* brief examination, what do you think it may be?"

"Bacterio endocarditis," said Kildare.

"My dear young man!" said Sloan, and shrugged his shoulders in resignation.

"What's that?" asked Gillespie. "Bacterio endocarditis? You're not trying to be original?"

"No, sir."

"Quite a bit out of the way, I should say," commented Sloan.

"You've taken the blood smears at different times of the day, Sloan?" asked Gillespie.

"Yes, sir. Repeated smears, and always at varying hours."

"Is that what you base it on?" Gillespie demanded of Kildare. "Because the plasmodia have not been found you're sure that it couldn't be chronic malaria?"

"No, sir," Kildare answered, "because I know that frequently the malarial organisms may be located in the spleen and remain there, acting as a reservoir for infection."

"The spleen palpable?" demanded Gillespie.

"Quite," said Sloan.

"For a first guess—I haven't had my hands on Loring yet—but for a first guess, I can't help feeling that you're right, Sloan. Kildare, you're barking up the wrong tree."

"I believe not, sir."

"Damn the beliefs—I want the proofs. You're not guessing, are you?"

"No, sir, not entirely."

"You've been too quick, Kildare," said Gillespie, shaking his head. "What about the heart?"

"There's a systolic murmur of the apex, transmitted to the axilla," reported Kildare.

"That is true," agreed Sloan, grudgingly.

"But at the same time, that doesn't make it bacterio endocarditis, Kildare!" exclaimed Gillespie.

"If young Doctor Kildare were to come down into our country," said Sloan, with a sour smile, "he would learn a little more about some of the curious phases of malaria. It's not always something that a bit of quinine will rub out."

Kildare set his teeth hard and endured. He was sweating and his anger kept his eyes fixed straight ahead, but his voice remained under control.

"Young men," growled Gillespie, "should learn not to jump their opinions into the dark. Kildare, I'd be glad to hear you admit that you're wrong about this."

"I can't do that, sir," said Kildare.

Gillespie stared suddenly at his assistant. "Kildare, what have you seen?"

"Mr. Loring," said Kildare, disregarding Gillespie's question, "are there fleas in your part of the country?"

"For God's sake," cried Loring, "what has that to do with anything?"

Kildare pointed to four or five small spots at the base of Loring's throat.

"A slight rash or irritation of some sort," said

Sloan, indifferently.

"Are there fleas in your country?" insisted Kildare.

"Not many. Not in *my* house," declared Loring.

"Petechiaie, then," said Kildare, and stepped back to indicate that he had finished speaking his mind.

"I suppose we can go on, then, with the question of the chronic malaria?" asked Sloan.

"Chronic malaria?" said Gillespie, wheeling his chair closer and staring at the little spots on the throat. "Certainly not. They *are* petechiae—and absolutely diagnostic. It's bacterio endocarditis, man, and the search is finished."

"You mean that *he* is right?" demanded Loring.

"Unfortunately, yes," said Gillespie.

"Extraordinary!" growled Sloan. "Absolutely extraordinary!"

KILDARE, when they had left the room, ran a handkerchief over his sweating face.

"I was hard on you, eh?" demanded Gillespie.

"Not particularly, sir."

"Yes, I was hard on you, and in front of strangers. I hoped that you'd seen something but I couldn't be sure. And so I made you sweat. Because if you *had* been taking a shot in the dark, I would have wanted to crucify you in front of the whole world. It's a damnable temptation for doctors to make a brilliant guess—and then stick to it like stubborn mules. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But there's another thing that's more important still: When you think you're right, when you're honestly convinced, then it's your opinion against the whole world. That's the time to nail your flag to the mast the way you did just now. You weren't entirely sure that those petechiae *were* absolutely diagnostic?"

"Not entirely, sir."

"But it was your best thought on the subject, and so you stuck to it. Oh, Jimmy, there are times when every doctor has to act quickly. There's life or death hanging on whether he thinks right, but there's no time to ask questions. Those are the moments when a doctor has a shudder up his spinal column and his knees are watery and his heart is sick, but all the while he has to talk and act like God Almighty. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, sir," said Kildare. "Shall I call the next patient?"

"Don't change the subject on me. Hide your own pride, if you want to, but don't try to cover up the fact that old Gillespie was wrong, just now. I've made mistakes before; I'll make 'em again; and old or young, all a doctor can do is his best."

He leaned back in his chair with closed eyes.

"Let me get you something," urged Kildare.

"For what? Can't an old man be tired and close his eyes? Get me something for what?"

"For the pain," said Kildare.

"There's no pain!"

"Very well, sir. There's no pain, then."

"How do you know there's pain?"

"You have two ways of smiling. One way is when it has you by the throat."

"Tommyrot! Nothing has me by the throat."

"The melanoma. . ."

"Be still about that."

"Why can't we speak about it?"

"Because there's no cure for me, and what's the use of a dead man talking about death?"

"We can't cure you," said Kildare, steadily, "but we can stretch out your time. There's a fire burning you up, and you give it nothing but your body to feed on. I have to fight you to make you eat one small meal a day. Carson could help you with his new treatment."

"You mean his new system for 'drinking' X-rays?"

"You won't see him. You won't lift a hand to help yourself."

"I've had my three score and ten," said Gillespie. "Just why should I try to stay here—in a slow fire—dying inch by inch? Why should I try to steal time that doesn't belong to me?"

Kildare started to speak but the words would not pass his lips.

"Go on! Tell me!" roared Gillespie suddenly.

"You've got to stay on because of me," said Kildare, at last.

"I do, do I?" cried Gillespie, apparently in a rage.

Kildare walked deliberately to the lion and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'd never be able to take half of what you know, half of what you can give the world," said Kildare, "but you have to wait until you've loaded me with all I can stagger under."

The old man, half-closing his eyes, drew a long, shuddering, groaning breath. He dropped his head on his breast and laid a hand on that of Kildare.

"Jimmy," he said, and fighting hard he started again: "Jimmy. . ."

"Next patient!" called Kildare.

"Ay," muttered Gillespie. "The next patient. You'll have your own damned way about everything, I suppose."

"Next patient in one moment, sir," said Conover, opening the door a trifle.

"You'll let me have Carson in?"

"I suppose so."

"And you'll follow his regime?"

"Jimmy," said Gillespie, making a gesture with both hands, "what right have I to deny that so long as I live I have hope? I preach miracles every day; why shouldn't I pretend that one might be worked on me? Go as far as you like. Does that make you happy?"

CHAPTER III

WHEN the sun came out, the mild weather had to be used. From two angles of the second story windows of the Blair General Hospital there is a good view of the tennis courts where the internes and doctors get a bit of exercise now and then. A good many of those windows were filled, this afternoon, for there was something worth watching on the courts where Doctor Hendrix, who had been a national figure in tennis ten years before, had met his match. A tall, blond young athlete, not half so racket-wise as Hendrix, was covering the court like a tiger.

Mary Lamont was leaning over one of those window sills when Kildare stopped behind her.

"You like him pretty well," said Kildare.

She looked back over her shoulder, saying: "How do you know?"

"That's easy. You never turn your head. You're looking at a man, not a tennis game."

"You ought to be a detective; they *pay* for eyes, in that business."

"It's Gregory Lane," he announced.

"Oh, you know him? What do *you* think he's like?"

"He's just a shade under six feet; weighs a hundred and eighty; has stiff hair and uses a little slick 'em on it; a good forehead and a pair of grey-green eyes; speaks a shade from the right side of his mouth but laughs all over; stands straight, has a light step, and a heavy pair of shoulders."

"A regular police description!"

"Want to know some more about him?"

"Yes. Go ahead as far as you can."

"He's been well-raised; had some of his education in England; likes the Hemingway sort of writing; has a fighting disposition; is nervous before the fight begins; loves a good joke; and sleeps on his face."

"Jimmy! You've never even shaken hands with him?"

"What of it?"

"Then how could you know he was well-raised?"

"Well, manners are made at home. He's been handled with care. The England appears a bit in his accent; but sometimes he talks a trifle Heming-

THE CAST

Dr. James Kildare	Lew Ayres
Dr. Leonard Gillespie	Lionel Barrymore
Mary Lamont	Laraine Day
Dr. Gregory Lane	Sheppard Strudwick
Dr. Walter Carew	Walter Kingsford
Holly Byrd	Alma Kruger
Dr. Stephen Kildare	Samuel S. Hinds
Martha Kildare	Emma Dunn
Weyman	Nat Pendleton
Henry Thornton	John Eldredge

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Harold S. Decquet

way; he looks ready to punch any man in the chin but he's easily startled—so is a wild cat; he has a lot of smiling wrinkles in his face even at twenty-nine; and as for sleeping on his face, I've seen him very early in the morning."

"You're just an X-ray, Jimmy," she said, rather petulantly.

"I've never been able to see through you," he answered.

"But he's not nervous, really," she said.

"No? Look down there now. He's going to lose that point."

Dr. Gregory Lane and Dr. Hendrix were in the midst of a base-line rally, the ball sweeping back and forth low over the net.

"He won't lose it!" declared Mary Lamont.

"He will, though," said Kildare. "You see, he's trying to make himself go to the net, but he's a little afraid . . . There he goes!"

Gregory Lane, caught completely out of position, flubbed a half volley into the net.

"You had no right to know that he'd do that!" protested Mary Lamont, turning on Kildare.

"But he's a good fellow; he's a good sport," said Kildare. "See him laugh—and it's set point, too."

"He is a good fellow," argued Mary Lamont, half to herself. "And besides, he'll never be caught that way again."

"Won't he? I tell you, Hendrix, the old fox, has his number, now. He'll keep trapping him to the end of time . . . look at that!"

Lane was serving, and again Hendrix worked the forehand slice short; again a half volley was dubbed, this time out of court.

"I don't want to watch any more," said the girl. "Not with you standing around. I don't want you to see Gregory Lane being beaten."

"But he'll do better, now."

"He won't! Look at the way he overdrove that one!"

"That's all right. He'll keep on overdriving them until he gets the feel of the ball again . . . Oh, there's a lot more to him than I thought!"

LANE began to whip the ball long and hard into the base-line corners and Hendrix, with years telling a bit upon him, lost some of his control.

"He'll begin to get the net now. He's feeling his oats. I told you that he was a fighter, but he's nervous until he sees the first blood—his own or the other fellow's."

As though inspired by this remark, Lane sprinted to the net and cut a return into an impossible place for Hendrix.

"Don't look at it any more," said the girl.

"Why not, Mary?"

"Because you know too much. There's only one thing you don't know."

"Thousands of things, of course."

"About Gregory Lane, I mean. You can't guess what makes him so extra attractive to the girls."

"Of course, I can. He's a magnificent looking fellow."

"It isn't what you see, though."

"What is it, then?"

"A private income."

"Ah, is that it?"

"Jimmy, will you please be a little bit jealous?"

"Partly jealous, but chiefly helpless and hopeless, you know."

"I don't want you to be that way, either."

"All right, you tell me what to be."

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "But I hate the whole world—that's all I know."

"Suppose I had as much as—well, what would it have to be?"

"I've got all the minimums worked out, rent, laundry, food—are you always hungry, Jimmy?"

"Yes. Always."

She sighed.

"I could fill you up with porridge and things. They cost a lot of gas to cook, but they're the cheapest. Could you eat them?"

"I could eat anything."

"And then there's light and gas, and installment payments on the furniture. . . ."

"Suppose we rented a furnished place?"

"Jimmy, you simply don't know anything. Furnished places are just ruin!"

"Are they?"

"Of course, they are! . . . And then there's clothing, and that's a dreadful item. And then we'd leave out everything like gifts, and amusements, and incidentals—except that you're so horribly absent-minded, Jimmy."

"I wouldn't be, though. I'd tie strings around my fingers in the morning and hitch labels to them."

"Cutting everything to the minimum, Jimmy, we'd have to have fifty dollars a week—if we

wanted to be decent and not just rats in a hole."

"Fifty—dollars—a week!" murmured Kildare.

"And just now I'm getting twenty a month. . . ."

She put out her hands to him.

"Haven't I reason to hate the world?" she asked.

CHAPTER IV

WINTER, which had retreated the day before, seemed to have disappeared the next morning and a misplaced day of spring warmed up the dark streets of New York and set people smiling unaware. Gillespie himself, as he answered the telephone, was looking out the window at that blue, summer sky.

"Yes, Carew," he said, to the head of the hospital, "yes, but why does Gray want Kildare? . . . He can't have him for that! . . . Kildare is carrying on as a regular interne, but he's done enough appendectomies . . . Besides, we're busy, today . . . We're taking a day off in the country!"

He slammed up the telephone and said: "Did you hear that, Jimmy? We're going for a ride in the country. The next thing is to find a car to take us, free, and a place to go . . . Call that rich pal of yours . . . Get Messenger on the phone for me."

He was saying a moment later: "Messenger, you've been asking me to come out with Kildare and see that medical plant you're starting. What about today? . . . Good, then . . . We could use a car, at that. Will you be out there? I'll look at your plant as far as a wheelchair can take me, and Kildare will go the rest of the way."

Mary Lamont came in, dressed for the street in a small black hat and a green coat that looked too slim and trim for winter weather.

"The report you wanted on the Clonmel case, Doctor," she said, giving Kildare a long envelope, and she started in haste from the office.

"Lamont!" called Gillespie. "What are you doing out of white?"

"It's my day off, Doctor," she said.

"Wait a minute," he commanded. "You believe in telepathy, Jimmy?"

"Half and half," said Kildare.

"We got it from Lamont, this idea of a day off," insisted Gillespie. "Lamont, got a date?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Of course, you have. It's with us. We're going for a cruise into the country. Jimmy, get into your street clothes . . . Get Nosy Parker to lay out my own things and lend me a hand."



While they were watching the tennis game below, Mary asked, "Jimmy, will you please be a little bit jealous?"

The winter cold and wet had glazed the trees, the shrubs. The whole countryside flamed around them off to the verge of the horizon blue, which seemed to dwell in a permanent twilight.

"There's something wrong with Lamont," said Gillespie, a bit later. "Find out what it is, Jimmy."

"What is it, Lamont?" he asked, smiling a little.

"It's a job for Dr. Gillespie," she said.

"Won't Kildare do?" asked Gillespie.

"Not a bit. There's a great surgeon in the Blair General that's going to be hounded out of his place by bad luck and unpleasant people in the front office."

"What great surgeon? And how great is he?"

"He has a beautiful pair of hands," she said, "and—he's wonderfully fast! Yet the hospital is going to do him in because he's had bad luck. Unless you'll say the good word for him, Dr. Gillespie."

"Young and beautiful, ain't he?" asked Gillespie. "Yes."

"So, of course, he's a great surgeon."

"He's Gregory Lane," she said, defiantly.

"The new man on the staff? What about him, Kildare?"

"I've heard good things, sir. I don't know him very well."

"He's lost his last six cases in a row," said Mary Lamont, "but everyone of them was a frightful mess. He's a neurosurgeon, you know. Dr. Gillespie, will you help him?"

"If he's worth help, I may. Six in a row? Well, that may happen to the best—in brain surgery."

"Will you help him?"

"What's he mean to you?"

"I love him," she said.

"Bah!" said Gillespie.

"I do," she declared. "He's wonderful—and so quiet—and he's so much of a man! I love him!"

"All right," said Gillespie. "If she loves him right out loud like this, in public, there's nothing for you to worry about, Jimmy."

"You don't know Mary," said Kildare. "She can be bitter."

"You will help him?" insisted the girl, overlooking Kildare.

"I'll try."

"Thank you, doctor," she said, setting back with a sigh of relief.

Five minutes later they had turned off the road down a driveway bordered by lofty poplars and so they came to what seemed not a rigid institution with prison-like structures, but an open-faced New England village.

"Is this the place?" said Gillespie. "See what Messenger has done! He's turned a village into a medical apparatus. A man like Messenger is so rich that he can afford to use his brains, eh? Oh, lucky devil! Where's Messenger waiting for us?"

"He's in the cottage of the assistant professor of Humane Research, sir," said the driver.

"Humane Research!" said Gillespie. "Now, what the devil might that be? All of medicine is humane research, I hope."

WHEN they drew up at the appointed place and had helped Gillespie back into his wheelchair, Messenger's daughter came down the steps, waving, and calling out; and big Messenger himself hurried after her. He helped get the wheelchair up the steps and into the house. They went back into a library where a fire burned on a five foot hearth and a Persian rug glowed like a field in May with green and red and gold.

"The chair of Humane Research," said Messenger, explaining to Gillespie, "is a title, as you can imagine, that covers a great many things because it's the general name of the whole institution; and I'm advised that if I get the right man for it, he could have an interesting life. You see—the holder of this chair is to have carte blanche. I hope to get a man who has a peculiar insight into diseases that may be a little more in the imagination than in fact—a man with a gift for stepping into the full confidence of people, you know."

"Ah?" said Gillespie. "That's an unusual idea. And I like it. Have anybody in mind?"

"Someone I wanted to talk over with you. I have some of the other chairs well filled; for instance, there'll be Tillinghast of Chicago in neurology. . . ."

"A great man," said Gillespie. "A very great man."

"There will be an orthopedist. Grover Jackson has consented to come for that chair."

"You couldn't do better than Jackson," said Gillespie. "The idiot is only right part of the time; but even his mistakes are inspired ones."

"The pediatrician is to be Professor Johann Herz."

"Great Scott, how did you manage to land him?"

"I kept bidding and waiting, and bidding again."

"I'm glad I didn't see this before," sighed Gillespie. "I would have been tempted to try to find a place for myself. But who have you in mind for this chair of Humane Research, this cream of the whole lot?"

"A younger man, Dr. Gillespie."

Messenger paused a moment. Then he said: "It seemed to Nancy and me—she's done more about this scheme than I have—that there couldn't be a better man than the fellow who first interested us in medicine—I mean to say, we felt that if we could give a new, free life to the man who gave back life and more than life to Nancy—in a word, our

choice is Doctor Kildare, if you approve."

Suddenly he was smiling, and standing back a little with a genial expectancy. Nancy looked happily toward Kildare. She saw him go straight to Gillespie, staring sharply down into his face. After that, he turned and glanced toward Mary Lamont; and what Nancy saw in the face of the nurse was as old as hunger, and as bright as the sun.

Old Gillespie took off his glasses and squinted his eyes at the thought that had been presented to him. He polished the glasses and put them on again. At last he seemed able to see something.

"The trouble with filling a post like this," said Gillespie, "is that you'd need a man who would never be satisfied with what he had done but would have a spur in his ribs urging him forward. You'd want a man whom other people could trust. He'd have to be a man without fear of opinions but loyal to his friends, while he was loyal to the truth. He'd have to be capable of growth so that in the end he'd be worthy of heading what may be one of the most important medical centers in the world.

"He'd have to be a man who had been tested to the heart and to the marrow of the bone. That's why I can freely say that if you searched the world over, I don't think you could make a better choice than Doctor Kildare!"

He dropped his head and stared at the floor, as though seriously questioning his decision before he reaffirmed it.

"You couldn't find a better choice than that," he concluded.

Messenger said: "I hoped that you'd say that, Doctor Gillespie, but I wasn't entirely sure. I knew that you had your own great plans for Jimmy."

"My own plans for him? What plans could I have that would be half so good as this chance to give his gifts to the world and to have the money curse removed from him before it has a chance to break his heart—or his back?"

CHAPTER V

THE great Gillespie did not often allow his imagination free scope, but on the return trip he seemed in the highest spirits and sketched for Kildare a future as bright and rich as a golden crown. Mary Lamont watched him with a growing content that reached a happy climax when he said: "How could you have told them that you wanted a day to think it over? How could you keep from accepting on the spot?"

"I remembered what a fairly intelligent fellow said to me, once," answered Kildare.

"What was it?"

"He said that the obvious choice was usually the quick regret."

"Sounds like some damned coiner of aphorisms. There's nothing I hate more," said Gillespie, "than young or old fools who try to say things so neatly that they'll be easily remembered. Who was this precious dunderhead?"

"His name is Leonard Gillespie," said Kildare.

At seven that evening Kildare called Mary Lamont. "Have you a date this evening?" he asked.

"Yes. Is it something important?"

"Well, to me it is."

"All right. I'll call off the date."

"Will you? Then meet me over at Mike's in a few minutes?"

"I'd rather not Mike's, Jimmy."

"But I only have half an hour. Then I'm back on duty."

"I'll be at Mike's," she said, and dropped the receiver heavily into the cradle.

When she got over, she found him in the family room with a glass of beer.

"We oughtn't to meet here," she said. "People will see us; and the internes are not supposed to go out with the nurses."

"Nobody who sees us in here will talk," he answered.

"Anyway, perhaps it doesn't matter?" she suggested.

He seemed to hear her dimly; a mist of thought clouded his eyes.

"You look a bit dressed up," he said. "What have you got under that cloak?"

"It's a lace thing."

"Let me see it."

She opened the cloak.

"Leave the cloak off for a while, will you?"

"This isn't the dress for a place like this."

"It's the dress for me. All right. Put the cloak back on. Did you have to break the date?"

"I stalled it a little. He'll wait."

"Who's the he?"

"It's none of your business."

"Who's the he?"

"Gregory Lane."

"Who's Gregory Lane?"

"Jimmy, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing; I'm all right."

"Oh, but there is something wrong. You have that look as though you'd been driving fast all day—and were going to drive all night. What is it you're going to do?"

"Nothing."

"Jimmy, that isn't true. Look! I thought today that I was going to be the happiest girl in the world; now you're about to tell me that it's all no good."

He said nothing. He took a drink of beer and seemed to find it bitter.

"Jimmy!"

"Yes?"

"You're not taking the Messenger offer! You're staying here! You're staying with Gillespie!"

"Mary, you like Gregory Lane a lot, don't you?"

"Will you answer me?"

"You like Lane a lot, don't you?"

She had been rising from her chair. Now she sank back into it slowly, staring at him.

"Yes, I like him a lot. More than almost anyone I know."

"How much does he like you?"

"Quite a lot, it seems."

"Does he want to marry you?"

"Yes."

"But you let him wait and came over here to me in Mike's saloon?"

She kept staring at him, frightened.

"That doesn't matter," she said.

"Giving up the Messenger job doesn't count," he said. "It's giving up you that hurts."

"You have given it up!" whispered Mary. She put her face in her hands.

"I'd gone as far," she said, "as the color of the nursery walls." Then, looking up, she said, in an agony: "Oh, Jimmy, why, why have you done it?"

"It's no sacrifice," he told her. "Gillespie is worth everything."

"Honor," she said bitterly, "and the Right, and all the rest of the capitals. I guessed it! But I wouldn't believe that you'd be such a—No, I don't mean that."

She took hard hold on herself. His words were calm but his face was grey with suffering.

"It wasn't a question of right or wrong," he persisted. "There were two bids. That was all. And I sold out to the higher one. Messenger means an easy life for me, and all that. A home—and all that. It even means having you. Gillespie means a hard grind but he's stored up a thousand years of things I must know. It's no sacrifice."

"A home, and children, and I—we don't count compared with Gillespie?" she said.

Kildare could not answer.

AFTER a while she was able to master herself. "I guess there isn't much left to us," she said.

"No," he answered. "Only what you say is left."

"I make the rules and we still play a game?"

"Can we?"

"Yes. But we're back at something we've known about before—twenty dollars a month."

"I know," said Kildare.

"No. You don't know. You've never wanted what a woman wants, so you don't know. Oh, I could say a lot of things!"

"Go ahead, I'll listen."

"I know you will. There's nothing wrong with you, except the bulldog. The big things you go after, you lock your jaws on and won't let go. There's nothing wrong with me, either, except wanting what a woman has a right to. It's queer, isn't it? To be heartsick, I mean, and yet with nothing to feel guilty about."

"Queer? Yes, it's that. You're going to be late for Gregory Lane."

"Stop it, Jimmy. You care more than that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You're going to have empty, lonely times; and when they come, you call for me. Will you?"

"Will it be all right?"

"We'll make it all right. If there's something—something—more important—then I won't come."

They looked at one another.

"You're right. Everything you say is right. Go on," said Kildare.

"But if there's nothing more important—then I'll come to you whenever you want, and wherever. I've got eighty-five a month; you've got twenty; and we'll go as far as that will take us . . . around the corner . . . up the street . . . and back again. . . ."

"It'll be the wasting of you, Mary."

"No. It's good for a woman to be used. As far

as God will let her. We'll go as far as we can—without talking of certain things. We'll go as far as we can and try to forget that we're just walking about on the outside of things. It'll be just pretending."

"It won't be pretending. Not for me," said Kildare.

"But oh, Jimmy, if you won't be sick of it with all the hope left out, I'll be everything to you that I can be; all the things that begin with good morning and finish with good night."

CHAPTER VI

IT was next morning before Gillespie had word. He had his black man, Conover, heaping up stuff in the inner office, which served as a semi-laboratory as well; and the piled notebooks of Kildare, the records of experiments and cases, were being packed by Conover with more dispatch than neatness, for Gillespie hurried him on.

"Let's be done with it, Conover," said Gillespie. "Don't hang and dawdle like that, man!"

"But look at the words that fill up the books!" said Conover. "Think of him drawing them out, late at night. Think of him remembering what you've said and done all of every day and crowding it down like this! There ain't even a crap game that could keep me awake so long; not even if I was carryin' loaded dice, sir!"

"You confounded black idiot," said Gillespie, "I know you and your crooked dice too well. Get that stuff out of here and we'll be ready to go back to the old days, and a clean deck, and no damned foreign interference."

The voice of Kildare said behind him: "I hope not, sir. I've just telephoned to Mr. Messenger to thank him for his offer and to tell him that I'm staying on under you."

The head of Gillespie jerked back.

"Ten thousand a year—a house—a gentleman's establishment—a chance for an honorable career—you're throwing that away for the sake of—and tell me another thing—come around here and face me!"

Instead, Kildare rested a hand on the back of the chair. Gillespie took one hasty glance over his shoulder and then quickly looked front again.

His voice had changed from a bullying uproar to gentleness: "Did you tell this to Mary Lamont?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long do you think that a girl will wait around? Do you think she's a Biblical character? Will she be patient for seven years?" demanded Gillespie, roaring suddenly again.

"No, sir," said Kildare.

Gillespie winced as though a pain had touched him inwardly. After a moment, his fingers began to tap softly on the arm of the wheelchair.

"Give me the telephone," he said. "We're wasting time. There's a day's work ahead of us."

Kildare silently passed him the telephone.

"Get me Carew!" commanded Gillespie of the operator. "That you, Carew? I have to congratulate you. I hear you've got a pair of hands at last in neurosurgery that's able to do real work on the brain . . . Young fellow—Gregory Lane . . . I don't care what you think; the fellow's probably a genius. I want Kildare assigned to him to assist, when he's operating. Only then, mind you. Operations over, Kildare comes back to my office . . . He'd be wasting an opportunity if he didn't do some work under Lane and I don't care what Lane's record is. Napoleon had a bad record too, at Leipzig and Waterloo. Good-by!"

THAT was how Kildare found himself, late that afternoon, working beside Gregory Lane in the surgery and admiring what seemed to him a matchless technique. The brain surgeon handles at one moment hard bone; the next he is tying off thin blood vessels and dealing with the most delicate tissue in the world. He works in a region where the least hemorrhage or pressure or lesion may cause death or a ruined brain that is worse than death. He needs a touch as sure as steel and as light as a feather. It seemed to Kildare that Lane had all of these qualities. He was young, but he was a master. It was one of those perfect operations; and just as it neared completion the patient died.

When they were taking off the masks and white gowns big Gregory Lane said: "I know you want to be an internist, but you have a touch for this sort of work, also. That was a good job you did."

Kildare thanked him and looked over the big man carefully. It would have been hard to find fault with this fellow, except for an apparent excess of pride. But he needed that pride now.

"I suppose Carew will ask you why I butcher so many in the surgery?" asked Gregory Lane.

"There's another—seven in a row!"

The naming of the disaster seemed to take all the heart out of him; his smile wavered and failed.

"I'm not here to spy. Gillespie sent me," answered Kildare.

"Gillespie? Ah, that's different!"

"He'd heard that you were having bad luck but that you were a good workman. If he asks what I think I can tell him that nothing about your work is wrong except the luck." Sometimes there was a quick flash of enthusiasm in Kildare. It burned in his eyes now for a moment as he added: "I thought it was a beautiful job, doctor."

Lane flushed a little.

"I needed that," he said. "And when you talk, Kildare, there's a saying in this hospital that it's almost like Gillespie speaking. I need a drink, too. What about it?"

CHAPTER VII

SPRING, which had for two days pretended to be returning to New York, ended in a cold rain which a northeaster turned to glass on the streets. The wind still was whining around corners when Doctor Carew called Gillespie the next morning to say:

"Sometimes I feel more like a headsman than a doctor, Leonard. I have to be the executioner, you know, and I hate the job, but today I suppose my course is clear. The reason I called you is because we talked about the man yesterday. It's Gregory Lane; seventh fatality in seven operations. I can't have a man like that in the hospital!"

"If you can't have him, I suppose you'll fire him," said Gillespie.

"I only wanted to check with you, Leonard."

"Check with Kildare. He saw Lane at work."

"And liked it?"

"Better than any he'd ever seen."

"Kildare said that?"

"He did."

"But seven deaths in seven operations. . . ."

"He had seven lost cases handed to him in a row. That's all."

"Then you think that I ought to keep him on?"

"I can't do your thinking for you. I'd keep him. That's all I know."

That was why Gregory Lane was still on the staff of the Blair General Hospital when, an hour later, there was a call from the accident ward for a neurosurgeon. Already they had tucked around the patient the red blanket which means "Emergency," for it was a bad head injury. Dr. Gregory Lane was assigned, and a moment later a call came through for Kildare.

"Are you still assigned to assist Dr. Lane? . . . Report to him in the emergency ward at once!"

THE emergency ward is the no-man's land across which the shock troops of a hospital move into action; but nothing in the room took the eye of Kildare except the tall figure of Doctor Gregory Lane bent over a patient in a corner bed. It was a man of thirty-five or forty, unconscious, pale, so that his face looked like one of those fine-line Holbein drawings that express the character but give little of the life.

"That's worth something," said Kildare.

"And we're going to work on him," answered Lane. "But it looks tough. I've rushed through an X-ray plate."

He passed it to Kildare and went on: "He's had the usual treatment for a skull fracture. It's an extradural hemorrhage; we'll have to operate if we want to save this life. Do you think?"

"I think so," agreed Kildare, his forefinger on a wrist to follow the slowing beat of the pulse. "Who is he?"

"We haven't any history. Traffic accident knocked him over; nothing on him except his name. Henry Thornton. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing."

The eyes of Henry Thornton opened wide. He threw up a hand before his face and winced.

When he lowered his arm he said: "I thought it still was coming at me." Then he started to sit up Kildare pushed him back.

"You're doing all right, Mr. Thornton," he said.

"You've had a bad knock," explained Lane.

"It was going right past me but it skidded," breathed Thornton. "I tried to jump—but my feet went out from under me."

He sat up in spite of the restraining hand of Kildare.

"How long ago was it?" he demanded. "What day is this? What DAY is this?"

"It's Tuesday," said Kildare.

Thornton closed his eyes and gasped.

"Good—good—" he breathed. "Morning or afternoon?"

"It's morning. It's about ten-thirty."

"That's all right, then," said Thornton, "But I thought for a moment—for a moment it seemed to me that I was stymied—on a treadmill, so that I'd never get there—and I'd miss Friday noon!"

EVEN in his relief his excitement kept him tense. He shook off the effects of the sedative in an instant.

Gregory Lane commanded: "You'll have to lie down, Mr. Thornton."

"Lie down? Good God, no!" exclaimed Thornton. "That's the last thing that I can do!"

"You must," said Kildare, and pressed him slowly, gently back into the bed.

The tension of Thornton increased to a violent shuddering.

"That won't do—quiet yourself, Thornton!" said Lane.

Kildare, still controlling the patient, found himself looking into desperate eyes. He said, quietly: "The fact is that you've a bad head injury; and it's necessary for you to lie still."

"Head injury? It can't be bad. There's hardly an ache—there's—"

"It's a fracture," said Kildare. "We must operate, Mr. Thornton."

"Operate?" said Thornton. "Did you say—fracture—and operation?"

"That's better. Relax," urged Kildare. "That's what we want. No tension. It's bad for you."

"Operation—" repeated Thornton slowly, tasting the bad news by degrees, deeply. He kept looking straight up at the ceiling as he said: "Tell me how bad it is, will you?"

"It might be dangerous without treatment at once."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes."

"You mean—death?"

Kildare glanced up at the neurosurgeon.

"Yes," said Lane. "Without an immediate operation it might mean death."

"Could I live till Friday without the operation?"

"That's unlikely."

"Is it impossible?"

"We can't actually say that you'd die before Friday. But if you have any regard for your life. . . ."

"What do you talk to me about life? I've had five years of dying. I refuse the operation!"

He started to get up and there was a little high-pitched, gasping sound from a nurse.

"We can't control you, Thornton," said Kildare, "but let me suggest something. Whatever it is you have to do on Friday, couldn't I manage it for you?"

"You do it for me? You go in my place?" murmured Thornton, the idea still strange to him.

"Tell me what your work is—tell me what is to happen Friday. I'll be there!"

"You would, I think," said Thornton, reading deeply the mind of Kildare. "I think you'll go for me and you can do it!"

"Tell me what it is," urged Kildare.

"You'll leave everything and go?"

"I'll leave everything."

Thornton lay back with his eyes closed, smiling faintly. "You ought to have been a priest, not a doctor," he said. "You put me half to sleep. You make the whole thing seem finished already—and five years of hell are out the window and forgotten. Have you a notebook?"

"It's ready here."

Thornton began: "You have to start for—"

HIS voice stopped. Calamity entered his eyes and he started up on one elbow with a desperate face and then the blow which had been coming struck him back on his pillow, senseless.

Kildare got a stethoscope instantly over the breast of Thornton. The heart was still working, but with a horrible pause and stagger in the pulsation.

Then the loud-speaker in the next room began to intone: "Dr. Kildare wanted in Dr. Gillespie's office. Emergency! . . . Dr. Kildare wanted. . . ."

Gregory Lane looked wildly about him, from Thornton, to Kildare, and thence into unanswering space.

Kildare said, "He's still got a bit of life in him."

"But I can't work on him. I can't operate. He distinctly refused the operation," protested Lane.

"Did he?" said Kildare. "I don't remember hearing that."

Lane started, and looked at Kildare again.

"Oh, but I do," said the nurse. "Oh, I distinctly remember that he refused the operation!"

Kildare looked on her with a sour eye. She flushed but she lifted her head; it was plain that

she was one of the good Christians who will see right triumph, even if it costs a thousand lives.

In the next room the curse of the loud-speaker began chanting, more loudly this time: "Emergency call for Dr. Kildare in Dr. Gillespie's office! Dr. Kildare, report at once to Dr. Gillespie's office. . . ."

Lane threw out both hands and dropped them helplessly to his sides.

"Shall I answer that call?" asked Kildare.

"You've got to," said Lane. "I suppose Gillespie takes precedence over the rest of your work. But I wish I could have you here!"

"You don't need me," said Kildare. "You've got the finest pair of hands in the hospital. They don't know how to make mistakes!"

Gregory Lane took a long breath, but it seemed to do him no good.

"He's dying under my eyes," he said, a stethoscope against the breast of Thornton. "He's on his last legs, Kildare. What in the name of God shall I do?"

"There's no use calling on God," said Kildare. "The way I understand it, when the big pinch comes, a doctor has to be God!"

He got out of the emergency ward as he spoke.

CHAPTER VIII

IT was a bad enough case that Kildare found waiting for him when he reached Gillespie's office, but an adrenaline injection rallied the patient so that she could be carried off to bed. And then the usual line for diagnosis began to pour in.

Time flew away on wings out of the consciousness of Kildare while various things were happening in the emergency ward. Thornton was developing the classical pressure symptoms: hardening of the arm and leg muscles on the side of the body opposite to the fracture, and a dilation of the pupil of the eye on the same side as the lesion. Lane took a spinal puncture. There was increased pressure in the spinal fluid, but no blood stain was in it. That ought to mean an extradural hemorrhage.

Lane looked with vague eyes at the nurse.

"Yes, doctor?" she said.

"That man is dying," he announced. "There's nothing to save him except an operation."

"But he's refused an operation, doctor."

"In a pinch, a doctor has to be God," quoted Lane.

"What was that, doctor?" she asked.

Lane shrugged his shoulders. He kept using her as a focal point of observation while his idea settled.

"I don't suppose that Carew would give me authority to operate?" he suggested.

"Oh, I don't think so. He's a stickler for every legal right of the patient."

"Including the right of dying?"

He rang Carew's office. The doctor was out. It was not even known where he would be for another hour. Another hour was too long to wait.

He went back to the patient and the nurse.

"You know this hospital better than I do," he said to the nurse. "Is there anyone other than Carew who could authorize this operation?"

"No one would dare—I don't think anyone would dare," she said. "Not even Doctor Gillespie. Oh, but yes—Doctor Gillespie could authorize anything, I suppose."

He rang Gillespie's office. Nurse Parker answered that he was out. He would not be returning soon. He was attending an important conference.

GREGORY LANE, as he rang off, sat for a moment at the telephone with growing cold in his heart. He kept reasoning about the case, but he already knew what he would do. Of course any case was worth saving, but there was something extra about Thornton.

He went back to the dying patient.

He lifted the eyelid and glanced at the dilating pupil of the eye. He felt again the spastic hardening of the arm and leg muscles. The subconscious mind was controlling those muscles now.

He had killed seven in a row and if anything went wrong now—he would be thrown out of the hospital. No decent institution ever would take him on again.

"Order an operating room for me," he said to the nurse. "Get one at once!"

"No, please! You know that he refused the operation!"

"As though a man always knew what was good for him!" said Lane. "Order the surgery at once!"

There was not a trembling nerve in his body. The pinch had come and he was ready to play God.

Outside the surgery, Gregory Lane and the dying man passed a whole cluster of people who were there to look and make sure with their own in-

credulous eyes that any man dared to break the vital laws of medicine as this fellow was doing. They knew his record. His record was in their eyes as they stared on him.

In the moment when he was washing up, putting on the white gown and gloves, he kept thinking of Kildare, from whom he had received the vital impulse. There were tales about young Kildare which even the oldest men on the hospital staff told, half smiling and shaking their heads at the same time. They told, with a shudder of pleasure, how the interne had dug his toes in and resisted all authority time and again. The career of Kildare seemed to prove that a doctor can break every rule as long as he wins the game.

Now the operating table. He was looking down at the dead face of Thornton in profile as his hands started to work.

When it was ended, the heart of Thornton still beat, and without that frightful drag in it. He ought to live. There was not one chance in a thousand that he would die. Lane had him assigned to a private room and nurse—by a lucky chance on the same floor on which Mary Lamont worked. The bills could be addressed to Lane himself, until Thornton's will and ability to pay were discovered. To the doctor that case meant more than money. It was the end of bad luck. It was the end of boyhood and the commencing of maturity. The hospital still might destroy him, but it would be a long time before this work was forgotten.

CHAPTER IX

THE private nurse was a slightly damaged blonde. The cloud of glory she trailed behind her was a thick perfume that wrinkled the nose.

Mary Lamont was not three doors away when she heard a screech of fear run out into the corridor. It was the blonde special, squealing with terror.

"Don't go in!" cried the special nurse. "He's batty. They've knocked him nutty with the operation; they've whittled the brain out of him!"

Mary Lamont got into the room in time to find Henry Thornton clambering from his bed. When she put her hands against his shoulders it was like pressing against knotty wood. There was no yield or give in him. He had looked as weak as a woman. Now he took both her wrists inside one hand and crushed them together. There was pain up to the screaming point, but she kept on smiling at him.

"They've put me in the wrong day of the week," he said. "I've got to get out of here. They've walled me in, you see?"

"I see," said Mary. "They're building the walls higher all the time. They build them out of sunlight as slippery as glass. You can't climb them. Not even an eagle could fly over them. There's only one thing to do. That's to break through. I've got to break through. . . ."

His voice grew up to a yell. He took her by the hair of the head and put her resistlessly behind him. She held his arms.

"It's all true," she said. "But this is the wrong time."

"D'you see how high they go?" "I see how high. It makes me dizzy, looking up. We can plan it together, how to get out."

"Are we together, you and I?" "Yes," she said, "we're together."

"If that were a lie," he said, "I'd have to strangle it in your throat so it couldn't get out again. It would be my duty to strangle it, in your throat."

"It's not a lie," she said.

"Don't say it so loud," said Thornton. "We've got to whisper this. Nobody's to hear. Life is nothing; dying is nothing. This is a lot more than life. You understand?"

"I understand."

"Answer me, then. And God pity you if the answers are wrong!"

"I'll answer," she said.

THE wheelchair of Gillespie came bowling through the door of his office, propelled by Conover.

"I've brought a surprise for you, young Doctor Kildare. A father, in short."

Old Doctor Stephen Kildare stood smiling in the doorway, his head down a bit.

"Look at the way your boy sweats, Kildare," said Gillespie. "Other people perspire when they work with their hands but he sweats when he uses his brain. That's because he comes from the country."

Kildare held his father's hand a moment before he could realize that the old doctor was there.

"Yes," Kildare admitted. "I've never outgrown Dartford. Are you all right, Father?"

"I had to bring down Julia Cray to let some wiser heads consider her case," said the father.

"He brought her down and put her in a different hospital. The Blair General isn't good enough for these Kildares," said Gillespie.

"And Mother?" asked Kildare.

"She's over at the hotel. She had some shopping or something to do. Maybe she wanted to see somebody, too. I can't tell."

"I'll be there tonight. Is Mrs. Cray very ill?"

"I've borrowed Dr. Gillespie's brain," said old Kildare. Fragile, white-haired, slender, his manner was as quiet as that of his son, but there was no suggestion of the bulldog about him. He looked as though his way had been to bow to the storm, not stubbornly face it, as young James Kildare was wont to do. "I borrowed the time of Dr. Gillespie, and so he can tell you about her."

"No, no, old fellow," said Gillespie. "Tell your son something about the case . . . There's going to be trouble here, Jimmy. By God, there's going to be a lot of trouble! A confounded country doctor comes down here to New York and pretends that he wants to see an internist; but all the time he has his mind made up as solid as rock!"

He grinned at Stephen Kildare, who disclaimed this attitude with eloquent gestures. "I know him," said the young Kildare. "Nobody pays any attention to him, here, when he roars."

"Nobody pays any attention—that's true," thundered Gillespie. "I'm worn out; I'm a has-been; but go on with the case history, Stephen."

"Julia Cray is nearly fifty, now," said the elder



"In a pinch a doctor has to be God," Gregory Lane informed the nurse just before he began the operation

Kildare. "And recently she's developed weakness; loss of appetite, loss of weight but chiefly the weakness that makes her want to stay in bed. I've gone through the usual procedures and had her chest X-rayed. It was negative for pathology. A gastric analysis showed her markedly deficient in hydrochloric acid. These things, to me point toward pernicious anemia. The slide of the blood doesn't give the usual picture for that disease; so I assume her case to be in a state of remission. I've been treating her accordingly."

"Remission! Remission!" boomed Gillespie. "He assumes a state of remission, and I hate to assume any state at all. What's the character of this Julia Cray?"

"She's a good woman, brave, and gentle, and faithful, and a wise mother and wife," said Stephen Kildare. "Perhaps it almost follows as a corollary that she is just a little foolish in certain respects? She is devoted to a nostrum, a silly herb tea which she considers medicinal."

"And isn't it?" demanded Gillespie.

"She thinks it is keeping her alive; but you and I know that she's dying, Leonard."

"Never mind what we know. Did you look at her tea?"

"Mere casual weeds, most of the things in it. I have had them identified, one by one," said the elder Kildare.

"Say what you will," said Gillespie, "my bet is that the woman is suffering from hyperthyroidism. Too much thyroid. That's her trouble, I take it, though God knows the basal metabolism tomorrow may prove that I'm a liar!"

"Bet?" said young Kildare. "Did you say you'd bet on it, sir?"

"Certainly!" answered Gillespie. "I'll bet on anything. What about it, Stephen? Will you back up judgment with a little hard cash?"

"I don't pretend," said the older Kildare, "to have anything like your mass of experience in this or any other phase of medicine."

"Look here, Kildare," said Gillespie, "a fellow that's more modest than he needs to be is almost a liar, by my reckoning. Don't pretend that you're overawed by my reputation, you Yankee hypocrite!"

"Ah, but reputation is a worker of miracles," said the country doctor. "Poor Julia Cray was a nervous wreck; she was already planning her own funeral but I bring her to the great Gillespie and at once she grows quiet and begins to hope."

"Confound you, Stephen, you use me like a rattle or a nursery rhyme to amuse your patients and get their minds off themselves . . . But I'm betting a dollar that it's not pernicious anemia."

He took the bill from his pocket and flourished it violently. Old Stephen Kildare slowly drew a greenback from his pocket in turn.

"You're sure that you want to make this bet, Father?" asked the young Kildare, biting his lip to keep back the smile.

"Against Leonard Gillespie?" echoed the father. "My dear lad. I know who Doctor Gillespie is, but if this were the Judgment Day and he were the Archangel Gabriel, and blowing his horn in my ear to prove it, I'd bet an honest dollar on an honest opinion. And my opinion is that it isn't hyperthyroidism. I'll bet on pernicious anemia against that."

He held out the dollar bill. "Maybe Jimmy would be the stakeholder?" he suggested.

"Ah, you're going to keep the money in the family are you?" asked Gillespie.

The loud-speaker in the next room called loudly: "Dr. Kildare wanted instantly in Room 412. Dr. Kildare wanted instantly in Room 412."

YOUNG Kildare ran from the office, still pushing the two dollar bills into his pocket. He was still grinning a little when he stepped from the elevator on the fourth floor. It was not the first time a Kildare had ventured to oppose the ideas of the great man.

He forgot all that when he saw a cluster of frightened nurses at the door of Room 412. A slightly battered blonde nurse met him, saying: "She called out to send for you—we've sent for Doctor Lane, too."

"Is this his case?" exclaimed Kildare.

"And clean batty!" said the special.

Kildare opened the door softly, quickly. Thornton, his head swathed in bandages so that he looked something like a devout Mohammedan, had thrust Mary Lamont back against the wall.

He was saying: "You lied! They've closed me into the wrong day. They've closed me in the walls like glass. And you've helped to build them high."

She was not struggling. Kildare saw that before he got to Thornton.

"Good stuff! Good work!" he said to Mary Lamont, and then put his arm around the sick man. At that touch the strength of the mania melted out of Thornton and he sagged helplessly as Kildare lifted him back into bed.

He kept saying: "Who is it? Who's here?" and straining his eyes as though he were staring into a thick fog.

"I'm Kildare, and I'm here to talk it all over, quietly . . . Get Lane!" he added over his shoulder to Mary Lamont.

The door was open and a dozen entranced faces were looking in at the crisis. Mary Lamont went out and closed the door after her.

Inside the room Kildare was saying: "Now you're thinking ahead, Thornton. You're thinking ahead to Friday."

The word opened and half-cleared the misted, weary eyes of the sick man.

The insistent, gentle voice of Kildare said, with hypnotic monotony: "Friday—noon—noon—Friday—and what's happening, Thornton?"

"I'm there," answered Thornton, smiling. "I'm there, and it's all happiness, forever."

"What is it? What's the happiness?" asked Kildare.

"Forever! Happiness forever!" said Thornton.

His voice died out. He fell asleep, still smiling, and his hand relaxed in the reassuring grasp of Kildare, who now stood up. Lane and Mary Lamont were standing in the room, watching, silent.

"How do you manage it, Kildare?" asked Gregory Lane. "Hypnotize them, some way?"

Kildare smiled faintly. He went over to Mary.

"That was a good job you did," he said. He took

her hand. "That was as good a job as I ever saw . . . Thornton was about to manhandle her," he explained to Lane, "and she kept her eyes on him and didn't struggle. She was as quiet as a stone. Quiet, and still smiling. It was a great job!"

"I've been a fool," said Lane. "I should have had a man, an attendant, in here. Mary, were you hurt?"

"Not much," she said, rubbing a bruised wrist.

"Stay out of this room!" commanded Lane.

"No, she's all right," said Kildare.

"D'you mean to say that you'd let her risk herself in here again?" asked Lane.

"Why not?" asked Kildare. "A girl's not worth a rap if you encourage her to show the white feather. There're plenty of yellow rats. This one is different. Let's keep her different."

Thornton suddenly groaned and sat up in the bed.

"I'm coming as fast . . ." he began, "I'll be there . . . wait for me. . ."

He started to get out of bed. Kildare went to him.

"Dr. Lane!" said a nurse from the hall, pushing open the door. "Dr. Carew wants you."

"Good luck!" whispered Mary Lamont.

CHAPTER X

THE justice of Doctor Carew, as head of the Blair General Hospital, was as quick as a knifeforce and often as sharp. But he conducted his trials of offenders with a certain air of legal procedure. When he put Gregory Lane on the carpet, he said: "Doctor Lane, I believe that I have the facts of this case firmly in hand. I had a definite attitude toward you yesterday, and I should have acted on it. But I allowed another opinion to dissuade me. I regret that I permitted myself to listen to that persuasion!"

He made a pause, here. He considered young Gregory Lane from head to foot.

"You came here with a promising background," said Carew. "Otherwise I never would have considered such a young man for a post as neurosurgeon. After your recent arrival, you have had a series of strokes of—bad luck? Seven men have died under your knife. Medical accidents? It is beyond accident, in my opinion. It has reached such a point that I feel guilty of manslaughter—because I've permitted you to work in this hospital."

He made another pause.

"If you're waiting for me to say something," said Lane, "I may as well tell you now what I think."

"Ah, you think, do you?" asked Carew. "A dangerous thing for a surgeon to think too much. A dangerous thing, if a thought gets between his knife and the incision he's making. But I'm interested—what is it you think?"

"I think that there was nothing wrong with the operation."

"Ah ha! Nothing wrong with it? A patient goes mad under your knife, but you think that there was nothing wrong with the operation?"

"I definitely know that if the same case came to me again, I would follow the same procedure. I would operate."

Actually, there was not a word that came to the mind of Carew. He was silent because he was stunned.

Finally the pale lips of Gregory Lane parted. He said: "You can come to the point, Doctor Carew. I'm dismissed from the hospital service, I presume?"

"You may presume what you please; but I would like, in the first place, to open my mind to you."

"I am here to listen, sir," said Gregory Lane.

"I have the full details of your procedure before, and during the operation. You dared to operate on a man who distinctly had refused our medical assistance! That is true, I believe?"

"That is obviously true," said Doctor Lane.

"There was only one authority in this hospital that could have ventured to give you that authority. Perhaps I might have delegated it to you. Or perhaps Leonard Gillespie might have taken it upon him to set the work forward. But, so far as I know, you worked without the slightest authorization."

Rage, even before the expected answer, swelled the jowls of Carew.

"Without the slightest authorization," agreed Doctor Lane.

Carew got up from his chair to deliver a violent denunciation and dismissal speech. But there was a large stratum of justice in his being and he knew that a good judge should not speak in passion. That was why he said: "That will be all for the present."

"Very well, sir," said Lane, and turned to the door.

"My earnest endeavor," said Carew, "shall be to

think this through without passion. I shall continue to look into the affair. I shall have a further message to communicate to you within the hour, I trust. Good-by, Doctor Lane."

Lane went out.

He took a look in at Room 412. Mary Lamont was standing close to the door, which was slightly ajar to give a better current of air.

"How is he now?" asked Lane.

"Dr. Kildare is in there still," she said, "and he has Mr. Thornton quiet again."

"What is it that Kildare does to them?"

"No one knows. But sick people always trust him. They feel him helping them up the hill. But he can't get what he wants from Mr. Thornton."

"He wants to know what that deadline means? What noon Friday means to Thornton?"

"That's it. But Thornton hasn't told. Not yet. Either he thinks he's locked forever in the wrong day of the week, or else he imagines that Friday has come, and there's nothing but happiness."

Kildare came out of the room, stepping softly. "He's sleeping," he said, "and the sleep isn't all barbitol. Be quiet, Mary, when you go to him."

"How is he?" asked Lane.

"He's the same. Noon, on Friday—noon, on Friday—and he's locked into the wrong day of the week," murmured Kildare, absently.

HE went off down the hall, walking slowly, almost stopped by his thoughts from time to time.

Gregory Lane, looking after him, said: "It's hard to guess how a fellow like that could mean much to a girl; but if he *did* come to mean anything, I don't see how she ever could give a rap about any other man."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mary Lamont, her voice sharp with interest.

"Because women are practical creatures with an eye to the main chance," said Lane, "and there's nothing small about Kildare. No wooden chairs for him. He wants the golden throne. The little things don't matter to him. He doesn't even see them. He doesn't know whether his shoes are shined or not; he doesn't know whether his feet are dry or wet; he doesn't know what street he's walking; he only knows whether or not he's headed in the right direction. Isn't that the secret of him?"

"Is it?" she asked. "I don't know."

"The little things—damn them! They wreck most of us. They make the difference between fame and, say, just hard cash. And the little things don't exist, for Kildare."

"You say nice things about Dr. Kildare, but you don't like him."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because your voice is hard when you speak about him."

"I'll tell you this: He's the stuff I'd like to have for a friend. But there's something about me that offends him."

"Really?"

"You know the straight way he has of looking at people?"

"Oh yes, I know!"

"Well, he won't look at me, if he can avoid it."

"But I've heard him say that he admires you."

"He admires a pair of surgeon's hands, not me. And you can't be very fond of a fellow who's averse to you."

A voice sounded vaguely from 412. Lane stepped close to the door.

"The wrong day—" said the sleepy utterance. "They've locked me inside the wrong day. . ."

The words drawled away into sleep again.

CHAPTER XI

NOW that the interview with Gregory Lane was over, Carew took up the witnesses in rapid succession. He already knew the burden of the testimony which most of them had to give, but he wanted to have it freshly in mind before he delivered a judgment that already was hardening in his mind.

The frightened little nurse from the emergency ward stood before him, saying: "I knew it was wrong; I begged him not to do it; I knew it was wrong. . ."

There was the ambulance driver and the interne who had picked up the accident call. They described the scene of the crime, the apparent state of the injury. There was the X-ray man with his picture. There was even the orderly who had pushed the stretcher up to the operating room.

Finally, there was Kildare. No matter how grim the mind of Carew might be, he relaxed a little when Gillespie's assistant came into the office.

"You've been here before, and on a slightly dif-

ferent basis, Doctor," said Carew, smiling. "There even have been times when this floor was a hard place for you to stand. Eh?"

"Very hard," said Kildare, and smiled a bit, also.

"That was before your value to the hospital became so apparent," went on Carew. "And any man who has value to the hospital, has intimate personal value to me!"

All of Carew's strokes were apt to be like this. Whether he gave a criticism or a compliment, he leaned his whole weight behind his words.

Kildare murmured something. What he said hardly mattered, for Carew was sweeping forward on his genial way.

"Today, doctor," he said, "I simply want a word from you about the unfortunate case of Henry Thornton—the case which the new neurosurgeon handled—I refer to Doctor Gregory Lane. And I believe you saw the patient who was forced into an unbalanced state of mind by the—shall I call it unlucky?—work of Doctor Lane."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Kildare. "I believe the patient was already showing signs of schizophrenia before the operation."

"Already?" exclaimed Carew, shocked out of his good-natured flow of verbiage. "Before what?"

"Before the operation, sir."

"Extraordinary," said Carew, "I had thought certainly—in fact it had not occurred to me that any other cause—"

"Did you ask Doctor Lane about it?" asked Kildare gently.

"Perhaps not. The—ah—the general report indicated nothing unbalanced previous to the operation . . . Kildare, what was the exact nature of the expression of this schizophrenia?"

"Can you imagine a man who would consider that any date line is more important than life or death, sir?"

"Hardly. But it's barely conceivable."

"His entire expression was that of a man who has been under a great tension for a long time. For five years I believe that the strain was being put upon him. Finally, he began to crumble. He was already crumbling, I think, before he reached the hospital."

"This is all assumption, mere assumption," said Carew, darkly.

"Yes, sir," agreed Kildare, "it's chiefly that."

"The status of Doctor Lane undoubtedly would be much better if the condition of Thornton were not referable to the operation which he performed. Of course that leaves out a still more important consideration: That he operated without the permission of the patient."

"That was the refusal of a patient mentally unsound."

"Ha?" cried Carew. "Unsound? Well, in that case it was absolutely essential that the permission of a near relative should be obtained."

"We still haven't even a home address for Thornton," said Kildare. "How could relatives be reached?"

"Which makes it all the more absolutely decisive that Lane should not have touched Thornton without advice from me—or from Gillespie, at least."

"But of course, in a certain way, Doctor Lane was under the impression that he had authorization from Doctor Gillespie."

"What's this, Kildare?" demanded Carew. "What the devil is this that you're saying to me?"

"There wasn't time to go into the details," said Kildare. "Dr. Lane understood from what I said that Doctor Gillespie actually had recommended an immediate operation."

"That Gillespie had . . . but I've had Lane in here saying he had no authorization from anyone whatever! What am I to make of this?"

"A man like Doctor Lane is built along rather large lines," said Kildare thoughtfully. "I suppose he didn't want to dump the blame on my shoulders."

"You actually advised the operation and let him feel that Gillespie was speaking through you?"

"I'm afraid that was about it."

"Your shoulders, I dare say," said Carew, "are broad enough to bear much greater burdens than blame like this?"

Kildare was silent. The anger of Carew grew until a vein swelled visibly in his forehead.

"I've told Gillespie that he was wrong, damned wrong, to let a boy, a mere youngster, act as his mouthpiece so often. And now we have a fine result from it!" cried Carew.

He got up from his chair and walked the floor, hastily, taking quick turns back and forth.

"I'm not going to let myself get out of hand about this," he said. "In the past you've had values young Doctor Kildare. But perhaps they were based too largely on certain traits of stubborn independ-

ence. I want to point out that we cannot. . . .
He choked himself.

"I have to see Gillespie," he finished. "Will you ask him to come up here?"

Kildare left the office and returned to Gillespie with the message.

"I'm going to ask the board of directors for a gag that will fit the mouth of that catfish, that Carew," roared Gillespie, and let Conover wheel him out toward the elevators.

THE interrupted line commenced to flow in on Kildare, as it did sometimes with hardly an interruption for days at a time, in obedience to that famous brass plate above the door on which was engraved the words: "Dr. Leonard Gillespie, hours 12 a. m. to 12 a. m." It would have been a dry jest, from another man. It was cold fact, coming from Gillespie.

Then Gillespie himself came back and cleared the office with one of his roars.

"Did you really do it, Jimmy?" he asked, when they were alone.

"What, sir?"

"Set up this fellow Thornton for operation by—er—by using my name?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You actually made Lane think that I was behind the idea?"

Kildare said nothing.

"It's queer," said Gillespie. "I'm not fool enough to think that I know any man, really; but this time you've surprised me. You surprised Carew, too, but not very much."

Kildare began to say that he was sorry. Gillespie cut him short by remarking: "A fellow like Carew is a blessing to the institution he heads and a curse to a good many other things. He's an executive first, a damned good doctor second. But he always thinks that he's a general."

"He's going to give me the limit?" asked Kildare.

"He was torn in two directions," said Gillespie. "You've done so much for the hospital that he's grateful, he's almost affectionate. On the other hand you've done so much for the hospital that you're an outstanding figure even as an interne. It's like this: If a private disobeys orders, he can be sent to the guardhouse. But if a general officer disobeys the high command, he's cashiered."

"I understand," said Kildare.

"You have from here to Friday for something more than understanding," answered Gillespie. "You have that time to do something about it!"

"You managed to get that much delay?"

"Never mind what I did. The question is: What are we going to do, Jimmy?"

He gathered his shaggy, white brows over his eyes and folded his hands together, backs up.

"There's another question first," said Kildare. "Is there anything that I possibly could do to straighten it out?"

"It's not simply 'you,' it's 'we,' you fool!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why couldn't some other young jackass in the place have had the idea? But no, it had to be my boy."

Kildare, staring at him, bit his lip. He did not speak for the moment because there was no room in his throat for words.

"FRIDAY the board of directors is meeting. And the case of young Doctor Kildare comes up, as it came up once before. Only then you were just a young fool who broke the rules and now you're a reprobate, dyed-in-the-wool, who has formed the rotten habit of doing as he pleases, regardless of the higher-ups. Friday is the day when your head goes off, then. And now, Jimmy, we put our heads together. State the case to me, first of all."

Kildare said: "Doctor Lane performs an authorized operation that produces insanity in the patient; it's discovered that the fault is mine, after all. So I get the gallows."

"Let's ask the right questions first, and then maybe we'll get the answers. What could be done to take the curse off?"

"If I could prove that the insanity existed before the operation, that would take the curse off."

"It's hard to prove things like that—to a Carew? But if the insanity could be removed, or seem to be removed? What are your cards, Kildare? What have you got in the pack or up your sleeve? If there's a fine, clean, straightforward way, we'll use it. If not, we'll deal off the bottom of the deck."

"Well, a shock was what started him raving. It brought the disease on him with a rush."

"And if we can give him another shock—a happy shock—if we prove to him that the strain he was under before the operation is gone—if we clear the

whole emotional air of his life—you think that it might bring him back to normalcy?"

"There's a ghost of a chance, perhaps?"

"That's better than nothing. We can't ask for the world with a fence around it. We want a chance to fight. That's all. A ghost of a chance is a damned sight better than no chance at all. Hamlet's father was only a ghost, Jimmy. But he's still a force in our minds. So now we do what?"

"We find out what it is that he had to meet on Friday at noon."

"And then meet it for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And bring him back the results?"

"Yes, sir."

"And with Thornton restored to his wits, even Carew will have to admit that the operation was a fine thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"So that Carew can damn you black and blue for encouraging the operation but he can't quite take off your head?"

"I hope that it may turn out that way," said Kildare.

"What do you do first?"

"I try to be a detective, and of course I'm not one."

"Not a detective? Confound you, make yourself into one, then! A doctor has to be a nurse, a cook, a family lawyer, a mother, a father, a rat-killer, and why in the name of God can't he go a step backward, or forward, and be a detective?"

"I'm going to tackle it," said Kildare.

"Then get out of my sight and start now. Wait a minute. There's another thing involved here. Do you have no pangs of conscience about using my name to Lane, as you did?"

"No, sir."

"You mean that you'd do it again, without any permission?"

"Yes, sir."

"Damned impudence, I call it," said Gillespie, and, "Well, get on with you! I'd disown you if you hadn't done exactly that."

CHAPTER XII

IN the clothes of Henry Thornton there had been a pair of soft-lead draughting pencils, twenty odd dollars, a good, big pocketknife, cigarettes, a lighter, two handkerchiefs, an addressed envelope without the sender's name and without contents. That was all. Even the address was not in handwriting. It had been typed. There was not a trace of a laundry mark even. The underwear and shirts apparently had been new-bought. The clothes were the product of a wholesale tailoring firm whose suits were sold in fifty metropolitan stores. There was only a bit of reddish mud high inside the angle of heel and sole on one of the shoes. Kildare gloomily scraped it off, put it into a twist of paper. He did not feel like a detective, but like a fool.

The Museum of Natural History in Manhattan is one of those places where people take their children to admire prehistoric skeletons. As a matter of fact there is hardly a physical phase of life that is not touched on and illustrated in the museum. The whole process in the Museum is so pictorial that when Kildare took his paper twist of dry mud to Professor McGregor, that bright little old man at once pulled out a chart which, like a crazy quilt of a thousand colors, showed the soils around New York, and the rock strata underlying them, or outcropping through them. Professor McGregor, after crumbling the mud to a fine dust, segregated some tiny particles of stone which he placed under a microscope.

He kept whistling as he worked and finally he looked up to the earnest face of Kildare with eyes that shone like polished lenses.

"Unless the stone is imported stuff, I think I have the place," said Professor McGregor. "Ever driven out from the East Side toward Westchester?"

"Yes."

"Well, over to the right, as you drive north, you see some land, somewhat broken, so that it looks like a low range of hills, almost. Two chances out of three, that's your district. Look, here's the map. You see this pink patch? Somewhere inside that district. It's not very large."

Kildare went back to the hospital and looked up his friend, the ambulance driver with the numb, unconscious face.

"Tell me," said Kildare, "where I can get the cheapest drive-yourself car in town. Do you know, Joe?"

"There's none of them cheap enough. Not for you, Doc," said Joe Weyman. "But me brother-in-

law has a little bus that needs borrowing."

"You mean I could rent it from him?" asked Kildare.

"You mean, could he rent a sock in the chin?" demanded Weyman. "How could he take money from you? When d'you want it?"

"Now."

"Right this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"And me with my time off starting in half an hour!" said Weyman. "That's luck, ain't it? You can close your eyes and catch up on some sleep; I'll do the driving."

So they started within the hour, with Weyman tooling the car with a sort of reckless precision through the traffic.

The rain came down in a steady, misting fall. But at last they came toward the low-lying hills.

"Pull up to that lunch wagon," said Kildare.

He went in alone and got a cup of coffee. When he was half through with it, he asked the waiter: "You know a man named Henry Thornton who lives out here?"

"Sure I know Thornbury," said the waiter. "He's the guy with the big green house on the hill over by. . . ."

"Shut up, rummy," said a big young man who was trying to get half his ham and eggs into his mouth at a bite.

"Not Thornbury, you poor mug. Thornton is the guy he asked about."

He was still looking his reproof as he went on: "This here Thornton you wanta know about, is he thirty something and lives alone and looks it?"

"You might describe him that way," said Kildare, delighted. "Does he live alone?"

"Yeah. He ain't married."

"How do I find Thornton's house?" asked Kildare.

"That's easy. You go up here to the top of the hill, turn left, and it's three houses down."

Kildare went up to the top of the hill, turned left, and asked Weyman to wait at the corner.

"Do you mind, Joe?" he asked.

"Whatta ya mean mind?" asked Weyman. "But you know where you're going?"

"I think I know, all right."

"You kinda make me nervous when you start strange places all by yourself."

"I can take care of myself pretty well, Joe."

"Yeah, sure, sure. But if you had a good right cross up your sleeve it would take care of you a lot better. I'm gunna teach you, some of these fine days."

CHAPTER XIII

DAKNESS had descended and many of the houses had lights turned on. Kildare, on the front porch, rang the bell, listened to the echo of it inside the place, and studied the jagged crack that streaked across the face of the adjoining window. He tried the window and when he found it locked he broke the glass and opened it. Then he stepped inside. He closed the window. With a burning match he found the electric switch and turned on the lights. He stood in a hall.

There was a living room at the right, so bright and cheerful that he thought for a moment the sky must have cleared but this was merely the effect of the gay covers on the furniture. The gaiety was a first impression that did not last. There was dust on the table. Cigarette butts littered the hearth, and a book fallen open, face down beside the couch, had crunched its pages into a tangle of confusion.

Back of the living room, which was unusually large for such a small house, he stepped into the kitchen. The sink was filled with unwashed pans. The water in them had begun to rust the iron in places; the queer, sick odor of rust was all through the room.

In a dining alcove he saw the remains of a breakfast, a cup half-filled with coffee, with a scum of soured milk on top of it, and a piece of toast as hard as wood.

Forward from the kitchen a small study with a tall north light opened from the living room. A smell of old, crusted pipes was in it. Some shelves on one side held books on art and a number of sketchbooks, as well. On the drawing board which faced the high window was a bit of purely commercial stuff such as magazines or even newspapers use to illustrate new fashions.

He looked over the room again, standing in the center of it. For him, the ghost of Henry Thornton was emerging in the house.

A sighing sound came to him from the front of the house. A fallen bit of paper rattled on the floor of the studio, and then was still. It was as

though a door had been opened and shut again, somewhere. Kildare blinked and took a quick breath; then he made his feet carry him through the living room. In the hall a tall figure of a man waited at the foot of the stairs. It moved, and turned into the frowning face of Joe Weyman.

"Well, Joe?" he asked.

"I broke orders, Doc," said Weyman. "I had to. I heard the tinkle of that glass breaking and I just had to come in an' join you. If you take a trip up the river for burglary, I might as well go along."

"I didn't hear the window raised. How did you come in?"

"Through the door. I got a little lock-persuader, here." He showed a small bit of steel, like a section of hard spring. "Doc, d'you need *all* of these here lights to show the world where we're having our fun?"

"We need light," said Kildare. He sat down and started smoking a cigarette. "Go look through the lower part of the house and tell me what you see, when you come back."

"Lookat—I found this near the door," said Weyman. He held out a slip of paper on which was written in a swift, strong hand:

"Darling:

I lost my key and couldn't get in; but now I'll find it and come.

Nelly."

"Him and Nelly, I bet they have high times," said Weyman.

"It doesn't fit," answered Kildare, and crumbling the paper impatiently, he dropped it into his pocket. "Go look around and tell me what you find."

In two minutes Weyman was back.

"Kind of sloppy guy. No?" he asked.

"See anything worthwhile?"

"This guy don't know nothing about women," said Weyman. "See the mugs he was drawing, in there?"

"Let's go upstairs," said Kildare.

There were two bedrooms, one obviously for guests, and one bathroom. They went through the bathroom into the guest room, first. The door of it was so jammed that Weyman had to give it his shoulder. They turned on the lights.

"What's the funny smell in the air, Doc?"

"Dust," said Kildare. "This fellow Thornton has no friends. There's been no one in this guest room for a long, long time. That's why the door stuck, Joe. It simply hadn't been opened and the heat of a couple of summers gummed the paint together."

He pointed it out at the edges of the door. Weyman said nothing as they went back into the master bedroom. There was a good thick rug on the floor and a bed that sat low on the floor with a stool for a bedside table with a short lamp on it. On the walls were varnished Medici prints of the Duchess of Modena and Rembrandt's Knight with a Spear. There was also an oil portrait of a redheaded girl in a green dress. She was no beauty, but she had a good smile and a fine, straight pair of eyes. The telephone, oddly enough, stood on the chest of drawers. A single number was written down on the pad beside it. There was a tall mirror against one wall, and opposite it was a closet containing a few suits of clothes.

THERE was a small desk beside the closet door, with a clean blotter on top of it. Kildare pulled the blotter out from its frame and turned it over. It was spotted with ink blottings and with absent-minded designs in pencil.

"What's on there that you wanta know, Doc?" asked Weyman.

"A lot of unhappiness," said Kildare.

"How come?"

"Wasted time," he said.

He went over to the picture of the girl and pulled it out from the wall. The paper behind it was only slightly less faded than the rest of the paper in the room. That behind the other pictures was far darker and richer.

"How is this, Weyman?" he asked. "He painted this picture six or seven years ago—or maybe only five. And yet he hung it only a short time ago."

"How can you tell, Doc? . . . Ah, you mean the paper's faded a lot where it hangs."

"It was hanging there for a while," interpreted Kildare, "then it was taken down, remained down for years, and finally was put up again."

"Kind of cuckoo, ain't he?" said Weyman.

"I don't know," said Kildare. "Go and stand in front of that mirror."

"How's this? I look damn fine to me, Doc."

"Stand closer."

"Here I am, touching the glass."

"Somebody stood still closer, however," remarked Kildare, staring at the rug.

"Nobody could stand closer."

"The rug's worn," said Kildare. "Feet seem to have walked right through that mirror. Can we move it?"

That was easily done, and behind the mirror appeared a door. Weyman's bit of steel spring was used on the lock which gave at last with a small squeak, like the shrill of a mouse. Inside, they found a closet with a few women's clothes in it.

Kildare reached into the closet and brought out a wisp of spiderweb.

"She doesn't come very often, Joe," he said. He took out a green dress and shook dust out of it. "Not for about five years."

"Five years? Where's the date?"

"This was the fashion, five and six years ago. This is the dress he painted her in."

"Come on, Doc! You mean that?"

"See the bit of red peasant embroidery? It's the same dress, all right."

"Then what's it mean? Why's he hang the picture on the wall and cover up the closet where her duds hang?"



Young Dr. Kildare and Joe Weyman searched the dusty house which was the home of the mysterious patient

Kildare went to the telephone and rang the number that was written on the pad.

"Mahoney speakin'!" said a great voice.

"This is Henry Thornton," said Kildare.

"Thornton? Thornton? You mean that you're Mister Thornton? . . . Hey, Nelly!"

Kildare sighed.

Presently a rich Irish brogue was saying: "Is it you, Mr. Thornton? Is it you, darling? I was there, the more fool me, without me key. But I'll be back tomorrow and long before Saturday I'll have the house shining. And the new slip-covers will be ready. If only I can get the other bed out of the attic; there's hardly *that* much room for me and it to come down the stairs together! But don't have a worry in your darling head, will you?"

After Kildare rang off, he said, "Now, let's try to find letters, Joe. Letters of any kind. I'll go through this desk. You go through the downstairs."

But there was hardly a letter, and not a one that gave even a hint to Kildare.

CHAPTER XIV

KILDARE said to Gillespie, an hour or more later: "Thornton was married to a woman he loved. Something went wrong; I don't know what. She left him. After a while, he took it so hard that he couldn't stand the pain of seeing her picture on the wall."

"Bah!" said Gillespie. "What sort of a thin-skinned rummy is this Thornton?"

"A painter," said Kildare.

"I've no use for them," said Gillespie. "Poets and painters and the whole lot, I've no use for them!"

Kildare said: "He couldn't stand the pain of seeing her picture on the wall. So he took it down. But not long ago, not very long ago, he heard from her. He had been living like a hermit, brooding, I suppose, without friends, seeing practically no one, doing work that he despised. But now he hears from his wife. Suddenly his life opens. He has a great shock of hope. He is going to meet her, some place. I don't know the place—I only know that the time was to be Friday, at noon . . . He was going to

meet her and bring her home; there was to be a new start for them, probably . . . At least, he'd arranged to have the house in good shape for Saturday."

"You met somebody who knows Thornton?"

"I got into his house; it had a lot to say. But it couldn't tell me *where* he intended to meet that wife of his. That's what I've got to find. They have a right to belong to one another. I have to bring her to him . . . They have the right. . . ."

"What's your next step, young Doctor Kildare?"

"I don't know. Sit down and think, I suppose."

"Have you got time to sit down?"

"I've got to *make* time."

"How d'you make time, young man?"

"The way you do . . . by trying to be sure before I go ahead."

"That's right. If you're going to swing an axe, be sure you hit the line. What's your line here?"

"To make Thornton tell me where to find her."

"How can you *make* a madman talk sense?"

"I don't know. Only have a vague idea."

"Your idea isn't vague at all. And it's scaring hell out of you," said Gillespie.

Kildare lifted both hands and pushed them up across his face, pressing hard, as though the flesh were numb.

"Jimmy!" roared Gillespie.

"Yes, sir?"

"You've been a damned fool before. I forbid you to be a damned fool again!"

Kildare said nothing. He kept seeing his new idea and shrinking from it.

"You're as stubborn as your father," said Gillespie. "Confound him, he *insists* that it's pernicious anemia that's killing Julia Cray. . . ."

KILDARE went out. Gillespie, his mind returning to the first part of their conversation, shouted suddenly after him, but he pretended not to hear. In the corridor beyond, he ran into old Molly Byrd. With young internes her manner was hardly less autocratic than that of Gillespie.

"Young man, you've finally been able to do something worth while," she said.

"Has Doctor Gillespie seen Carson?" he asked.

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"I forgot to ask."

"Forgot? Is there something bigger than Gillespie in your life, just now?"

"Molly, what did Carson say about Gillespie?"

"He says more than a person could hope—more even than you and I could hope. If Leonard will give himself even normal rest, normal food, and let the X-rays work to stop the *gallop* of the disease, we might have him . . . much longer. . . ."

"Years?" begged Kildare, suddenly big with excitement.

"No. Months," said Molly Byrd, sadly.

"And who knows what might happen, if there are months and months?" said Kildare.

"You mean that new things are being discovered?"

"Of course they are. Any day there may be the great discovery that will wipe cancer out of the world!"

"Oh, Jimmy, there *may* be; may there not?"

"There *will* be, Molly, because there *has* to be."

"You're only a liar, and a young liar, at that," said Molly Byrd, with tears in her eyes.

"Molly, there's a Doctor Borodin. . . ."

"Of course there is. He's one of my boys. And a damned *bad* boy, in the beginning."

"I want to talk with him."

"You're the funny one, digging and prying into all the dark corners where the dirt is," said the Byrd, "but you'll get nothing out of Dick Borodin now."

"Why not?"

"The poor man has no mind for any but one thing: Insulin shock for schizophrenics."

"I want to see him."

"You can't see him. He's closed up like a monk in a monastery."

"Would he talk on the telephone?"

"If I told him to, maybe."

"You're going to tell him to."

"He wouldn't talk except to some great man—or maybe to me, Jimmy."

"You're going to introduce me on the telephone as a distinguished doctor, Molly."

"I am not!"

"Molly," said Kildare, putting his arm around her, "it's for a good cause."

"There's no cause good enough to lie for."

"There is, though," said Kildare.

"Well," said Molly, "maybe you *are* distinguished. If there's such a thing as borrowing light, you've taken enough from Leonard Gillespie to begin to shine a bit, a small bit, in a very dark night. Come along with me!"

When Kildare had finished that telephone call, there seemed no breath left in him. He got out on the street but there wasn't enough air for him even there. He went to the hotel where his mother and father were staying. They gave him the calmness of perfect faith and affection. They were the only human beings for whom he never could be wrong. Bland, unseeing eyes they seemed to him. His father talked about Julia Cray.

"Gillespie's a great man," said old Kildare, "but there are a few troubles with these hospital diagnosticians. They never get to know their patients well enough. We've put poor Julia Cray on a low salt diet, now. But mark my word, there will be a blasted crisis before long, and then we'll all see by the low blood count that pernicious anemia is what she has. Hang onto those two dollars, Jimmy, because I intend to have the great Gillespie's money on this deal. I'm going to frame that dollar bill and hang it in my office. It'll be more than a diploma to me!"

They had dinner in the hotel room. Then Kildare restlessly started to leave. His mother came with him down the hall toward the elevator.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"I've got to get out in the air," said Kildare. "I can't breathe—I can't get a full breath."

"I know," she answered. "That happens when the heart is stopping."

"The heart?" he asked.

"With grief, Jimmy, or anxiety."

He nodded. The elevator opened clanging doors. He waved it on and walked back with her down the hall. She was a dumpy woman with too much chin and fat in the eyelids that made her eyes seem small. Sometimes it seemed that her husband had married a scrub woman. But there was a beauty about her, sometimes, when she spoke.

"Suppose that there were two men and a woman you had to think about. The happiness of all three of them, and the sanity of one of them—and the only way to work is to take a chance with life and death?"

"How could a woman tell," she answered, "unless she loved all three of them?"

"That's true," he said. "A woman couldn't tell."

"I've seen your father facing problems like that," she said softly, "and it's the only time in our lives when I've been able to do nothing. He has to go off by himself like a prophet into a wilderness; he has to retire and eat the pain like bread. But when he comes out, he seems to know, just as surely as though God had told him."

When he left her, he kept thinking of that phrase: Eating pain; except that it seemed that it was he who was being devoured.

When he was down on the street again there still was no air for his breathing.

CHAPTER XV

GILLESPIE'S line, that night, did not stop until nearly four in the morning. Kildare went into his own inner office, put some material into a medical kit, and passed back through the main office where Gillespie had stretched himself on the couch and seemed sound asleep. His face, his whole body, sagged with exhaustion.

Kildare went out of the office. On the fourth floor, he met Mary Lamont. She was on night duty but she kept the freshness and the verve of the day.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"I want you right now. I'm going into 412."

"To Thornton?"

"Yes."

"Oh, has Gregory Lane ordered some special treatment for Thornton?"

He considered her for a moment but left that remark unanswered.

"Come to 412 in a half hour," he said. "I may be needing a nurse with a good pair of hands and no tongue at all."

She looked hard at him; he turned and went off down the hall. She kept watch from a vantage point after he disappeared into 412. A moment later the special nurse came out looking decidedly odd.

"That young interne—what's his name?" she asked. It was no longer the dizzy blonde who took care of Thornton but a formidable old warhorse.

"Doctor Kildare," explained Mary.

"He's a nut!" said the special. "He told me to go and have myself a sleep—he'll watch Thornton."

"He'll do what he says. Why don't you have the sleep?" asked Mary.

"Me? It ain't professional," said the special. "I'm going to be looking into this funny business. I don't like it."

"Don't bother Doctor Kildare," Mary warned her

"He's Doctor Gillespie's assistant."

"That young mug?" cried the special.

"That young mug," Mary assured her.

"Things are going to the devil around here," said the special and went off down the hall.

Mary Lamont, half an hour later, paused at the door of 412 and heard strange noises. She looked in and saw Henry Thornton babbling with an idiot's loose face. Kildare looked up and waved her away.

"Come back in half an hour," he directed.

"I'll be back."

He stared an instant at his immobile patient before he turned to her again.

"You look rather chipper, Mary."

"I suppose I've had good news," she said.

"About what?"

"About a marriage."

"Yours? Lane?" he asked.

"Oh, Jimmy, pretend that it upsets you a little, please!"

"Of course it upsets me," he said, but again his glance left her and studied the face of Thornton.

"You don't care a rap," she told him.

He looked up at her in a silence which, somehow, dissolved her anger utterly.

"I'll be seeing you here in about half an hour, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes, in a half hour," she said.

"Has that special been hanging around?" he asked

"No. What did you do to her?"

"Sent her away. I don't want her. She's suspicious, Mary; and she may come prying back here again."

"Well, what could she find out?"

"Enough to break me up into little pieces."

"Jimmy! What are you doing to Thornton?"

"I want a nurse with a head and two hands and no damned tongue at all," said Kildare.

She backed out of the room, fighting herself to keep from exclamations.

HALF an hour later still, she found Henry Thornton stretched in coma, his hands thrown up above



As Dr. Kildare bent over the patient, Nurse Lamont feared she was shut into a room with two madmen instead of one

his head. Beside the bed Kildare crouched on a chair like a poisoner at the place of crime. He turned to Mary a white face, greasy with sweat.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked. "Please, please tell me!"

He said nothing. She went to the foot of the bed and looked at the chart. There was no indication that special medication had been given. Whatever Kildare had done, he had left no indication of it. That could mean any sort of trouble, if the head of the institution chose to be particular. But she was afraid to ask questions.

Kildare kept looking up at her without speaking. He had given one hand to the grip of Thornton and the clutch of the sick man was fixed rigidly on it. His other hand took the pulse.

"Is he in a fit?" said Mary Lamont.

"He's minus the brain of Homo sapiens," said Kildare.

She waited for words that would make sense.

"You've dreamed yourself back to childhood in your sleep, haven't you?" asked Kildare. "Thornton is doing more than that. He's dreamed himself back to the infancy of the race. The muscles he's

using now are the ones that an ape needs when it's climbing trees."

She stared at the clutching hands of Thornton.

"Jimmy," she whispered, "do you know what you're doing do him?"

Kildare said: "Don't ask questions. Keep looking in. I may need you."

That was about five o'clock. Obediently she forced her feet out of the room. Every half hour she returned.

It was like taking a silent part in a murder. Each time she looked at Thornton, she knew that the sick man was a long step nearer death, and still Kildare crouched there with his stethoscope and a flashlight, watching, lifting an eyelid of Thornton now and then and flashing the light upon it. She could not recognize the thing Kildare had become. More than once she heard, from 412, noises that seemed to come from the throat of a beast. A horrible memory came back out of her childhood of ghostly tales, of werewolves, of men turned by night into monstrous creatures. The memory became an obsession.

She had other work to do, of course. The Blair General Hospital knew how to get plenty from its nurses. But still she felt that at any moment one of those subdued, gurgling moans from 412 would turn into a screech of animal rage or fear. Yet no one else seemed to guess. There was the same simpering, the same babbling among the other nurses. Then the thing came, all the more frightful because she had been half expecting it, like a blow falling on a tensed body. If the door of the sick room was closed, the scream knifed through it with a daggerpoint. Nurses are as tough-minded as any people in the world, but the five in the floor-office turned white and stared at one another with a dreadful surmise. It was not one scream but a series of them. She did not need to hunt for the source of the outcry. She went straight to 412 and found the door ajar and the yell coming out of it. She shut the door hastily behind her as she went in. The mouth of Thornton was open, awry, and he screamed on every outgoing breath. Kildare was giving an injection. As he pulled the hypodermic away, he gave the nurse a quick look over his shoulder that made her flesh creep. She had never known what it meant to be afraid of a man but she was afraid now.

There was a firm rap at the door.

"Keep them out!" commanded Kildare.

Mary Lamont went to the door and found Miss Simmons, the head nurse of the floor.

"I must go in there," said Miss Simmons, firmly.

"The doctor wants to be left alone, Miss Simmons," she said.

"Wants to be left alone? What doctor, please?"

"Doctor Kildare."

"The interne?"

"Yes, Miss Simmons."

"Has he authority from Doctor Lane to take charge of this patient?"

"Yes, Miss Simmons."

"Ah, he has?"

"Yes, Miss Simmons."

"Very well," said the head nurse, but she turned slowly away, her eyes lingering on the guilty face of Mary Lamont.

THE screaming had died away, but still the girl wanted nothing so much as to be away from that room. She had to fight hard to make herself turn and look at the bed. The one lamp threw the shadow of Kildare in caricature, like a stain of soot, across the white of the bedspread and over the hands of Thornton, but the face of the patient was visible. It was fallen in complete relaxation.

"Take his temperature," said Kildare.

He put a tongue depressor between the teeth of Thornton as though he feared the thermometer might be bitten in two. The nurse slipped the thermometer under the tongue.

"Hold his lips together," said Kildare, and shone his light again into one of Thornton's eyes.

She pressed the lips shut. Foam kept breaking out in small bubbles. The mouth was cold; the lips were bluish. It was like handling wet clay.

She waited two minutes and drew out the thermometer.

"I'll get another thermometer," she said. "This one is no good."

"The thermometer is all right," he answered. "What does it say?"

"It can't be right—and the man still alive," she said. "It only says eighty-five, Doctor!"

That was all he was to her, now. He wasn't Kildare. He was a sort of predatory beast drawing the life out of this helpless man.

"Eighty-five?" repeated Kildare.

"Yes, eighty-five. He isn't really living. He's dead—he's dying now!"

"Maybe," said Kildare, and put that light to the inhuman eye of Thornton once more.

She found herself backing up toward the door. He took the stethoscope from his ears and said: "Have you seen the special?"

"Not for hours," she answered.

"That's queer," said Kildare.

He talked as though he were drunk, with loose lips and a thick tongue. She got farther back, toward the door.

"Are you afraid?" asked Kildare.

She said nothing.

"Come here," said Kildare.

She got her feet somehow across the floor to him. "I'm ashamed of you," he said, looking up at her. "Go on about your work. I don't want you here."

He looked back to Thornton and wiped the foam from the mouth of the sick man.

"I'm not afraid any more," said Mary Lamont. "I'll do anything you want, Doctor."

"What did the Simmons have to say to you?"

"She wanted to know if you had authority from Doctor Lane to handle this case. Of course I told her you did."

"Go back to her and say you lied. I haven't any authority."

She felt a dreadful certainty that she was closed into the room with two madmen, not one. The thing to do is to humor the mad.

"I won't go to her. I won't tell her," she said.

"Take his temperature again," he commanded.

She went about the work once more.

Kildare took the utterly loose arm of Thornton and bent it up and down several times. Mary Lamont drew the thermometer from the clammy mouth and shuddered as she read it.

"Still eighty-five, doctor," she said.

"Eighty-five," murmured Kildare. "My God, eighty-five."

IT was plain that he had spoken to himself, not to her and the fear that had been growing in her sprang out like an electric current, tingling in her forehead and down through the tips of her fingers.

Then, not like a living creature but as though to make a mockery of sentient motion, the arm of Thornton which Kildare had flexed began to lift and fall in the same gesture, and presently he tried to sit up, still with his eyes closed; and again it was like movement in the dead. Thornton swayed his head; he was like a man trying to catch his balance on a running horse.

Kildare pressed him back into the bed.

A new knock came at the door.

"Keep them out," said the emotionless voice of Kildare.

But when the girl opened the door she saw Doctor Carew himself in the hall.

"You are Nurse Lamont, aren't you?" he asked. And he went on: "I understand Kildare is in here?"

"Yes, sir. He wished to work without interruption, sir."

"Does he?" said Carew, and walked straight in, past her, almost as though he would have walked over her.

He was not a big man but anger enlarged him.

"Kildare," he said, "were you authorized to take care of this case tonight?" Then he took full note of Thornton's face and exclaimed: "By God, I think you've killed that man! Kildare!"

Kildare lifted his head a little but failed to turn it. "This is Doctor Carew speaking," said the head of the hospital.

"Very well," said Kildare, never moving his eyes from the face of Thornton.

"Very well? But it's distinctly not very well!" said Carew, his voice kept down, his rage only a tremor of tension, in the dying presence of Thornton. "What authority have you to take charge of this case, I repeat?"

"None," said Kildare. "This is entirely on my own."

Carew rose to his tiptoes. He settled back on his heels more slowly.

"Leave this room and get back to your own place in the hospital," he said. "I had something to tell the board about you tomorrow, now I shall have enough more. Leave this patient instantly!"

"Who'll take him in charge if I go?" asked Kildare. "Does anybody else want the responsibility, now?" He turned at last and gave to Carew a ghastly smile.

"What have you done to him, man?" demanded Carew.

A groan from Thornton seemed to give the answer. Carew, hesitating an instant, turned and walked rapidly from the room. He slammed the

door heavily after him, regardless of dead or dying patients.

MARY LAMONT went out after him. She could not stand it a moment longer in the room. Daylight was coming. She leaned at an open window and told herself that the coming day gave more life and more hope to the very air she was breathing. After a few minutes she was able to go back.

The daylight made things worse instead of better. It showed the senseless face of Thornton and the white torment in that of Kildare far better than the lamps had done.

"Tell me how to help," she pleaded.

"Nobody can help me," he said. "Not now. Nobody in the hospital. But keep looking back in on me when you can, will you?"

She glanced at his preparations. There was a flat dish, a rubber tube, a hypodermic, and a reddish solution in a stoppered flask. She could make no sense out of them, and she went away again. There were things for her to do. She got through them mechanically and then hurried back, carrying a tray of coffee and thin sandwiches.

Kildare, bunch-backed like an old man, leaned over the bed at watch, as he had been all those hours. There seemed little left of him. It was fantastically as though he were giving up part of his own life in order to take that of Thornton. There was something between Thornton's teeth on which he bit with locked jaws. His whole body seemed as stiff as stone, with the fists clenched, the hands turning slowly in, the arms extending themselves. In that spastic rigidity she recognized the last stage of life. Men died, a little after they reached that point. Kildare seemed to be dying with his patient. When she offered him the coffee he was unaware of it, though the steam rose into his face.

"Take this," she ordered.

He discovered the coffee with vague surprise and took the cup in his hand. Once more he forgot everything except the dying man on the bed.

"Drink it," she commanded.

He discovered the coffee again, tasted it, drank it. She pulled the empty cup from his fingers. She stepped back and looked at him. A fist fight hardly could have battered and discolored his eyes more. "Where is he—now?" she asked.

The weary eyes did not shift for an instant from Thornton, as though the grip they kept upon him were what tied him to life.

"He's back at the beginning of things," said Kildare. "He's gone through all the stages of evolution in reverse. His brain has been scaled away in layers, and now he's back in the stage of the reptile. Nothing in his brain is alive except the medulla, the very base of it; and the only thing that brain can tell his muscles to do is to twist and writhe, with movements like those of a snake."

He spoke slowly, a phrase at a time, pauses between. As he finished speaking, he forgot her.

"Will he—will he live?" she managed to ask.

"Get some blood out of an artery for me," said Kildare.

She prepared a syringe, and tried for the big artery at the inside of the elbow. She knew the hypodermic needle found that artery, but the blood that came out was thick, viscous, dead, like the blood from a vein.

"Look!" she said, whispering. "It's from an artery, but there's no life in it. It's the same as blood from a vein. . . ."

"Very well. Stop screaming at me!"

The loud-speaker in his own brain had turned her voice to thunder, no doubt.

"Yes, Doctor," she said. "What else can I do?"

He did not hear.

She crouched by his chair and looked up in his face. It was as though he had been away from her for years, he was so twisted and hardened by the endurance of those long hours. Yet her heart opened suddenly to him.

She said: "Jimmy, tell me how to share it with you, and help!"

He was silent.

She repeated: "Are you sure what will happen to him?"

"No," said Kildare. "All I know is that I have to nearly kill his brain before I can hope that he'll wake up into a few minutes of sanity."

"But suppose he doesn't wake up?"

"Then I've murdered him," said Kildare.

She got a good grip on the foot of the bed and steadied herself.

"What time is it?" he asked, never dropping his eyes from the face of Thornton.

"It's after seven," she said.

"Thank God!" he said. "Leave me alone with him . . . and then come back."

SHE went out. There was still no sign of Carew returning. Before he came back, no doubt he would have the career of Kildare already nailed on a cross. A rumor had gone through the hospital. There were plenty of people in the corridor, now, from nurses and attendants to staff physicians.

Molly Byrd, grim as a Roman soldier, bore down on the girl and cornered her.

"What's going on in 412?" she asked. "Carew's half mad!"

"I don't know," said Mary Lamont.

"Don't be a fool!" said the Byrd. "Don't be a nitwit—you! What's the matter with you, Lamont? Have you seen a ghost? Come here and let me get some hot coffee into you!"

She dragged Mary Lamont into the floor office and poured some steaming coffee. The girl sat shuddering in a chair with her hands pressed to her face.

"Talk to me now," commanded the Byrd, when Mary had swallowed some coffee.

"I can't," said the girl. "I can't say anything . . . it's too horrible . . . I mean. . . ."

"If I can't get anything out of you, I'll use my own eyes and ears," said the head nurse.

"Don't go into that room!" cried Mary.

Something about her voice was enough to stop Molly Byrd at the door.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"I don't know—except that it will haunt you every day of your life."

Even the Byrd was impressed. Mary went past her into the hall.

"Where are you going?" demanded the head nurse.

"I've got to get back there," said Mary.

When she was inside the room, she saw that the whole thing had changed. It was much more frightful to a casual eye but not to the eye of a nurse. Thornton foamed at the mouth and slobbered, turning his head from side to side with sudden movements. But life was coming back. The attitude of Kildare was altered, also. He was no longer like a murderer but what she knew of old—all eager brain and tenacious will. The period of mute waiting had ended.

He wiped the foam from the mouth of Thornton. He kept saying: "Thornton, how are you? How is it now, Thornton?"

Kildare turned and nodded his head toward the door. The girl, as she went out, kept remembering that last look, for there was an uncanny brightness of triumph in it.

"Noon, Friday . . . where is it you have to be? What is it you have to do, Thornton . . . Noon, Friday—Thornton, what is it you have to do at noon, Friday?"

The head of Thornton at last stopped rolling. Light entered the blank mist of his open eyes.

"I meet Marian—in the lobby of the Clerfayt Hotel—at noon, Friday," he said. He roused suddenly and completely, crying out: "Will you get me there?"

He caught at the hands of Kildare and repeated in an agony: "Will you get me there?"

CHAPTER XVI

TEN or fifteen minutes later a sort of quiet maelstrom in the form of Doctor Carew had picked up Mary Lamont. He had Gregory Lane with him. He was saying to Lane: "I simply want a direct understanding on one point which already has been put to you: Did you or did you not order definite work to be done on Thornton tonight, or did you give indefinite authority to any other doctor in the hospital to interfere with that patient?"

"No," said Lane, "I did not."

He looked curiously at Carew and then at Mary.

Carew had turned on her, as they walked briskly down the corridor, saying: "Now, Nurse Lamont, I want from you a detailed report on what has been going on in Room 412 last night and this morning."

"Mr. Thornton seemed very ill," she said. "Doctor Kildare was with him. . . ."

"Doing what?"

"I can't tell, Doctor. I was not given the full details of the treatment. . . ."

"It was written on the chart, was it not?"

"I believe not, sir."

Carew came to an abrupt halt. He was purple with his emotion.

"An uncharted treatment—given without permission—by an interne! . . . It's on Gillespie's head, eventually! Eventually on his head. . . ."

He started forward again, walking with violent speed.

He exclaimed: "To encourage the ignorant bull-headedness of a boy—a mere child! To place in his

hands the authority of an experienced physician! God forgive them both, but the Blair Hospital never! . . . You are well out of this, young Doctor Lane! It is very well for you that you performed your operation with the apparent authorization of Gillespie through his baby-faced assistant, otherwise we should. . . ."

"I beg your pardon, Doctor Carew," said Lane. "I was my own single authority for that operation. Authorization, did you say? From Doctor Gillespie through Kildare? There was not a word from either of them!"

Carew stopped again and passed a handkerchief across his forehead. "I hope I'm not going quite mad," he said. "Do you mean to say that when correction was about to fall on you—like a sword, in fact—another man dared to stand between you and—Doctor Lane, how in God's name does this make the slightest sense?"

"Did Kildare tell you that he had authorized the operation in the name of Doctor Gillespie?" demanded Lane.

"He did. In my office. In almost exactly those words."

Lane shook his head slowly, bewildered.

"I can't understand it," he said. "God knows it was not from any friendship. We're strangers, practically. . . ."

"Let's get on to Kildare. In the old days," said Carew, as he hurried forward again, "all roads led to Rome, and when there is trouble in the Blair Hospital, apparently all roads lead to young Doctor Kildare—a state of affairs which presently may be remedied—very presently!"

THEY came to Room 412. There were twenty people curiously looking on at various distances in the corridor.

"Shall I go in first, Doctor Carew?" asked Mary Lamont.

"We'll have no forerunners," said Carew. "Let him take the full brunt, as he deserves to take it! You shall enter first, Doctor Lane!"

That was the order of entrance, Lane first, with Carew behind him, and Mary Lamont closing the door hastily behind them to shut out as much of the expected scene as possible from the eyes and the ears of the people in the hall.

But Kildare was not there. They had before them only Henry Thornton with an extra pillow cushioning his head. The dimness and the wandering was utterly gone from his eye.

"Good morning," he said. "I hope you're bringing those jelly sandwiches that Doctor Kildare promised me? And the milk?"

The rage of Doctor Carew, quite ready to be poured forth even in the presence of an insane patient, was checked at its source by this revelation. He went slowly toward the bed, holding out his hand a little, in an attitude humorously like that of a man approaching a flighty horse.

"My dear Mr. Thornton," he said, "do you feel quite well?"

"Extraordinarily well," said Thornton, too full of smiles to attempt to control them. "I seem to have been quite ill—or else I've been having very bad dreams."

"Chiefly dreams, Mr. Thornton—chiefly dreams, my dear fellow," said Carew.

He seemed to have forgotten everything else in a good doctor's delight in an unexpected cure. "Chiefly dreams," repeated Carew, "and rather a bad knock in the head."

"Silly of me to be bowled over like that, wasn't it?" said Thornton, almost laughing. "But do you mind me bringing up the subject of those jelly sandwiches, if you please? I'm half starved."

"You shall have a mountain of them," said Carew. "You shall have a whole mountain of them. . . . And did Doctor Kildare leave you very long ago?"

"Hardly five minutes, I believe," said Thornton, still with that cheerful smile.

Here a special nurse came in with a whole tray of sandwiches and a bottle of milk with melted frost running down its sides.

"Ah, here it comes!" said Thornton, reaching out a welcoming hand. "This is a very pleasant sight, nurse!"

The special, seeing the change in him, almost dropped the tray. She threw a wild glance toward Carew, who said instantly: "We seem to be quite out of the woods, this morning. Quite out of the woods, indeed!"

The head of the hospital withdrew from the room with Lane and Mary Lamont. He stood bewildered, but still smiling, in the corridor.

"I saw him yesterday," said Carew, "and the poor fellow's condition wrung my heart! To see a change like this—it's a reward that makes a life of work

seem a small thing, doesn't it, Lane?"

"It does, sir," said Gregory Lane.

They smiled on one another.

"It's an act of God!" said Carew. "Nothing else could have made the change in him so quickly. It's an act of God!"

"Or of Doctor Kildare?" suggested Mary Lamont softly.

"Ha? Kildare?" echoed Carew. "Extraordinary, damned, difficult young scoundrel. . . . Nurse, what did he do to Thornton last night?"

"I don't know," she said, brokenly. "But it seemed to be his own life that he was taking in his hands!"

"I don't blame you," said Carew, patting her shoulder. "I don't blame tears. It's the rarest thing in the world when a man ventures his reputation, his career, his whole future, his whole honor, and in spite of the confounded rule-makers like



"You've run Kildare out of this hospital, out of medicine, out of his chance to serve the world," Gillespie told Carew

Walter Carew, dares to be right . . . a damned touching thing!"

He went off down the corridor in a happy dream, still shaking his head.

"You're knocked to pieces; you've been through a pretty thick slice of hell, I think," said Gregory Lane. "Let me take you somewhere so that people won't stare at you, dear."

"I'm all right," she said. But she was trembling as she added: "He's done it before, and he's only saved himself by being right . . . but someday he'll put his neck in the noose for other people, and it won't turn out this way. Some day it'll go wrong; and then all his work, and all his life, will be ruined! Don't you see, Gregory?"

"It's Kildare you mean," said Lane, looking intently at her.

"He's always committing himself to the lost causes," she said. "And someday the ship will sink under him, and take him down with it!"

"I've got to find him," said Lane.

"I'll go along," she agreed.

CHAPTER XVII

BUT Mary Lamont and Doctor Lane found no trace of Kildare in the hospital. Noon came and there was no Kildare in Gillespie's office. Stephen Kildare came in at that time to say he had been a trifle worried about his son when he last saw him that morning.

"When did you see him?" asked Gillespie.

"About eight-thirty this morning," said old Kildare. "Isn't he back at the hospital?"

"There's no sign of him," said Gillespie. "What was he talking about when you saw him?"

"He asked for fifty dollars."

"For what?"

"I don't know."

"You mean, you didn't give it to him?"

"Oh, yes. I happened to have that much, so of course I gave it to him."

"Ha!" growled Gillespie. "You had the money so of course you gave it to him. . . . And then what?"

"He took a hot bath, a pony of brandy, a cup of coffee, and left at once."

"Without saying a word of where he was going?"

"No, doctor."

At seven that night there still was no Kildare. Gillespie telephoned to Carew.

"Will you come down to see me, or shall I come up to see you?" he asked.

"Is it important?"

"It's as important as the devil, to me."

"I'll come down," said Carew.

When he reached the office of Gillespie, the diagnostician was in a strange smiling humor but it was one that was familiar to Carew and he looked instantly askance at the great man.

"I hear that Henry Thornton is much better, Walter," he said, genially.

"Much, much better," said Carew.

"Then Lane's to be congratulated for his fine work, eh?"

"Not altogether Lane. Your man Kildare seems to have turned the trick last night."

"Not the young interne! Not the stupid young fool you were going to run out of the hospital, Walter!"

Carew said nothing. He seemed to see what was coming.

"As a matter of fact," said Gillespie, "I'm really astonished to hear what you have to say. The truth is that I thought you'd lived up to your word—I thought that you had run Kildare out of the hospital!"

"Nonsense, Leonard," said the head of the hospital. "You know perfectly well that I never would have taken final action without first warning you."

"Then why isn't he here?" roared Gillespie.

"Here? In this office?"

"Yes, or in the entire hospital. There's no sign of him! What did you do with him, Carew?"

"Nothing, Leonard. Not a thing. I did not dismiss him."

"What did you last say to him?"

"I don't remember the exact words."

"Damn the exact words. What was the intent? Did you leave him feeling that he was on a good basis with you and the hospital?"

"I'm afraid not. Leonard, I want you to consider the case of a mere interne who pretends to have used your name to authorize a dangerous operation; and who then without permission from the doctor in charge invades the room of a patient and seems on the verge of killing him with a treatment which is not even written down on the chart!"

"Do you think that every man in the world is a fool or a criminal unless he stands your height, has your weight, and fits your shoes? Are we going to have nothing in the world but Prussian disciplinarians like Walter Carew? Are you going to deny to young physicians the chance to use the brain and imagination that God gave them, so that you can lead them around by apron strings? Is that what you want?" thundered Gillespie.

"Every word you say is unfair," complained Carew.

"You've frightened Kildare out of this hospital, out of medicine, out of his chance to serve the world," declared Gillespie. "Go back and sit down with the thought. It will be a warm comfort for you. And remember all the time that you've remained inside your rights. By God, Carew, I call what you've done, intellectual murder!"

Carew did not stay to argue; he walked soundlessly from the office, a small and shrinking figure.

AT fifteen minutes before noon, on this Friday, a telephone call was put through to Gregory Lane. The voice of Kildare came none too clearly to him.

"Hai, Jimmy!" called Lane. "Where are you, fellow? There's been a regular manhunt and hell to pay, trying to find you. Where are you?"

"Authorize them to connect me with Thornton," said Kildare.

"The trouble is that Thornton is none too well," said Lane. "He was bright and fine for a number of hours after you treated him but then. . . ."

"This is long distance and I haven't much money. I don't care what his condition is. Put me through to him!"

They put Kildare through to Thornton. Lane, sweating with anxiety, hovered at the door of the room. Mary Lamont was inside it, listening. She held to the ear of Thornton the telephone receiver which his hands did not seem able to hold. Thin as a spider thread she heard the voice of Kildare coming over, saying: "Thornton, I'm here in Clerfayt and she's with me. Marian is with me and everything is all right."

"Marian? Where is she?" cried Thornton. His hand suddenly grasped the receiver and he sat up in the bed.

"She's here, in Clerfayt, but we're leaving right away. She's coming back to you, Thornton. We're coming back as fast as an airplane can take us. And she's going to stay with you forever. Do you

hear me? Can you understand me?" Jimmy asked.

"I hear you! I hear you!" exclaimed Thornton.

"Good-by, then—and be patient—she's a happy girl!" said the far away voice of Kildare, and his receiver clicked.

Thornton still held the instrument to his ear as though he were draining further happiness from it.

"He's made it for me," said Thornton, whispering, half to himself and half to Mary Lamont. "He's there with her, in time. And she'll be with me all the days of my life!"

CHAPTER XVIII

BUT Kildare was not with Marian Thornton in the town of Clerfayt. It doesn't take a crow long to fly from Denver to Clerfayt, but the automobile road is a winding nightmare that loops among the mountains like a tangled lariat and the bus in which Kildare was a passenger had broken down while it was still ten miles from the destination.

"I've got an hour to reach Clerfayt," he said to the saloonkeeper, "and I've got a dollar and fifteen cents to rent a horse. I know it's not enough."

"Sure it ain't," said the saloonkeeper. "Besides, I ain't got a horse. But there's a mule out there that's better than any horse in the mountains, and I might loan him to you, stranger."

That was how Kildare happened to ride a long-legged grey mule down the last ragged slope and into the town of Clerfayt. He was already a half hour late when he jumped down in front of the Clerfayt Hotel and hurried into the lobby. There were only three people in it, the clerk in shirt-sleeves behind the desk, a big, brown-faced man and a pretty woman who sat beside him. They got up and started for the door as Kildare came in.

"You're Marian Thornton?" said Kildare.

She stopped and looked quickly up at the big fellow.

"You see, Jerry?" she said.

"Why didn't he come himself?" asked Jerry.

"Why did he have to send a messenger?"

"Because he's in a hospital," said Kildare. "I got here by plane and bus and mule-back; and I see that I'm barely in time . . . Will you talk to me alone for a few moments?"

"I'll wait outside," said Jerry.

Kildare sat in a corner with the girl. She was less pretty at close range than from a distance, but there was a wealth of cheerful color in her face. She asked no questions at all, but waited for information. Kildare liked that, and the way she sat straight up.

He said: "I'm a doctor. My name is Kildare. Thornton is an accident case who was brought into the emergency room. We had to operate for fracture. He wouldn't accept the operation. He said he had a date line to meet. Friday—noon. He wanted to walk out. But he fainted before he could leave."

She put up a hand to her face. He pitied the pain in it.

"We operated anyway. A very brilliant surgeon—Gregory Lane—and the operation was a success, but when Thornton found out that he was under restraint, and couldn't get out here to meet that date line—it was too much for his nerves."

He paused there.

"You mean—his mind?" she asked.

"Yes," said Kildare.

She closed her eyes. He said nothing.

"He *did* want me," she said, at last.

"For five years," said Kildare.

"If I go to him, do you think I can be the least help?" she asked.

"I think you can," said Kildare.

"But you're not sure?"

"No."

She turned and looked out the window. A pine tree grew across the road from the hotel, but the immense bulk of it almost filled the window. Every bough was big enough to make a respectable tree in Connecticut.

After a time she said: "I'll get my things together. Do you know the quickest way to reach him?"

"Wait a minute," said Kildare. "Do you know what may lie ahead of you?"

"No. But I can guess," she answered.

"Have you ever seen anything of the sort?"

"Yes, I've seen it. But it's better to fill your life with pain than with emptiness."

"You've got more than emptiness. That big Jerry, yonder, wants to marry you."

She looked at Kildare, a little surprised. There was a great stillness about her and a suggestion of strength as ample as a Western horizon.

"I suppose," said Kildare, "that that was the reason for the date line. You'd give Thornton his chance to reach for you, if he cared to. If not, there'd be Jerry."

"He seemed to think that I'd be worth something to him. So I didn't have a right to deny him, you see, because I'm worth nothing to myself. But then I wondered if Henry might remember me and want me, after all. So I wrote. I hoped, in a vague sort of way, that he might forgive me."

"He thinks that he's the one who needs forgiveness."

"Because he was a bit of a sinner?"

She closed her eyes suddenly and bit her lip.

"Steady," said Kildare.

"I won't cry," she said. "But when I think of the five years I threw away . . ."

"I know," said Kildare.

"Is there any ghost of a chance that he might be himself again—just dimly—just now and then?" she asked.

Kildare took her hand.

"I've been a swine," he said, "but I wanted to find out what you are. Now I know. The fact is that there are nineteen chances out of twenty that he'll be perfect, after a little treatment and a good deal of you."

She held hard to his hand.

"Whether you want me to or not," she said, "I'm going to believe every word."

CHAPTER XIX

IT was late on Saturday when Nurse Parker broke sharply in on Dr. Gillespie.

He said angrily: "What are you at me about now, Parker? I'm seeing no patients this morning."

"Doctor Kildare has just come back—he's here—he's right in the hospital!" exclaimed Nurse Parker.

"What are you talking about?" said Gillespie. "Kildare? Who said he was back?"

"I saw him! I saw him with my own eyes!"

"You did?" Gillespie pushed himself up in his chair. "What excuse does the young fool give for playing hooky? What does he—I'm going to give him the dressing down of his life! Discipline? Carew? Before I'm through with him, I'll make him think he never heard of discipline before! Next patient!"

GREGORY LANE, coming out of Room 412, met Kildare coming down the corridor with a handsome, open-faced girl of twenty-six or seven, a sun-browned young woman who carried her head high and looked the world straight in the eye.

Kildare said: "This is the doctor I told you about . . . This is Mrs. Thornton, Dr. Lane."

She gave Lane's hand a strong, lingering pressure. She said, gravely: "Doctor Kildare has told me what you did. I don't try to thank you, Doctor. I'll *never* try! . . . But—may I see Henry now?"

"You understand his condition?" asked Lane, anxiously.

"She knows," said Kildare, "but he's much better than he was, isn't he?"

Lane stared at him. "Much, much better," he said.

There was a quick whispering of skirts down the hall. Mary Lamont was hurrying toward them.

"If you'll be very quiet, Mrs. Thornton," said Lane, "I'll take you in to him."

"May I make a suggestion?" asked Kildare. "May she go in to him alone?"

Lane, studying him, suddenly smiled. "I've an idea that you know this case better than I do," he said. "If *you* think it's right—certainly, Mrs. Thornton! You may go in alone."

She touched the arm of Kildare. "Thank you, Jimmy," she said, and went softly into the room.

The two doctors stood with Mary Lamont at the door, which was slightly ajar.

"Jimmy—Jimmy—Jimmy!" whispered the girl and held out her hand as though she wanted to touch him and make sure he was there.

Lane looked at her curiously, steadily.

THE voice of the sick man in Room 412 was saying: "Closed in the wrong day—and I've got to get out—out of the wrong day—"

It was like someone talking in a dream.

They heard the voice of Marian Thornton, not the words but the music of it; and then Thornton himself speaking more loudly her name in a clear voice with all the sleepy, obscure drawl gone from it.

Kildare soundlessly shut the door.

"I'm guessing at it," said Lane. "It was insulin! You sneaked up here and used insulin shock! How

did you dare to do it, man? How did you dare to bring him that close to dying?"

"But he's going to be cured," said Kildare. "And half the treatment is in there with him now. He waited five years for her but she's worth all the pain."

Lane looked at Mary Lamont gravely, but still strangely without pain. "I think there ought to be a little celebration for this. Here are the tickets to that show we were taking in tonight, Mary. You'll enjoy it more with Kildare."

"I can't do that," said Kildare.

Mary Lamont, watching Lane, said nothing at all, and out of her silence a quiet grew that embraced them all.

"I saw you, just now, when you met Kildare," said Lane. "You'd never have an eye like that for me in a thousand years. And I'm the sort of a fool that has to be head man, not second best . . . You two will find a way to be happy. Let me know when I can congratulate you."

He turned his back and then walked off.

"Call him back!" urged Kildare.

She shook her head.

"You're being a fool!" he said. "You'll never find better as long as you live!"

"I know," she agreed. "You and I are both fools. Maybe that's why we need one another."

IN the office of Gillespie, Kildare found his father in excited conversation with the great man.

"I thought she was going to die," said Stephen Kildare. "It was almost a complete collapse. What had caused it? I couldn't guess. There was nothing at all dangerous. Only a diet low in salt. She begged to have some of her infernal brew of herbs. I had some stewed up to quiet her. I even tasted the stuff . . . and suddenly I understood what it was that had been helping her in that witches' brew. The herbs had been packed in thick layers of salt to preserve them. It was a highly saline solution that she was drinking—and the salt. . . ."

"Was what she needed!" exclaimed Gillespie.

"Of course, it was. You and I have missed it completely. All our years of experience and our laboratories hadn't helped her as much as her homemade tea, because what troubled her is. . . ."

"Addison's Disease!" the two old men cried in one voice.

"A pair of old fools," said Gillespie. "And yet there was no pigmentation of the exposed areas of the skin. . . ."

"A borderline case, in fact."

"Now we can make her live twenty years, I hope."

"I hope so—I think so. Jimmy, that two dollars you're holding—give it to charity. We've just proved that instinct and a bit of luck sometimes can beat all the doctors there are."

"Young Doctor Kildare," said Gillespie, "I hear that you've brought home the bacon again. Otherwise I'd have given you the devil . . . What did you use on him? Insulin?"

"Insulin—and a sort of prayer," said Kildare. "And luckily there wasn't even a special in the room all night to bother me."

"Oh, the special nurse disappeared, did she?"

"Yes, sir."

"She couldn't have been called away, could she?" asked Gillespie.

"Ah, did you do that?" demanded Kildare.

"I can tell a crime when it first begins to swim into the eye of the criminal, like a fish up to the surface of a pond. I knew you'd need to be alone."

"IT'S as though a tidal wave had gone over me, and now I'm back in the air, breathing and blinking again," said Kildare to Mary Lamont that night. "And are you *sure* that you're right, being here with me?"

"Five years—" said the girl. "Poor Henry Thornton waited five years—so why should I complain if I have to wait a while for Jimmy Kildare? I've turned into an old-fashioned girl."

"You won't feel that way about it tomorrow. There doesn't seem to be the least glimmer of a prospect ahead of us."

"There is, though," said the girl. "There's hope, you know."

"Yes," said Kildare. "There's a bit of that, of course."

"And there's the sense of coming back to you, and it's like coming home."

"That's it. And that's something," said Kildare. "We don't have to add up what we have and see what it amounts to."

"Of course, we don't, and we always have everything that lies between good morning and good night."

HE

Camera

SPEAKS

Sincerest form of flattery, as practiced by Sandra Shaw Cooper — accompanying husband Gary to Arizona for location scenes of Samuel Goldwyn's "The Westerner"—is to copy the suede jacket Gary himself wears in the title role

Columbia

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



FEMMES EXQUISES

*Four synonyms for fem-
inine beauty—accenting four
subtle shades of meaning*

ÉLÉGANTE—Madeleine Carroll (far left) . . . whose classic fairness typifies her native England . . . whose chic reveals her French heritage . . . whose varied talents fit both Paramount's "Safari" — and Small's "My Son, My Son"

GAMINE — Patricia Morison (left) . . . whose youthful sparkle won Broadway in one operetta . . . whose honesty bespeaks her Scotch-Irish-and-American background . . . whose role in "Untamed" marks only her fourth picture

CHARMEUSE—Marilyn Merrick (at right) . . . whose charm's All-American—Texas-born, schooled in New Jersey, discovered in a Los Angeles dramatic class . . . whose first featured role for Warners is in "We Shall Meet Again"

EXOTIQUE—Dolores Del Rio . . . whose dark loveliness is one of the legends of Hollywood . . . whose patrician perfection shows her Spanish lineage (via Mexico) . . . whose first film in too long is M-G-M's "Man from Dakota"





Double play at the "Gone with the Wind" opening! Ginger Rogers not only enters the theater on the arm of Walter Plunkett who created "Scarlett O'Hara's" own première ensemble, as well as the costumes for the picture—but she also wears a very smart tunic gown of palest blue and silver lamé, exactly matched by the turban which serves to conceal her currently dark hair. Her wrap is silver fox



Most girls would think it quite enough to make their entrance with Tyrone Power (let alone wearing his wedding ring!), but Annabella seeks still further honors with her basque-waisted, full-skirted frock of brocaded satin damask under a white jacket whose extended shoulders are practically guaranteed to make the tiniest, most feminine star look even more fragile

BATTLE OF *fashion*

*There's nothing so potent as
a big social event in Holly-
wood to bring out the style
queens, vying with each other
for that "best dressed" title*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



in fuchsia and white: Vivien
wears an ermine coat over sequin-
soufflé with its matching veil
on bag; note that on the latter
Laurence Olivier's orchids
orange effect fated for popularity

Fine feathers make a fine showing among the many
opulent furs and gorgeous fabrics at the Carhay
Circle, as Mrs. Gary Cooper proves with a brief,
shaggy ostrich jacket. Her blazing diamond ear-
rings strike an elegant note, too—though Gary's
face hardly looks TOO formal from this angle!

Margaret Sullavan, arriving with her husband,
Leland Hayward, might have stepped right out
of the family album in her broadcloth coat,
with its quaint elbow capelet and baby pillow
muff—all banded with sealskin, that fur so
dear to the hearts of our grandmothers' day

antly, Cesar Romero helps Joan
ford adjust the hood of her
wrap over her snood. The dress
rath is of flowing white crepe,
hy belted with heavy embroidery
old beads to match the neckline

Surprise? Another sweeping ermine wrap,
this one—not unlike Vivien's—belonging
to Norma Shearer (who almost played the
famous "Miss O'Hara")! She is wearing a
Directoire model of appliquéd satin. Her
"Rhett Butler" is George Raft, of course

Lana Turner flaunts a lynx
coat which is very nearly
as stunning as her tricky
feather bird. The latter's
an anchor for the hood of
Lana's Gladys Parker gown

It's Clark ("Rhett Butler") Gable's
big night, and wife Carole Lombard
does him proud in a classic gown and
wrap of stippled gold. With this she
wears a minimum of jewelry, topping
tiny earrings with a chic up hair-do



the return of her first husband, Fred MacMurray, momentarily forgetting that after his "death" she married Melvyn Douglas (watching with director Wesley Ruggles, writer Claude Binyon)



TOO MANY HUSBANDS -

They don't look so worried here, but before the film's over, Jean has to decide which of her two husbands she'll have for keeps—Melvyn or Fred!



"It was so lonely here—after you drowned!" Jean tries to explain to Fred just how she happened to wed Melvyn, his best friend and business partner—and the battle's

What's this? Bigamy a new trend? It looks that way—with two gay new movies both featuring marriage for three

and



"Faint heart never won fair lady"—but Jean doesn't blame Melvyn for fainting (as rehearsed here) when she breaks the news her first husband's still alive

Jean's papa (Harry Davenport) helps her to revive his second son-in-law to the cold realities of life

Bearded from his long exile, Fred executes a barber shop bolero at the prospect of seeing "his" wife — unaware that she is Melvyn's now! Who wins? That's a surprise

TOO MANY WIVES

RKO reverses the situation in "My Favorite Wife," with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant—

—for Cary finds himself with just one wife too many, when his honeymoon with—

—Gail Patrick is interrupted (to express it mildly) by Irene's return from supposed death





George Brent wasn't all that strong at the time, but that he is today but you never guess it from an early film with Ruth Chatterton (the one with the bear)

You hear of "bear hugs," but do you remember this "bear kiss"? The twelve-year-old note with it says that Dolores Del Rio "received a greater thrill in this movie kiss than any she received heretofore"

PHOTOS THEY'D LIKE

Aha! With the aid of her trusty binoculars, a 1924 bathing beauty spots a homemade sheik. Wonder what Jack Holt and Norma Shearer think of this sample of precandid-camera art now?





Something to kick about, looking back! Football fever got all the little starlets in those days, just as inevitably as autumn rolled around. The Paramount entrants for 1928 All-American honors turn out to be Jean Arthur and Nancy Carroll



FORGET

*sweet are the uses of public-
y—but we've an idea that,
oday, the stars wish they'd
ever posed for these stills!*

rea! Nowadays the popu-
ung can walk right out,
e't like an assignment, but
o a time she couldn't even
bit of javelin-throwing!



Oh, Nora, what BIG muscles you have! The better to sock Nick, eh? But we have a feeling Myrna Loy would rather drown than wear that bathing cap again

No nudes wasn't good news in Hollywood's age of innocence, as George O'Brien—and his "Vanishing American"—picture—testify. (Pardon the puns, but these gags of yesteryear have got us doing it, too!)

Richard Greene, waiting with interest as Zorina gets her "costume" adjusted for a flying leap-and-kiss in "I Was an Adventuress," forgets there's many a slip. . . .



WE COVER THE STUDIO

Villains play with toys, heroes go to jail, directors act impassioned love scenes—that's Hollywood for you, "business going on as usual"

BY JACK WADE

"H—to be in Hollywood, now that spring is here!"

Excuse, please, the slight misquotation and those heavy sighs. It's all Deanna Durbin's fault. We just saw her, and we say spring ought to be here! Yes sir, burgeoning and budding!

After all, fifty young puppy lovers, lying side by side on the grass and gazing up at fleecy

clouds, can't be wrong, calendar or no calendar. That's the sentimental sight that greets us on the outdoor set of Universal's "It's a Date." We almost trip over Deanna, in blue slacks, stretched out on a blanket, her head couched tenderly on the stomach of dark, good-looking Lewis Howard. As far as we can see, pretty teen-age extra boys and girls are doing the same with interesting variations. The sudden field of mass mugging and *al fresco* woo startles us. "Hey!" we shout to Director Bill Seiter. "Is all this strictly nice?"

"Not if you stay in the scene!" he retorts, so we move in behind the camera.

In "It's a Date," Deanna plays the daughter of a famous actress. She happens to compete with her mama, Kay Francis, for a big stage part on Broadway. Around that and handsome Walter Pidgeon's love-making, Universal has whipped up a clever Durbin standard-situation script, pitting Kay and Deanna against each other, mostly for laughs, with, of course, some melodies thrown in.

It's nice to see Deanna getting so grown up,

with twenty-eight *tres chic* gowns (one costing \$1500), a sophisticated make-up, and coiffure. Just as it's nice to see Kay Francis, greyish streaks in her hair, acting her age and playing a mother role—and saying she loves the maternal touch!

As we watch, Deanna is shifting her head around on Lewis' midriff for the right camera angle. And Lewis is ticklish! Every now and then he bounces to his feet shaking with the funnies. He's a little skittish, too, because in a minute he has to kiss Deanna, and he's never done that before—on the screen, or anywhere else.

This isn't the most romantic setting in the world, we'd say. The picture starts off in one of those New England summer stock groups. Winfield Sheehan's Hidden Valley ranch was as good as the Universal location man could do about that, so the background for young love is a big red barn looming behind and lazy cows, horses, ducks and chickens wandering through the lanes of lazy lovers. That's atmosphere for you, and we do mean atmosphere!



little enough feminine interest in "Dance with the Girl-Boys," but Dottie Lamour provides it, making up for a lot



Gaelic tempers and Gaelic humor both get a workout on the set of "Three Cheers for the Irish," with Thomas Mitchell, Dennis Morgan, Priscilla Lane in the cast



two-timing baby Eddie Cantor sings to in "Forty Little Girls," but she can't fool Eddie when it comes to teething!



What with being ticklish, and Director Bill Seiter looking on, and all, Deanna Durbin and Lewis Howard have trouble getting that spring mood in "It's a Date"

Anyway, Deanna, Lewis and the hundred extra love bugs rise above it and the cameras roll. We have to admit it's a touching sight, as Deanna and Lewis confide their dreams to the blue sky, a microphone and collected onlookers. Then Lewis decides on the kiss. But just as Lew touches Deanna's ruby lips, there's a shattering "M-o-o-o-o-o!" and Lew leaps up as if he'd been bored by a wasp. We would swear that cow winked.

That reminds us, incidentally, of the kiss trouble Richard Greene is having at Twentieth Century-Fox one day when we find that beautiful young man's fancy lightly turning to thoughts of love with the svelte Zorina in "I Was An Adventuress."

Zorina, the script says, is in cahoots with international jewel slickers Eric von Stroheim and Peter Lorre, on the Riviera. Then comes wealthy, young, upstanding Britisher Dick Greene; comes love; comes Zorina's desire to ditch her past and be an honest woman. But evil Eric shakes his shaved head. You can take him from there.

Dick and Zorina are taking it from the point where the grand passion gets going in a lavish bit of Riviera hotel bedroom set. It's some set, too. Full length mirrors line the floors, walls

and ceilings. Silks and satins drape over everything, including Director Gregory Ratoff and his cigar. Twin satin-covered beds snuggle together. Dick's in one of them, pretty cute in blue silk pajamas. Zorina wears a satin shirt and black ballet trunks which don't exactly hide her famous *gams*. All in all, the setting's on the sexy side—as it's meant to be.

Because the next thing Zorina does is a running dive at Dick in his satin beddy-bye, and they melt in a long, lingering kiss. They'd be arrested if they did it in public, but Director Ratoff thinks it's much too tame. And what Ratoff thinks, he says—out loud and with gestures. Now he shoves Zorina aside and leaps on the bed beside the terrified Richard.

"You loaf heem!" cried Ratoff to Zorina. "You keez heem! So—" And he grabs Dick with a body slam and bestows a resounding smack!

Zorina yells with laughter. She thinks it's very funny, and promises to deliver as enthusiastically next time. But Dick gasps and sputters angrily. "I'll kiss Zorina for nothing," he states. "But if I have to kiss you any more, Gregory, my salary doubles!"

Far be it from us to hand out directing ideas to the Great Ratoff, but we can't help recalling a possibly less painful cure for listless lolligog-

ging which we hear Wesley Ruggles propose the day we visit the "Too Many Husbands" set at Columbia.

Of course, when a Somerset Maugham character like the one Jean Arthur plays (who finds herself with two husbands on her hands, a returned long-lost spouse and his best friend she has married meanwhile), she has to know a thing or two about the gentle art of osculation. We've never heard any complaints about Jean in that branch of cinema endeavor. Nor are there any current kicks about Fred MacMurray, either, come to think of it. Just the same, Fred carries around an inferiority complex about his camera kissing, and inferiority complexes take an awful beating around Ruggles. The other day Wes smuggled Fred's wife on the set to watch him make love. We knew Fred had vetoed it—so he hired Mrs. M. as an extra!

This day when we arrive to scan the startling mix-ups of "Too Many Husbands," Jean and Fred are snuggled up together in a sawed-off automobile. Where the hood and engine normally are, a camera crew levels down on the stars in the back seat. Where the wheels normally spin along the pavement, property men and grips are heave-hoing on wooden planks to

(Continued on page 86)



Sh! A gambler enters the quiet rummy sessions in the old brownstone house



Remember Fanto, the fantastic poodle who was always stealing the show from his just as fantastic master, the Great Boldini (played here by Felix Bressart)?



Sarah Jane electrifies—to put it mildly!—that staid boardinghouse atmosphere



Sarah Jane goes "Gay Nineties," aided and abetted by Grasselli (Humphrey Bogart)



Stars of the love story—Tommy (Jeffrey Lynn) and Sarah Jane (Ann Sheridan), children of Maggie and Bridget—who dreamed it all true, to her surprise!



Miss Flint comes to life—with all her fears and flutters—in ZaSu Pitts

IT ALL CAME TRUE

Photoplay's March Movie Book comes brilliantly to life in Warners' romantic production of the Louis Bromfield novel that we brought you last month

Bridget (Jessie Busley) and her boarders—Mr. Van Diver (Brandon Tynan), René Salmon (Grant Mitchell), and Miss Flint—see their old home transformed into a night club



PHOTOPLAY

fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor

Assisted by: Frances Hughes,
June Smith, Peggy Sweet

A fresh and spirited fashion song is echoed on our opening page by Bette Davis, distinguished star of Warner Brothers' "All This, and Heaven, Too," whose newest spring costume is previewed for you. A trim dressmaker suit of navy rayon* faille conceals a white button-on crocheted lace blouse 'neath its rib-hugging jacket. Striking harmonious chords in the medley of fashion are Lilly Daché's veiled crisp piqué question-mark hat, LaValle's white doe-skin shirred-cuff shorties and navy gabardine pouch bag. Pattullo suit from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills.

*Enka



Wellbourne



Everitt-Buelow, Houston;
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis;
B. Forman, Rochester, N. Y.



Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago

Ellen Drew, of Paramount's "French without Tears," models a Junior Guild suit (above). Snowy white piqué fashions the blouse . . . navy Twill Brook,* the jacket and pleated skirt. Around \$25. Little spools of cotton run riot over her mustard print crepe frock (at right) and huddle on the pocket of her mustard Twill Brook* coat. Around \$25. Sketched, top right—a voluminous-sleeved, Gauch-inspired blouse of crinkly chiffon tucks into a youthful suspender skirt of novelty crepe (both are woven with Celanese rayon). Candy colors—around \$18

*Crown Tested rayon and wool

At the left, Muriel Angelus, of Paramount's "Safari," wears a Margie Joy jacket-dress of navy faille (Cohama's Lluana) with pink cuffs. Around \$20. Below, her six-pocketed blouse of navy rayon (Duplan's Young Glory) is teamed with a red and white polka dot skirt and a red kidskin belt. Around \$12.95. Sketched, below—a navy bolero-suit of Botany's Crispette, with red and white polka dot blouse, white piqué revers and red ribbon girdle. Around \$29.75

Prices quoted on these two pages vary in different sections of the country

Richee



Russeks Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; Cricket West, Kansas City

Arnold Constable, N. Y.; Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis; Mandel Brothers, Chicago

The May Co., Cleveland

SPRING

Check-Up

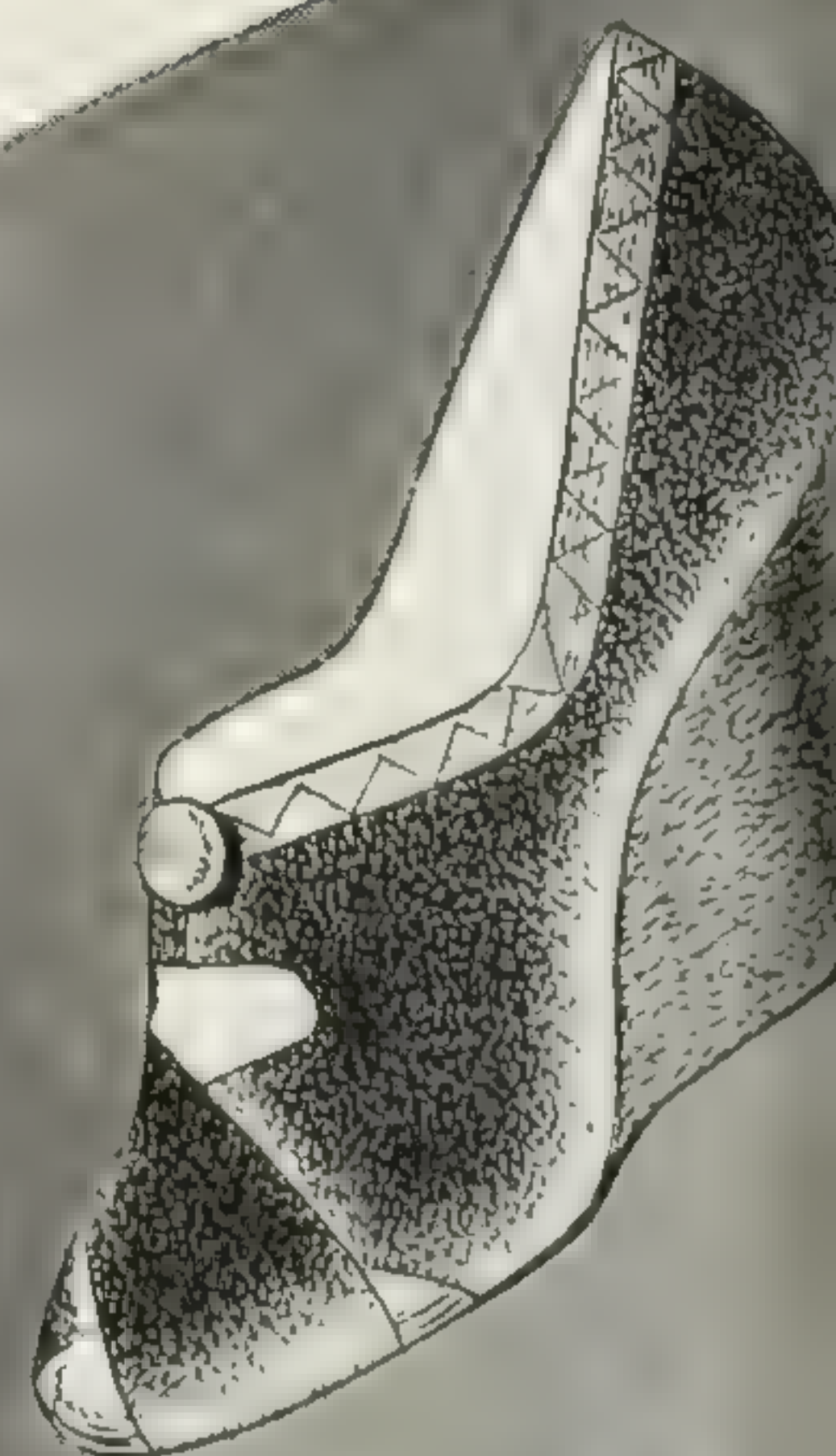
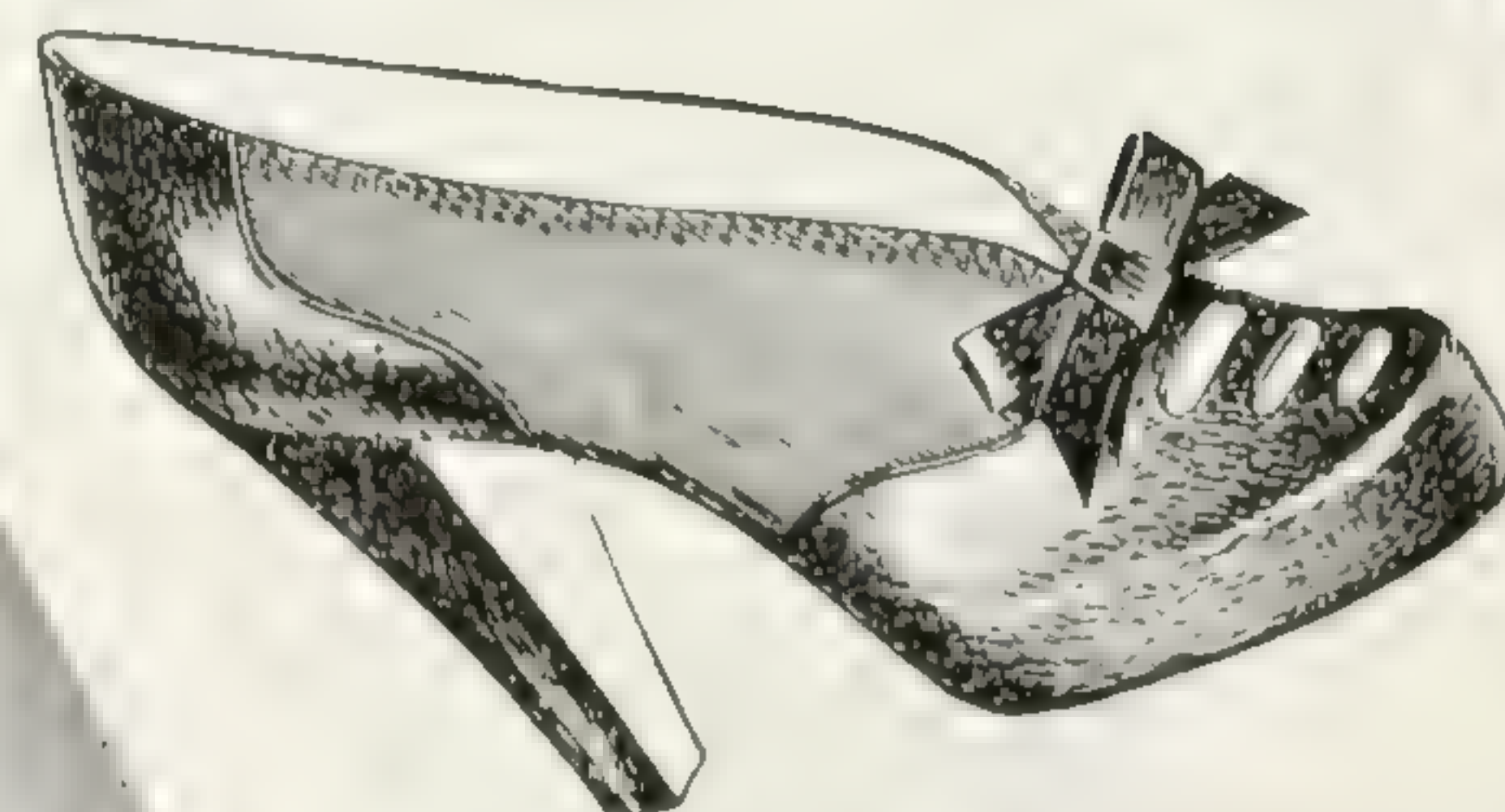
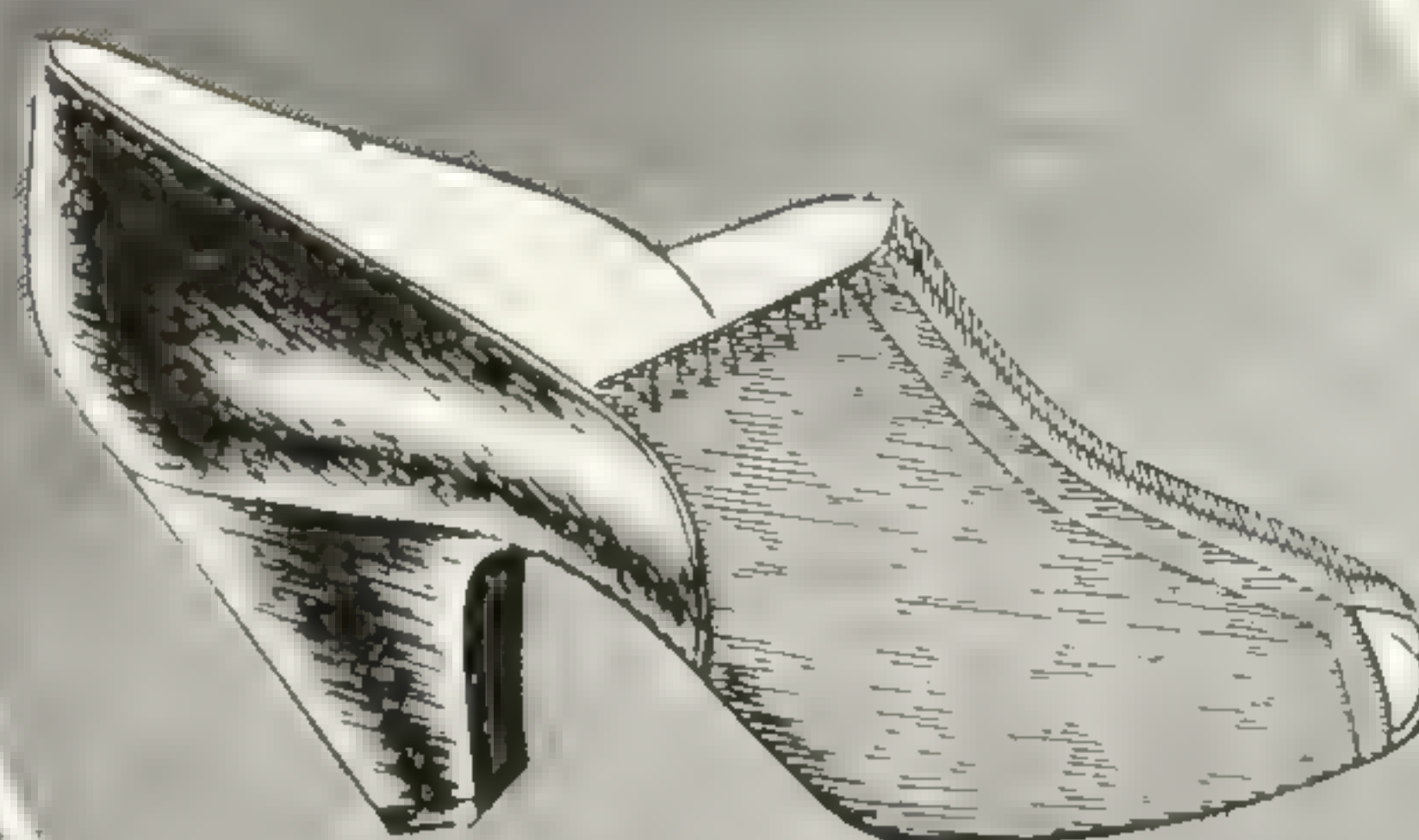
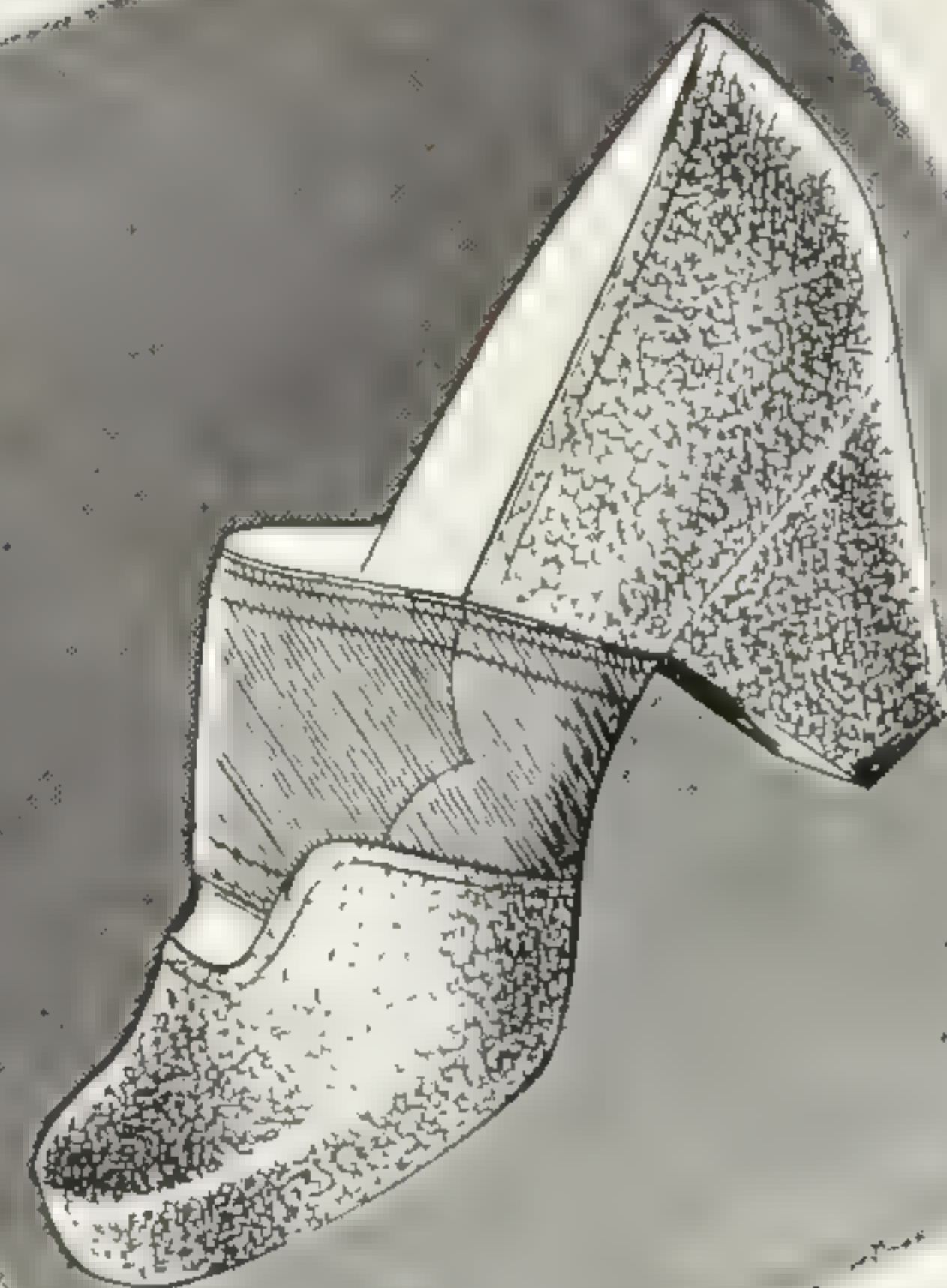


Check this Shepherd-checked jacket dress of rayon ratiné because it leads a double life. The bow-necked shirtrock with pleated skirt comes out from under holding its own—team the jacket with a black frock or skirt. Arklane. \$25. Russeks, N. Y.; Conrad's, Boston; Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis. Piqué sailor, \$7.50



Individualize a navy costume with Leo Glass' patriotic flag-wreathed rooster pin—around \$2; and this navy calf bag that waves a brave red tassel—there's over a foot and a half of it to carry upright. Around \$19

Dramatize any new spring frock with Leo Glass' giant white lotus blossom ensemble—jeweled centers sprout from braided cords. Necklace, \$5; bracelet, \$2



1. Perforated patent leather step-in pump with cutouts. Around \$6. Tarsal Tread
2. "Mikado"—a maracain sabot in navy with walled last, keg heel and elasticized gabardine strap. Around \$8. Grayflex
3. Neatly-stitched bow-trimmed patent suit pump of black patent leather and ombre-striped elasticized grey gabardine—walled last. Around \$7. Milius
4. "Anna" featured here in black gabardine-Lastex, a peep-toe step-in, with patent peg heel and quarter. Around \$8. Rhythm Step

5. Elasticized faille and patent cross-over vamp, cutout step-in with open toe. Around \$6. Velvet Step
6. Elasticized black gabardine bow-pump with calf vamp, heel and trim on walled last. Around \$4. Jolene
7. High-wedge step-in of Balenciaga tan suède—matching calf heel. Around \$19. Palter DeLiso's big fashion news!

For the name of the shop in your vicinity that carries the items shown here write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. These prices vary slightly in different sections of the country.



Check these for their suit-ability—
(above) Dobb's white toyo baby sailor
with black band, around \$10. La-
Valle's black patent bag and white
doeskin gloves, fashionably linked by
Toga snakeskin trimmings. Bag around
\$10.50, gloves around \$6. For La-
Valle's shoes to match, see sketch
number ten

Peanut Butter is the smart new color:
Here it is (left above) in Knox's Milan
braid postilion, around \$15; Harry
Rosenfeld's pin-point patent bag,
around \$13; Merry Hull's new doe-
skin fingernail gloves, cut longer at the
finger tips, around \$6



8. Square-heeled T-strap sandal of blue calf laced with white kid. Around \$11. Rice O'Neil
9. Walled last spat-shoe, turttan calf with brown elasticized gabardine spat, brass buckles. Around \$11. Matrix
10. Perforated patent pump with airy lattice-stripped vamp and bow of Toga snakeskin. Around \$15. La-Valle
11. Alligator-calf pump with cut-outs and peep-toes. Around \$4. Paris Fashion

12. High-wedge step-in, milk chocolate brown calf with beige elasticized linen. Around \$11. DeLiso-Debs
13. Town sandal of black patent leather with lattice cutouts. Around \$6. Heel Latch
14. Beige alligator-calf "Hoolygan Kicks" with moccasin vamp, sport lacings, and Dutch Boy heels. Around \$7. Paramount
15. Afternoon peep-toe pump—gabardine with patent leather piping and bow. Around \$8. Paradise

Double check this Shepherd-checked suit—a two-timer in the smart woman's wardrobe—with twin Rancho skirts; one matching the jacket, one in black wool. Passarelli, N. Y.; Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit. Piqué sailor, \$7.50

Patterned for

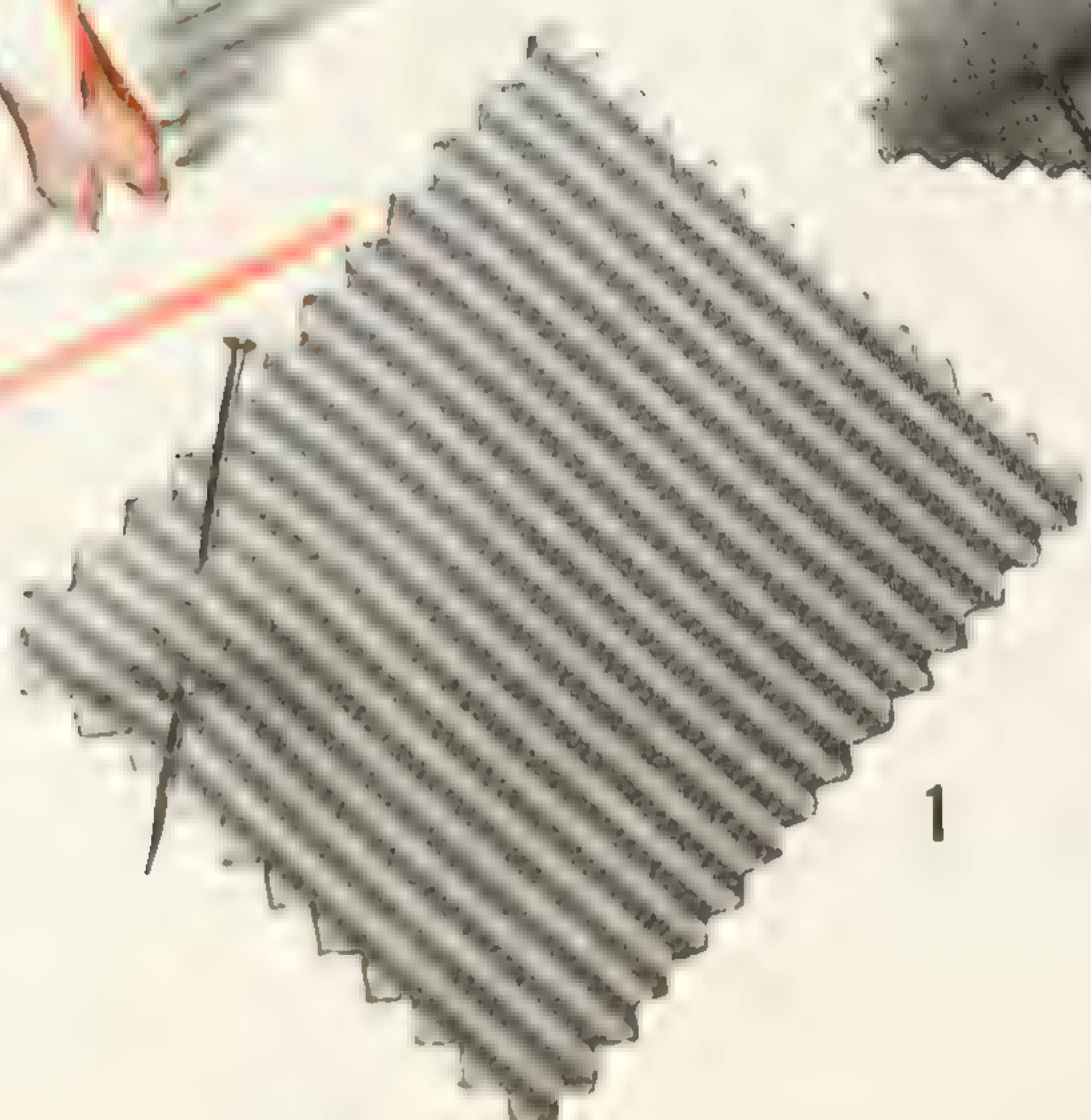
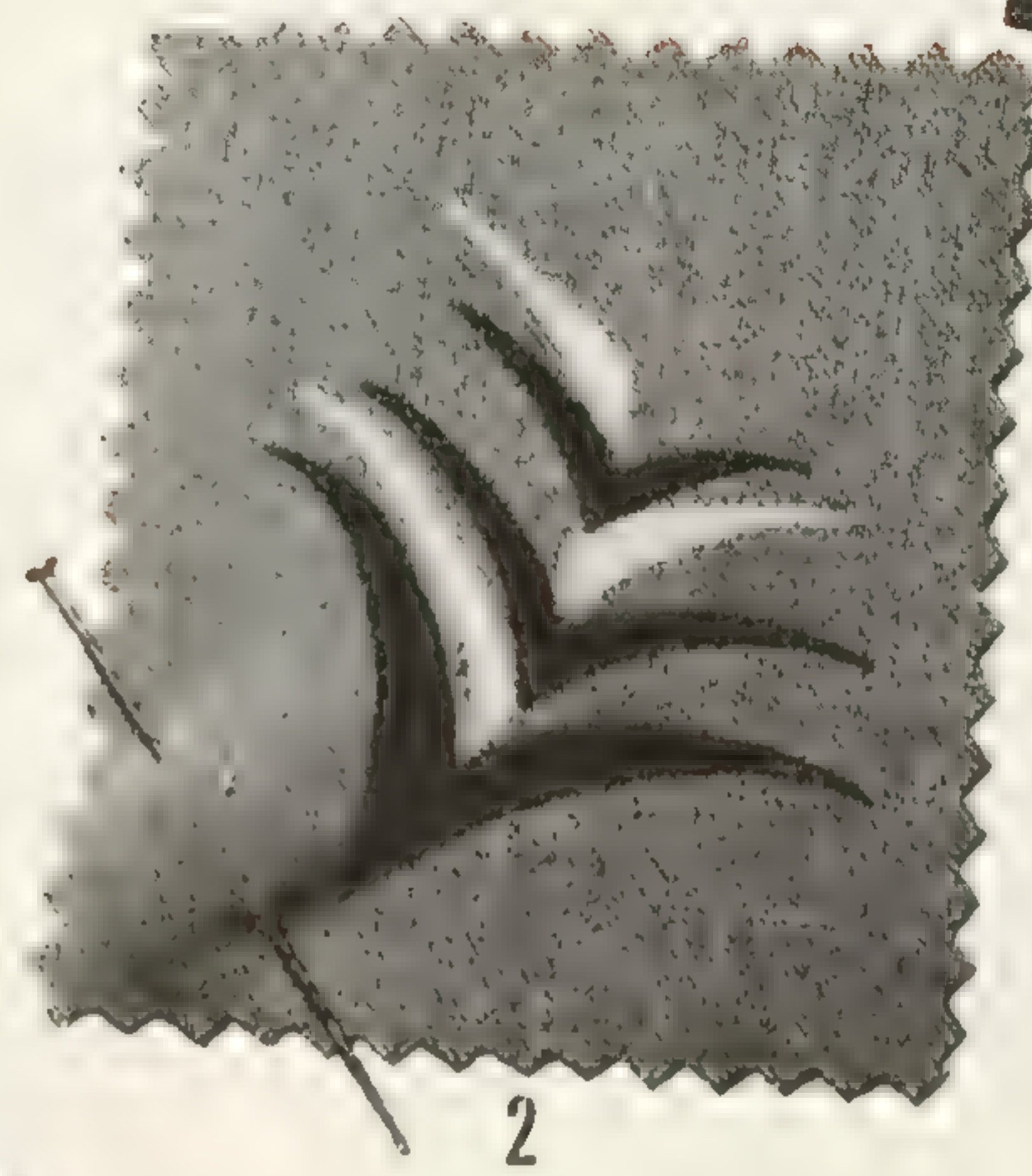
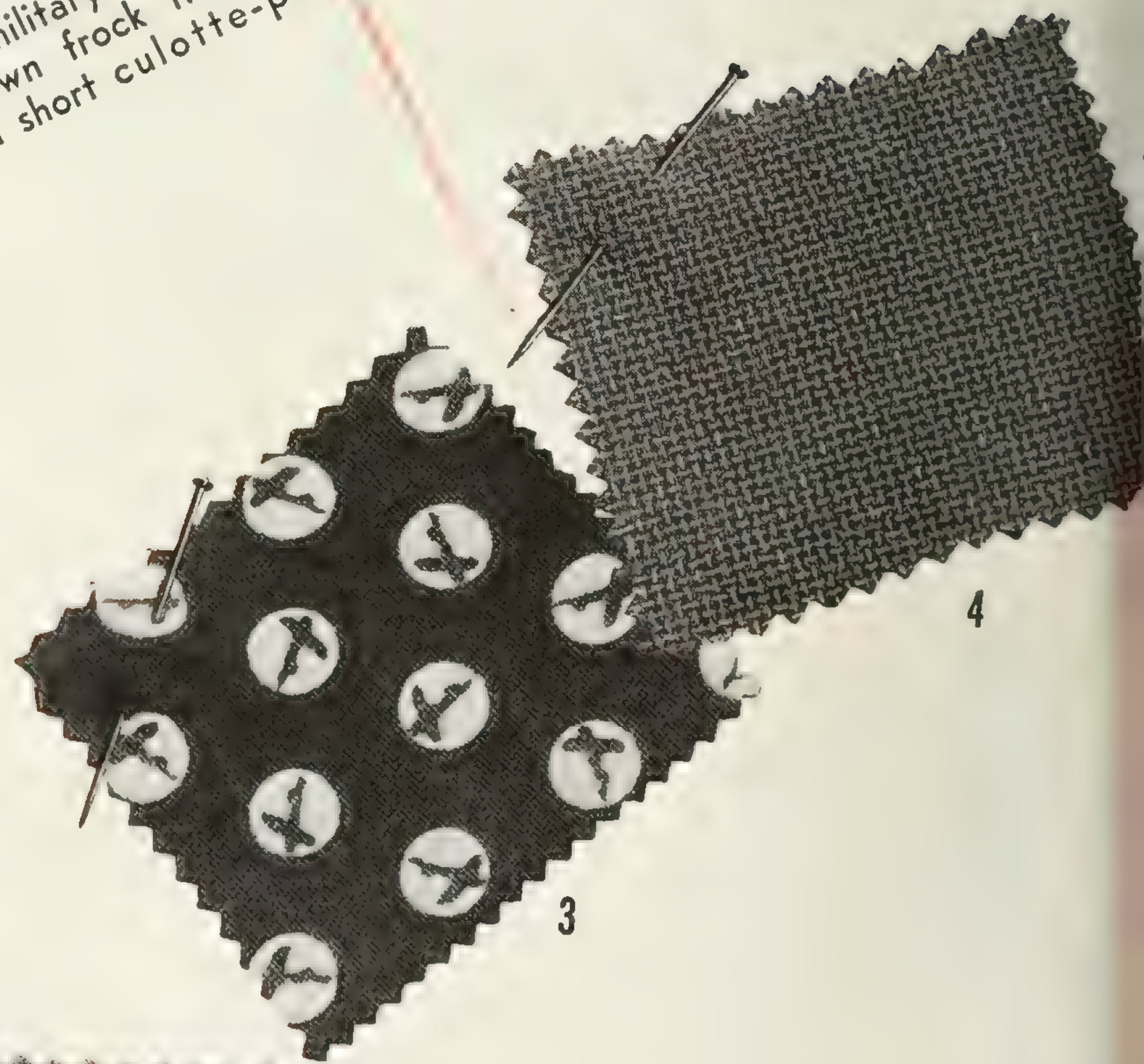
"Stress pockets on all your clothes—select navy, beige or grey for a costume—spice your wardrobe with color and make it gay with novelty fabrics," says Howard Shoup, currently creating clothes for Warners' "It All Came True." You'll find pockets in these designs, colorful novelty in these fabrics—to guide you when you sew or make plans with your dressmaker! The PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS (which will be a monthly feature in these pages) and the new spring fabrics, illustrated here, are available at leading stores throughout the country

3660. Outsize knapsack pockets with saddle-stitched flaps lend a military touch to a two-piece town frock that also features a short culotte-pleated skirt

3651. Jaunty patch pockets on the hips add dash to a composed suit which has a pert, plaid, collarless cardigan jacket and a plain, culotte-pleated skirt

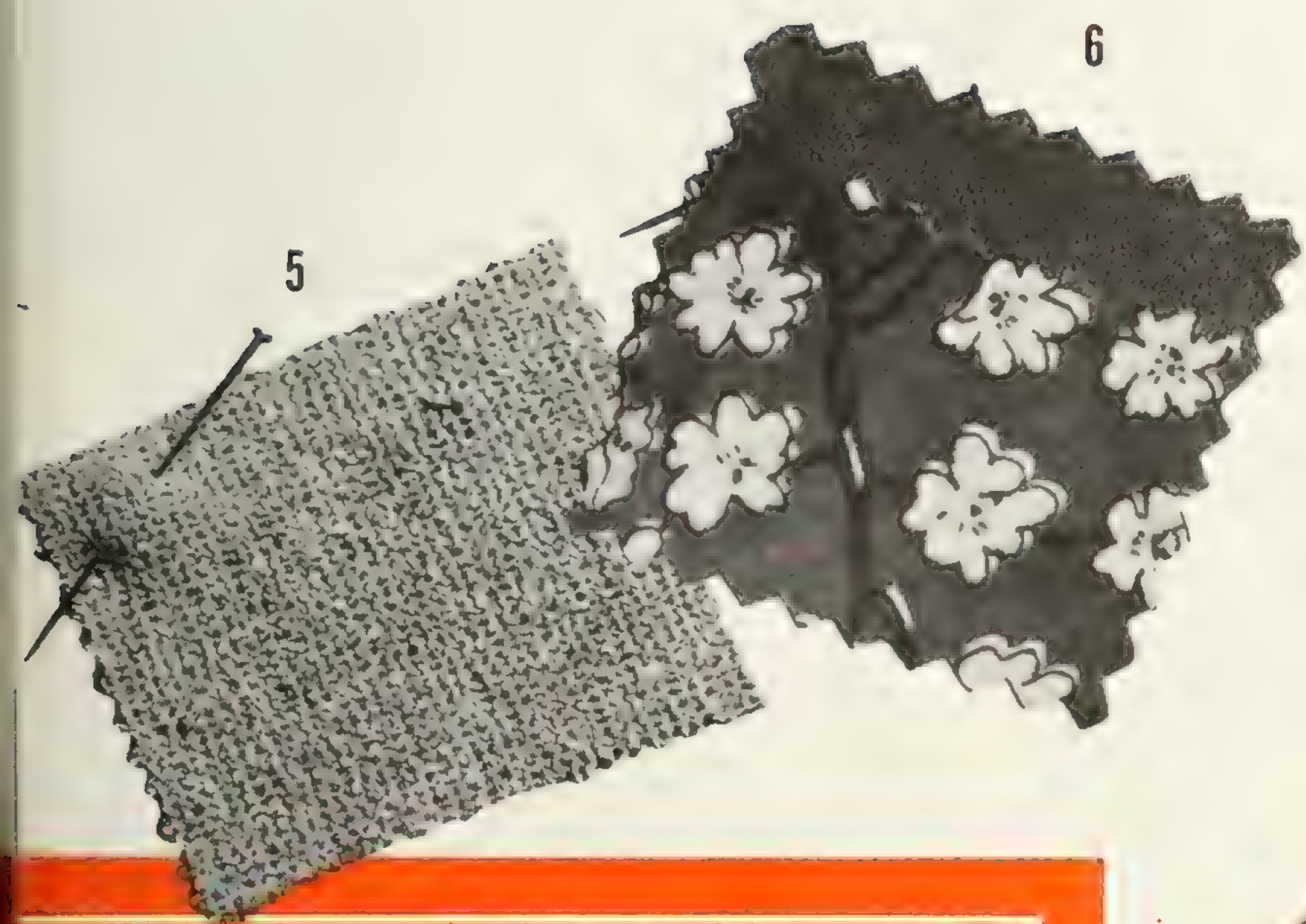
In your search for spring fabrics, watch for these outstanding numbers:

1. Duplan's "Playtime"—red and white peppermint-striped sharkskin-type rayon
2. Cohama grey chambray-spun rayon that grows modernistic trees of red and white
3. Celanese's red and white aero-print Cellenacel-jersey
4. Stehli's navy and white baby-checked rayon spectator crepe
5. St. George's nubby sports weave of Du Pont spun rayon and cotton in Cavalry tan, the new beige
6. Enka's leaf green rayon crepe apple blossom print with Premet's matching woolen—born companions and American Viscose's Crown Tested rayon crepe, as featured in navy blue in Miss Neagle's frock at right



Spring

3657. And pockets are out in front for evening, too . . . dig-down ones, reaching into a gathered skirt which flows with lovely rhythm from the new long-torso bodice, Talon-fastened at the side



Navy blue, frosted with white, is spring's smartest perennial combination. Edward Stevenson has used it here in a rayon crepe and piqué bolero frock, worn by Anna Neagle, now starring in RKO's "Irene"

SEASON

for



For the striking Zorina, Royer does an equally striking navy chalk-striped suit with collarless neckline and chevron pockets. She wears it in the 20th Century-Fox film, "I Was an Adventuress." Note how the downward stripes of the fabric emphasize the new longer line of the jacket. Royer adds a lacy lingerie blouse, sparkling flower ear-bobs, a navy and white pillbox and long white gloves

SUITS



Hendricks

For Gail Patrick's dark beauty, Howard Greer makes a grey flannel link-button tailleur. You'll see her wear it in RKO's "My Favorite Wife." This suit also dresses up with feminine accessories—a grey moiré blouse, a twisted pearl necklace and a brilliant jeweled bow for the triangular pocket. Gail's grey felt toque matches her giant pouch bag amusingly decorated with a floppy bow of the suit fabric

Penny

fashions

(Trademark)

Miss Penny Wise makes her debut—she's the glamour girl who dresses on a budget and makes it balance! Out she went this month and turned up six little treasures to help you dress smartly and balance your "budget" too



1. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; O'Connor & Moffatt, San Francisco

Geoffrey Morris



2. Macy's, N. Y.; Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; Roos Bros., San Francisco

1. This grey flannel suit has shining silver buttons, bulky militaristic pockets, and a skirt flared to the swish of spring. Around \$17. Quilled sailor—Alice May. Barrel bag—Turoff Hodes

2. You will look efficient by day—so feminine after five—in this "Rambling Junior" grey Celanese rayon Feathercel frock with pristine starched collar and red leather drawstring belt. Around \$16

3. With spring come polka dots! Lingerie trim and gay red pocket binding set off this jacket dress of navy and white rayon crepe. Around \$16. Alfreda's piqué sailor. Bag—Ritter & Ritter

4. Neat-as-a-pin—definitely smart! A "Terry Rogers" dress of grey and white rayon crepe border print. Around \$12. Alfreda's white straw sailor; longer gloves by Kayser; bag—Ritter & Ritter

5. Black and white—always perfect fashion. This cunning model from "Debutante Frocks" of Stehli's crepe Dolores (woven with Celanese rayon) is scrolled with braid—it goes to a job or keeps a date with equal charm. Around \$16

6. Spring blues must be gay! "Rambling Junior" chooses spirited Cadet Blue to make an interesting frock of Celanese rayon Feathercel. Skirt fullness flows from circular corded pockets. Around \$16

There is a variance of prices in different sections of the country.

Wise



3. Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Denver Dry Goods, Denver



4.

The Higbee Co., Cleveland; B. Siegel, Detroit; Foley Bros., Houston



5. Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Denver Dry Goods, Denver



6. Macy's, N. Y.; B. Siegel, Detroit; Maison Blanche, New Orleans



They refused roles as man-and-wife in "Saturday's Children," but their whirlwind New York romance set Hollywood wondering if Jimmy (above, in flying togs) and Olivia plan to play those very parts off-screen!

"Is Jim Stewart going to marry Olivia de Havilland?"

PHOTOPLAY wanted to know, too.

Now if anyone was in a position to answer that query it certainly was Mr. James Maitland Stewart himself, and so, just before this magazine started to press we picked up the telephone to find out.

Once the call was in, we began to feel a little impudent telephoning a man 3,000 miles away to prod into just about the most private phase of his life. Maybe Jim wouldn't want to talk about it.

And as we waited for the telephone connection to be made, we reviewed what we'd already gleaned of the romance from Jim's two pretty younger sisters, Mary and Virginia Stewart, who live in New York, and from a close friend of Olivia's who had been watching her most recent ride on the merry-go-round of a whirlwind courtship with considerably more than casual interest. Here, then, was what could truly be called the "case" history.

The romance of Jim and Olivia had had its inception in New York, the week before Christmas. They had met just once before in Hollywood, casually.

Jim, who had flown East to spend the holidays with his family in Indiana, Pennsylvania, was in Manhattan for a week's go-around of the new shows and supper clubs. He had been in New York two days when a telephone call came through from Hollywood from his agent and best friend, Leland Hayward, who also represents Olivia as business manager.

"Olivia de Havilland is leaving for New York by plane tonight," announced the agent. "She has two tickets for the opening of 'Gone with the Wind,' and I've told her you would meet her at the airport and take her to the premiere. Now, about that picture at. . ."

"Never mind business," interrupted Jim. "Olivia de Havilland! I've been wanting to take her out ever since we met. Leland, you're marvelous!"

Hanging up the phone, the lanky actor turned to his sisters, who had stopped by for dinner with him, and beamed.

"What an agent!" he said, enthusiastically. "What an agent!"

Of all the celebrities who paraded by the klieg lights and cameras at the gala opening of "Gone with the Wind" at Broadway's Capitol

(Continued on page 90)

"We Have a Wonderful Time Together"

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

IS Jim Stewart going to marry Olivia de Havilland?"

Whether or not President Roosevelt would seek a third term may have been the most vital topic of gossip and speculation among the political-minded this past month, but to movie-minded maidens from Penobscot to Pasadena the most serious item in current affairs was the amorous attachment of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and the beautiful *Melanie* of "Gone with the Wind."

Newspaper columnists were coupling their names on an average of three times a week. Radio chatterers bulletined their budding romance as minutely as horticulturists log the leafings of a midnight blooming cereus. And from the soda fountain of the M-G-M studio commissary to the bar of the Stork Club in New York, the romance peddlers were prattling:

A revealing telephone interview with Jimmy Stewart re: that Olivia de Havilland romance!



Olivia de Havilland went to Washington, too (for the President's Ball)—but will she be Jimmy Stewart's "Mrs. Smith"? See story opposite page.

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



For a while, the outcome of the Walter Wanger-Joan Bennett romance was anybody's guess—but meet the new Mr. and Mrs.!

Cupid may be as blind as they say, but our scout isn't! He sees all, he hears all—and tells everything

No Hitting in the Clinches!

AT last, it's come. Hollywood's domestication finally results in a promise of at least three pictures in which married couples will emote together; Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Cal can just hear those dinner conversations after a day's shooting.

WIFE: "Darling, don't you think director So-and-so has a keener understanding of men's emotions? I mean—"

HUSBAND: "You mean you think he's giving me the best of it?"

WIFE: "I mean no such thing. After the way you shoved me away in that close-up I should think you'd be ashamed to—"

HUSBAND: "Me? Shove you? Now that's a laugh. I'm practically black and blue from your shoving. I—"

WIFE (in tears, leaves the table): "I'm too

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

tired to argue. After all, I have to maintain my professional rights."

HUSBAND: "To hell with professional rights. I have some too, you know. And what's more I'm as tired as you are."

WIFE: "Oh, are you darling? Here, let me help you put on your slippers. I'm sorry I was cross."

HUSBAND: "Ah, that's all right. I was a bit upset myself. I'm sorry, sweetheart. That last scene got me. You seemed to be crowding my lines."

WIFE: "I? Crowding your lines? Now that's—"

And on and on, into the cold grey dawn.

Hollywood Tidbits

THE town is bubbling over those new *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler* cocktails featured by a local café. One of each, and you're Gone with the Wind. . .

Hollywood eyebrows shot skyward when Barrister Leigh Holman of London named Laurence Olivier corespondent in his suit for divorce against Vivien Leigh. Jill Esmond Olivier had already been granted a divorce from the English actor. So, Vivien and Laurence, genuinely in love if ever two people were, are free to marry at last.

So positive is Hollywood that Richard Greene will soon wed Virginia Field, it is laying in a sizable rice supply. . .

James Stewart is prouder of that new plane he bought than Johnny Ten-Year-Old is over his new baseball suit. . .

Ty Power and Annabella are planning jaunts all over the country in their new amphibian plane. . .

Jane Withers, alas, is growing up. Blush-

For fun—and relief funds!—the
Franco-British ball has a star-
lit night at the Coconut Grove



Annabella, as one of the cigarette girls, shows Roz Russell how they hawked their wares at \$\$ per pack



Ready to start the sales which loaded their trays with greenbacks—Oberon and Claudette Colbert

Arthur Hornblow is one of Merle Oberon's first customers for the fund

ingly, Jane admits she's started a hope chest

Is all well or all wrong with the Charles Chaplins, Hollywood wonders. Charles arrived at a recent premiere quite alone, while Paulette Goddard Chaplin arrived with a separate party of friends. . . .

Miriam Hopkins is seen more and more with Anatole Litvak, the husband she divorced. Reconciliation or sophistication?

One hears the relatives of Norma Shearer's late husband, Irving Thalberg, aren't too pleased at the prospect of George Raft becoming Norma's second. And from every indication it would appear to Cal that Miss Shearer may indeed become Mrs. Raft before another year rolls round. . . .

Curtain Call

THEY sat at a corner table, both with a certain puzzled bewilderment in their eyes. They had tried to go their separate ways. She had been seen here and there with some eligible beau or other. But she really hadn't laughed very gaily, one noticed. He had hidden his bitterness in other girls' company, but, "Don't speak of her to him," people had warned. "It's like touching a sore nerve."

They were through, Hollywood said, and that was that.

That's why the town gaped at the news they were lunching together again. And that's why Hollywood hopes that all may yet not be over for Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks.

Cradle De luxe

WALLY BEERY'S modest car drove through the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and drew up to a curb. In a half minute flat the car was surrounded by writers, actors, publicists, all craning their necks for a peep inside Beery's marvelous nursery on wheels. The back seat has been turned into a bed for Wally's newly adopted ten-months-old Phyllis Ann. A heater to warm her milk, a compartment for diapers, and one for spare clothing were neatly fitted into their space. No imported car has ever created the sensation of Beery's portable nursery. And no klieg light has ever shone with greater brightness than the gleam on Papa Wally's face.

Blame It on the Bangtails

THE director *thought* the actress looked a bit sheepish when she reported for an early morning scene.

"Everything okay, Miss Robson?" he asked smilingly.

To his horror only a hoarse croak came from May's throat.

"Laryngitis?" the director howled. "You'll be laid up for days."

"No," came May's basso profundo, "it's only a strain. It will be all right in a little while."

"How in heaven's name did you strain your voice, Miss Robson?" he asked.

The actress glanced around guiltily. "Well, if you must know, I yelled so loud for my horses at Santa Anita yesterday, I lost my voice," and with that Hollywood's seventy-six-year-old wonder flounced off to her dressing room for a throat spray.

Glamour in Brogues

WE spied Bette Davis at the next table in Warners' commissary just as Bette spied us. "Come on over to the still gallery at four," she called. "I'm having some art made and we can chat."

Naturally, we were on hand even before four and presently in came Bette in slacks and flat-heeled, much-worn brogues with her hair-dresser in tow and several luscious evening gowns over her arm. Bette was making one of those dreaded art and fashion layouts that most actresses loathe.

"How come a big star like you has to go

through this ordeal?" we called through the dressing-room door.

"Oh, it's good for me," came the surprising answer. "It's a necessary part of the business. I don't mind."

Recovering from the surprise (for Bette's the first and *only* star who hasn't grumbled over the ordeal), we had a sudden relapse when Bette emerged in a wispy blue thing that made her look like an angel from on high. She's looking exceptionally well these days anyhow.

George Hurrell, the photographer, had a strange twinkle in his eye as he directed Bette to pose in one corner of the studio. The setting was all tropical with huge bunches of green bananas hanging about.

"Swell," Bette said, planking herself down on the floor.

George's face fell. "You mean you like it? Why, I fixed it as a gag. Didn't think you'd go for it."

"I think it's wonderful," Bette grinned, waving her cigarette in one hand and a bottle of soda in the other. And then we caught a glimpse of those old worn brogues beneath the heavenly blue chiffon, and thought how typically Davis it was. The shoes wouldn't show in the photograph, of course, but they did look comical.

During the hour we stayed, Bette Davis never spent more than five minutes at a time changing her frocks. She didn't glance at her make-up between changes and never once fussed with her hair. Behind her, Hurrell's victrola blared. Bette sang the choruses, the camera bulb clicked, clicked, clicked while George and Bette kept up a constant run of chatter. There was no special posing, draping, primping, fussing.

And as Bette reclined on a couch, her natural ash blonde hair framing her face just as it fell, a bit of hot swing on her lips, one brown brogue waving in rhythm while the camera bulb clicked, we looked at her and made this discovery.

Bette Davis is a really beautiful woman. More



Another startling role for Myrna Loy—this time, a night-club cigarette girl!



"Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man" enlarge their off-screen family: Arthur and Myrna Hornblow welcome Diana Lewis (Mrs. Bill Powell) into the scrambled circle

than that, she's an arresting, dynamic woman, in spite of her easy natural air and self-deglamorizing. And one realizes that Bette actually has a rare quality of fascination that others in Hollywood miss—simply because she doesn't strive for it.

Incidentally—or have you noticed?—she can act, too!

Blissful Barrymores

WITH newspaper reporters and news cameramen virtually sharing the hotel suite in which their "second honeymoon" was staged, John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie conducted a front page reconciliation of their marriage, the night of the actor's raucous return to the Broadway stage in "My Dear Children," that could have been only slightly less public had it been enacted in Macy's window.

John Barrymore's lap has become the seat of the season's sensation as his fourth and fieriest bride has once more ensconced herself on the star's knee, both dramatically and domestically.

It was because she protested that the nightly stage spankings John gave her in the road try-out of the play were more heavy handed than the impersonal demands of the script required, that Elaine last fall deserted both her husband and her campaign for theatrical recognition.

Now, after brushing aside both Diana Barrymore Blythe, the actor's daughter by his second marriage, and Doris Dudley, the actress who replaced her in the cast, both of whom vainly tried to "protect John from that woman," Elaine has returned to the part and to John.

Young Fry society turns out, too, in the persons of leaders Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, pausing to greet orchestra conductor Horace Heidt



"All I want is twenty-four hours with you," cooed Elaine when she elbowed her way to Barrymore's night-club table after the Manhattan opening. At the end of the twenty-four hours, during which almost hourly bulletins were issued from their boudoir, Elaine and John announced they had settled their professional and domestic squabbles.

The whole tabloid tale was so much like one of the screwball comedies in which Barrymore has arched his eyebrows for the cameras, that Darryl Zanuck has announced he is readying a

film script based on the mad merry-go-round and called it "The Great Profile." He has offered the lead in it to Barrymore. But that jester is so delighted to be back on Broadway he told PHOTOPLAY he probably wouldn't consider another picture offer "for years."

Hollywood's Comment of the Month:

TOO bad that history as it's being made today provides only roles for a Karloff.

(Continued on page 92)

Ultra-candid moment during service at the Masquers' stag dinner for William LeBaron—starring Fred MacMurray, Bob Taylor and Jack Benny

Two young stars from 20th Century-Fox say it with flowers at the Troc—Linda Darnell and Robert Shaw





★ **ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS**—RKO-Radio

ROBERT SHERWOOD got the Pulitzer Prize for this play, and it makes an exceptional motion picture. It's hard to see how any one could improve very much on RKO's version of Lincoln's life, representing as it does the finest picture technique and superb writing. Raymond Massey's Lincoln is extraordinary, a truly adult study of the backwoods messiah. Story concerns Abe's progress from young manhood to the first presidential period, and treats the character with an intimacy not in the least divorced from respect or dignity. Gene Lockhart, Ruth Gordon, Mary Howard and others live up to their difficult assignments. The film, besides representing an absorbing document to students of Lincolnia, is entertainment from any standpoint.



ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount

If it were not so well done, with careful production and all the trimmings of an A-picture, we could dismiss this as just another jewel-thief story. It presents Isa Miranda, Italian star. She is the accomplice of John Loder, crook out after some diamonds in South Africa, and mixes with George Brent, a British soldier stationed in the colony. Caught, Isa is sent to prison and later offered freedom if she will help capture another gang of thieves. She doesn't want to do this until it is proved to her that the new organization will not stop at murder; then she about-faces. Brent wanders through his role with insouciance, looking very attractive; and Loder is good, too. The last two reels are awfully exciting. It's not much of an opportunity for Miss Miranda.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**—20th Century-Fox

DARRYL ZANUCK dared, after all, to bring John Steinbeck's brilliant and controversial best-seller, "The Grapes of Wrath," to the screen. He did it with a minimum of compromise and managed to pack such a vigorous wallop into each scene as to leave you breathless and deeply moved. It isn't entertainment but, with its newsreel-like photography and implication of great honesty in characterization, it fulfills its purpose: To excite you and to make you think. The tragedies and misfortunes of the Joad family, made homeless in the Oklahoma Dust Bowl by drought and lured to California by optimistic hope of plenty among the orange trees, are presented with essential fidelity. California landowners and ranchers sent out handbills, it seems, promising work to thousands; and the great migration began. Of course, there were more Okies than jobs, with resultant abuses and trouble. The Joads are simple people with a primitive approach to life, enormously hardy, provincial in the extreme and somewhat amoral. Zanuck's cast has distinction and is well selected. Henry Fonda as Tom, the eldest son; Jane Darwell as Ma, Russell Simpson as Pa, John Carradine and Dorris Bowdon and Charles Grapewin—all work sincerely and well. Those who disliked the book for its "artistic" crudities, or for its political message, will find the picture an easier pill to take. John Ford directed with a blending of brutality and tenderness, and ends the picture on a note of hope for the Okies, since the book has brought powerful forces into action, to help them.



★ **BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940**—M-G-M

As a commentary on what has happened to the public taste, M-G-M felt it necessary to put Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy into one film; as further evidence of pessimism, brilliant writing, carte blanche production and Cole Porter's music were added. Well, it's all to your advantage. You'll see the best musical of the last two years. It is funny, romantic, and beautiful to watch. It does not drag. The story does not overshadow the dance numbers, yet it survives. Each performer is in top form. In a word, the thing is good. Astaire and Murphy play a dance team in a cheap dime-a-turn hall, and both have ambitions. Astaire is rated the best, while George drinks too much; but through a mistake it is the latter who gets a bid to join Broadway's top show. Eleanor is the star. This setup offers innumerable opportunities for big-time dance numbers, and of course makes a romantic triangle, since both Murphy and Astaire yen for Miss Powell. Eleanor might have put more oomph into her interpretation; but of course that may be Will Hays' fault. Murphy carries away acting honors, Astaire is rhythm on built-up heels and Frank Morgan contributes the comedy, abetted by a series of blondes who try hard for an ermine cape he owns. Eleanor does the best work she has ever done, Ian Hunter is excellent and sundry vaudeville acts are amusing. The whole picture is so crowded with entertainment, it's difficult to list everything thoroughly in a short space. Anyway, put on your laughing bib and buy your tickets early—it's all in fun.



★ **THE BLUE BIRD**—20th Century-Fox

YOUNG Miss Shirley Temple at last is merely starred in a good motion picture, instead of being a motion picture all by herself. This is because Shirley, on the verge of growing up, has no longer the indefinable appeal of precocious babyhood; rather, she is an excellent actress working objectively. Her studio has been shrewd throughout this production, which is thoroughly beautiful (in Technicolor), imbued with charm, well-directed and superbly cast. The very modern American audience may find Maeterlinck's fantasy somewhat whimsy-poo—but the kids will love it and react, possibly, to the begood-children propaganda. Perhaps you remember the fable: *Mytyl* and *Tylyl*, brother and sister, go out in search of the Blue Bird of Happiness and have quite incredible adventures before they discover they're living in an allegory. *Tylo*, the dog, and *Tylette*, the cat, have human forms. This aids the dream illusion all symbolic children's stories have. The nightmare quality is here, too, when the forest attacks the little party. Shirley as *Mytyl*, Johnny Russell as *Tylyl*, Eddie Collins as *Tylo* and Gale Sondergaard as *Tylette* are all at peak form, as are Spring Byington, playing the mother, and Nigel Bruce in the role of Mr. *Luxury*. Shirley shows some evil nature, for a change. Two interesting sequences deal with the visit to the land of the unborn, and the land of the dead—a little hard for the very young to grasp, perhaps, but nice emotional variations for adults. The film has been made, on the whole, with imagination and taste.



THE MAN FROM DAKOTA—M-G-M

IT'S difficult to decide whether this interesting picture should be labeled as comedy, history or straight horror stuff. Wallace Beery, as the scout from Dakota, is undeniably funny; the scene is behind the Confederate lines in Civil War time and you will suffer suspense with a distinct Frankenstein flavor at times. Lieutenant John Howard and Sergeant Beery, escaped prisoners, are just beginning their long dash for Union lines when they become burdened not only with Dolores Del Rio, but with a map which is a key to the entire placement of Confederate forces. You will undergo fifteen minutes of prolonged shuddering with Beery in a plantation house, where an axe-fiend is at large. Donald Meek affords several amusing moments. Dolores is fine.



★ **THE HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY—Wanger-United Artists**

YOU'LL have good reason to remember Joan Bennett's latest picture. As the cabaret girl swept off her feet by a sleek young gambler, she is lifted to the heights of luxury and gayety on one day, only to drop to the depths of despair the next, when her husband is sentenced to ten years in Alcatraz. The temptations, and social problems of a convict's widow make compelling drama. Joan is torn between the love of George Raft and that of Walter Pidgeon. Raft has a different type of racketeer role; Pidgeon, as a socialite airplane designer, manages to be gallant without being stilted. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's confidante and self-appointed Alcatraz guardian. Lloyd Nolan is the heavy.



★ **DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warners**

THE Brothers Warner add another name to their screen Hall of Fame in this film biography of Dr. Paul Ehrlich—with Edward G. Robinson doing an outstanding job as the great doctor. Ehrlich's life lacked glitter and glamour, so those of you who crave it may be disappointed by this film. However, there is inspiration in the portrait of a man who labored unceasingly to achieve victory over disease, and won the battle with his diphtheria serum and his 606 cure for syphilis. It is a story, not of the drawing room, but of the laboratory; of a devoted wife, beautifully played by Ruth Gordon; and of loyal friends, Otto Kruger and Donald Crisp. There is depth of sincerity in Robinson's performance, and the remainder of the cast adds to the film's luster.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- Abe Lincoln in Illinois
- The Blue Bird
- Broadway Melody of 1940
- The Grapes of Wrath
- The Outsider
- Pinocchio
- The House Across the Bay
- Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet
- Swiss Family Robinson
- Vigil in the Night
- The Baker's Wife
- The Fight for Life

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Raymond Massey in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"
- Shirley Temple in "The Blue Bird"
- George Sanders in "The Outsider"
- Mary Maguire in "The Outsider"
- Henry Fonda in "The Grapes of Wrath"
- Jane Darwell in "The Grapes of Wrath"
- Edward G. Robinson in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet"
- Fred Astaire in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
- George Murphy in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
- Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
- Walt Disney for "Pinocchio"
- Freddie Bartholomew in "Swiss Family Robinson"
- Raimu in "The Baker's Wife"
- Carole Lombard in "Vigil in the Night"
- Anne Shirley in "Vigil in the Night"



★ **PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO**

CERTAINLY this is the best example of animated cartoon features ever made; it may even be one of the best motion pictures of any type ever produced. With the exception of the music, which in any comparison is thoroughly charming, "Pinocchio" is technically far ahead of "Snow White" and artistically quite as good. The performances of the various characters are equal to those of the finest human talent. The famous fable here brought so vividly to the screen concerns Geppetto, a woodcarver, who makes a puppet named Pinocchio and wishes he were a real boy. The Blue Fairy brings the little puppet to life, appoints Jiminy Cricket as his conscience, but will not turn him into a flesh and blood boy until he proves himself worthy. Pinocchio sets out to school, but is misled by wily Honest John and Giddy Cat, is kidnapped by Stromboli, the puppet master; goes to the Island of Pleasure and nearly turns into a donkey; and finally joins Geppetto in the stomach of Monstro, the whale. A tribute to Disney's genius is that all of this seems quite plausible. Among the great characters created for "Pinocchio" are the Coachman, Lampwick, the bad little tough boy, Cleo, the glamorous goldfish, and Figaro, the funniest kitten you have ever seen. Giddy, idiotic stooge for Honest John, is an amazing character, dopier than Dopey but not so appealing. Christian Rub, the voice of Geppetto, obviously was the model for that character. You'll love every moment and every sequence. Seeing it will be the nicest present you can give yourself this year.



★ **SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio**

FIRST offering from Hollywood's favorite happy chappies, the ebullient Towne-and-Baker team, this picturization of the Robinson family's fantastic adventures is as much fun as six barrels of monkeys. Further, the piece has been put together with a combination of gusto and loyalty to the original theme, so that you come away with some thinking to do as well as a comfortable sense of having been entertained. The *Swiss Family Robinson* live in London at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and the father is unhappy because one son has turned into a dandy, another wants to go off and fight, and still another has become a bookworm. Besides all this, mama has social ambitions. Mr. Robinson gets a wonderful idea; he rounds up the whole caboodle and packs them off to Australia—going along himself for good measure. The ship cracks up and the Robinsons coast up a wave onto a desert Island. There they work a kind of community Robinson Crusoe setup, a social group evolving which brings out the good in each and makes Papa very happy. There are plenty of obstacles to this, of course. Thomas Mitchell as the father, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt and Terry Kilburn as the sons, Bobby Quillan, the baby, with Edna Best playing Mrs. Robinson, make an extraordinary cast. Here is adventure, a round scolding to ungrateful offspring who won't listen to good parental advice, much humor and lots of genuine pathos. That's a lot to find in one movie. See it, and we'll bet you agree.

(Continued on page 94)

THIS WOMAN HAS

Loved!

Though the road from obscurity to fame was short, Destiny demanded its toll of suffering from Ilona Massey

BY ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

Young though she was, Ilona learned that when dreams go a-glimmering there's but one antidote—a cure-all that was eventually to make her one of the most important discoveries of the studio headed by Louis B. Mayer (below)

ALWAYS in love! The words run like a theme song through her life, from the time when she was the youngest of the Hajmassey family of Budapest, in the ever-hungry period during and following the Great War, until she became world-famous as Nelson Eddy's co-star in "Balalaika." First, there was the dreamy-eyed youngster with whom she staged impromptu operas in the courtyard. Then, the son of a teacher in far-off Holland, where she lived for a while during the bitter days of Reconstruction in Hungary. But more serious than these was the older brother of her best chum.

Meanwhile, Ilona was growing up and her mother sent her out to learn dressmaking. Ilona didn't like the dressmaking—but she did like her employer's son, and she quite forgot her old friend's brother! She might have kept the new flame glowing, might even have married him, young as she was, if she hadn't contracted stage fever from passing a near-by theater on her way home every night. Then there was room in her thoughts only for her ambition. By dint of persistence, she won a producer's offer of—and her mother's reluctant approval of—a place in the chorus. She might learn to be a dancer, in time, but she would never be able to sing! In the face of their criticism, her resolve only grew greater.

Strange, then, that with all these burning hopes and ambitions she should have found the time and inclination to become so interested in young Dr. Niklos Savozd. Strange, too, that he, whose wealthy, land-owning family had long ago formed the traditional pattern of his life, should have eyes only for her. But that was the way it was. From the very moment Niklos and Ilona met on the beach, he forgot the carefully-laid plans for his future, she ceased to center all her hopes in the theater.

TWO-and-one-half years Ilona Massey and Niklos Savozd loved each other. Their heads told them marriage for them was impossible. But their hearts teased them with the wonder of being man and wife and putting an end to the farewells that left them ill with loneliness.

"We will study world history together," he told her. "We will learn how some nations rise to enduring glory while other nations fall in disgrace; perhaps only because they forget such simple things as a man's right to think with his own mind. . . ."

That was 1933. And even then in Central Europe there were thoughtful men whose ears lay back—the way a dog's will when a stranger assumes the voice of his master.

It wasn't only the first evenings they would spend at their fireside that Ilona and Niklos dreamed about when his heart overruled his mind and he talked like that. They dreamed also of how she later would rest her hand on

(Continued on page 83)





GIRLS WHO KEEP SKIN **SWEET** WIN OUT! I USE **LUX SOAP** AS A BATH SOAP, TOO. **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN FRESH —DELICATELY PERFUMED

THE SCREEN STARS ARE **RIGHT!** I NEVER DREAM OF GOING OUT WITHOUT A NICE **LUX SOAP** BATH TO MAKE ME **SURE** OF DAIN'TINESS!

On OLIVIA de HAVILLAND'S dates — on YOURS sweet, fragrant skin **WINS!**



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

knows there's one charm no woman can afford to neglect — the charm of perfect *daintiness*. She uses her complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too, because it has **ACTIVE** lather — makes you *sure*. When you step out of a relaxing Lux Toilet Soap bath you feel fresh from top to toe — and you are! Your skin is sweet, delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

YOU will love a luxurious daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap — a bath that makes daintiness *sure!* This gentle complexion soap has **ACTIVE** lather that leaves skin really clean — fresh and *sweet*.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Portrait of the Man With the Chin

(Continued from page 19)

hostess a \$2500 bill for professional services.

He had a generous collection of police badges which were recently stolen and which he is now replenishing. His English father was a stone contractor, and he boasts a library of twenty thousand Scotch jokes.

He hates cats.

He'd rather travel by boat although he suffers a little from seasickness, and he dislikes women who dance with their eyes closed because "they might be thinking of someone else."

He plays an excellent game of golf with a handicap of six. He has never traveled on a freighter and thinks mother-in-law jokes are passé.

If Bob Hope had the rest of his life to spend on a desert island and could have only three people with him, he would choose his wife and daughter and a good comedy writer.

He rates as the shortest joke he knows: Mary Rose sat on a tack—Mary rose. ("... if you can call it a joke.")

He never carries a watch.

He drinks a quart of milk a day.

He cannot eat radishes, artichokes, cucumbers, and doesn't like being called Bubbles by Bing Crosby whom he calls Chub.

He has never carried a penknife, does not believe in matrimonial vacations, and would give a great deal to be able to play the piano. He wears his wife's baby ring on the little finger of his left hand.

His mother was Welsh, a concert-singer, and Bob was brought to the United States at the age of four.

He likes marimba orchestras and has never read "The Grapes of Wrath" or "Gone with the Wind."

He is not easily depressed, dislikes eating duck or goose, and thinks the American people are becoming more humor-conscious. "... there are no more sticks."

He and his wife plan to adopt a baby boy about one-and-a-half-years old.

He built himself a beautiful English farmhouse that is more a mansion than farmhouse. The greatest disappointment of his life is that his father and mother did not live to enjoy the comforts he could give them today.

He is quick to admit a mistake.

He has no talent for cooking.

He thinks few women look well in slacks.

He likes ice water and has never displayed any aptitude for painting, sculpture or carving. He cherishes his mother's sewing machine which she inherited from her mother.

His hair and eyes are brown, and he believes that, although unnecessary, war is a symptom of growth in the life of mankind. He is specially fond of vacationing in Glen Eagles, Scotland.

He studied dancing while still in high school.

His insurance against the future are investments in government bonds and annuities. He speaks no other languages, and is constantly going at a terrific pace due to his two jobs—radio and pictures.

His best golf is in the short irons and putting.

He has an average of 130 jokes in his radio show.

He is addicted to nail-biting.

He enjoys attending symphonic concerts and opera. He dislikes writing letters and likes his steaks medium rare.

His first job, after finishing high school, was as a clerk for a motor company. He once took up amateur boxing but quickly gave it up after he was knocked out.

He has never memorized a poem.

He enjoys listening to old records of Bert Williams and new records of Bing Crosby. He once went without food for three days while trying to break in a single act.

He likes driving at sixty-five miles an hour.

He plays a very stale saxophone.

He goes through a curious routine when retiring at night: He takes everything off except his shoes and socks, he then dons his pajamas, and finally takes off his shoes and socks.

He would like to raise chickens and breed dogs. He is averse to the rugged individuality philosophy and believes that a government has a definite responsibility in its indigents.

He would rather watch W. C. Fields on the screen and Frank Fay on the stage than any other comedians. He flunked in history.

He likes reading detective stories and the digest magazines.

He often wishes that using a toothpick after a meal was not bad manners.

He dislikes beer, popcorn and carhoppers who tell sad tales before making a touch. His decisions are impulsive, he gets few traffic tickets and loves strolling on Fifth Avenue or Bond Street.

He does not regret having never gone to college.

He believes definitely that there are such things as new jokes which have no root in oft-told tales. He thinks modern slang and new situations create new jokes, and cites as an example the one about King George donning a diving suit to review his fleet.

He always reads the sport page while sitting in a barber chair.

His home musical instruments include a piano, ukelele, harmonica, jew's harp and a sweet potato.

His chief form of exercise and irresistible passion is golf. He can spot a

phony a mile away on a foggy day.

He enjoys friends dropping in unannounced.

He has a suspicion that he is bad luck to any wedding at which he is best man, so many have gone awry.

His favorite amusement at Coney Island is the cyclone roller coaster.

His wife discourages his wearing bow ties.

He likes pickled herring, tweeds, blue bathing trunks, and Mark Twain.

He doesn't like the juices of grapefruit, tomato or sauerkraut, and he always remembers where he puts things. He likes boy sopranos, and he makes it a point never to miss the radio programs of "Information Please" and Bing Crosby. He seldom attends an art exhibit.

He signs his name in blue ink and plays an exceptional game of three-cushion billiards.

He weighs 170 pounds and never smokes before dinner. He smokes a lot, however, if he takes a couple of drinks. He sticks to cigarettes. ("The press notices have to be awful good for cigars.")

He hates green in men's clothes.

He catches cold in his eyes often, due to the strain of his work. He never misses a boxing match. He is inclined to suspect most people's motives.

His first professional appearance was with another youth in a dancing act. He rides hunches, his lucky number is seven, and he is forever helping down-and-out vaudevillians of his early days.

He was best man at the wedding of Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable.

He has just started a collection of off-stage comedy pictures of celebrities, the nucleus being Dorothy Lamour, Jack Benny, Charles Butterworth and Bing Crosby. He was very fond, as a boy, of walking on his hands.

His favorite wine is red-sparkling Italian, and there is nothing else he would rather have been than a comedian.

He has never operated a night club.

He rarely loses his temper.

He needs eight hours sleep but gets only six.

He has a great Dane and two Scotties, and as a schoolboy ran the hundred-yard dash in ten seconds three.

He has two rehearsals for his radio show, the second being on Sunday night with audience. This rehearsal is recorded and played back, thus giving Bob Hope the final test of his laughs. He is so dependent on audience-reaction that only recently he sold N.B.C. officials the idea that his program would go better if he worked in a full-sized theater than in one of the broadcasting studios.

He is only fair at tennis, badminton, bowling.

He is lucky in gambling, prefers blues and greys in his suits, and never uses a cigarette holder.

His favorite cocktail is the Daiquiri.

He belongs only to golf and theatrical clubs.

He chews a lot of gum, and doesn't believe in any kind of fortune telling. He believes that technical and scientific advancements have actually lessened the pain and heartache of humanity.

He is not affected by high altitudes, prefers suburban life, and was convinced, after seeing a test nine years ago that his profile would keep him out of pictures.



New York went to town on the huge dinner for "The Fighting 69th," with Gov. Lehman, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien as guests of honor

ORLOFF
A clever Spice Tray of fragrant Boules
very fashionable—and very French. \$1.25

HANGERS
With Sachet Boules
satin-covered hangers to keep your
nice things fresh and fragrant. \$1.25

FLOWER BASKETS
and garden Flower Baskets filled
with Sachet Boules and Pillows, reminiscent of Paris in the Spring. \$1.25

NIKKI
And three glorious Perfumes in
brilliant flacons and jewel cases
at \$10.00 the original ounce size;
and many more luxuries created by

PARFUMS ORLOFF
10 WEST 33rd STREET
New York, N. Y.
At the Smarter Shops or Direct

Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

Making Her Debut

**BUT BOTH HELP
KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH
AND YOUNG LOOKING
WITH POND'S**

Writing Sales Slips

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:

In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland *is* mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away... by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!

POND'S, Dept. 15-CVD, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

**SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY KIT**

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Street _____

City _____

State _____

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Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

PHOTOPLAY'S

own
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Pretty Anne Nagel, who is appearing with W. C. Fields and Mae West in "My Little Chickadee," lets you in on the secret of a topknot that emphasizes her own spirit of youth and charm



HOLLYWOOD NEWS ON HAIR STYLES—We are firm believers in going to experts for everything we want to know. So, when we decided that what we needed at this time of year was some good expert advice on what the new coiffures were going to be and how to keep our hair in order, we immediately dashed madly around Hollywood querying stars and hair stylists to get the best advice.

Fred Fredericks, hair stylist of the famous Max Factor make-up studios in Hollywood, tells us that one of the newest trends in coiffures is toward bangs. Soft, smooth bangs. Their length will depend upon the shape of your face, because bangs can add to or detract from the attractiveness of your face with equal ease, so you'll have to try them out for yourself before you find what's best for you. Your hair will still be pulled up on the sides, but will fall down very simply in back. Three rolls in back will add to the charm of this style, with a hair ribbon pinned neatly at the nape of the neck, just above the rolls.

If your neck is long, and your face is thin, keep the hair at the back wide, so that it frames your neck; and pull it up

softly on the sides. Remember that hair around your neck and chin shortens the apparent length of your face.

If your face is round and your neck short, just the opposite is needed. Then you build your hair up on top and keep it slick on the sides and toward the center of your neck in the back. See how simple it all is?

Mr. Fredericks says the biggest mistake that most women make in dressing their hair is to imitate the coiffure of some other woman regardless of whether or not it suits their own type. To achieve distinction, one should experiment with coiffures until she finds exactly the one that does the most for her, regardless of whether or not it's considered smart or new. An attractive hairdress suits your face, not fashion.

A middle-aged woman should wear her hair short because her face has a tendency to sag a little and a short hairdress will help to keep her face round and youthful.

You can't wash your hair too often, says Mr. Fredericks, very firmly. Cleanliness is the most important factor in hair beauty. Your occupation will help you determine how often your hair needs shampooing. A housewife, for ex-

Geraldine Fitzgerald
Featured in
"Til We Meet Again"
A Warner Bros. Picture

Walk in Beauty....
like the Stars

... the sheer-as-film beauty of Vanity Fair dull crepe chiffrons. They're safeguarded for long, long wear by the Kneelast feature that flexes with the knee to prevent runs from garter strain. Three proportioned lengths sheathe the leg in top-to-toe perfection. Tawny Desert Tones glamour-ize your new Spring costumes. At better stores.



KNEELAST
Vanity Fair
STOCKINGS

★Warner Bros. have selected
Vanity Fair Kneelast Stockings
to be worn exclusively by all
their stars and players.

VANITY FAIR SILK MILLS
READING, PA.



To add length to her heart-shaped face, Alice Faye, star of "Little Old New York," piles curls right smack on top of her head, and lets the snood serve a double-barrelled purpose

ample, he says, who dusts and sweeps, should wash her hair twice a week. Once a week, at the very least. Brushing will remove the surplus dust, and he can't overemphasize its importance to healthy hair.

Another thing to remember, says Mr. Fredericks, is the importance of your hairline. If, for example, you have a rather long face, then your first wave should come at the side of your forehead. If you wear it right in the middle or have any curls or fluffiness right there, then your face will assume the shape of an egg. On the other hand, if your face is round, then you want that first wave right up high, near the center, to give your face added length.

PRETTY Anne Nagel, who's appearing in Universal's "My Little Chickadee," wears her hair in a manner that does the very most for her face and personality and is extremely smart as well. The cluster of curls on top of her head and falling over her forehead add length to her face, and the sides are softly pulled up to join the top cluster. Anne wears it low on her neck in back, with a hair ribbon pinned just above the curls. It's very youthful, and Anne says it's very easy to care for. You just roll it up in little pin curls at night and comb it out in the morning.

Anita Louise brushes her hair so long and so energetically every day that it is luxurious and bright, as a result.

Because Anita's face is rather long, she wears it very softly, with a side part, and the first curl brought up on the side of her head. The side hair by her ears is also brushed up into a curl, but very softly so that it gives width to her face, instead of its being pulled back sleekly, which would make her face appear even thinner. The back hair falls around her face and neck to give added width and to shorten her face.

Virginia Field's hair is brushed farther back from her face and is kept short and curled up in back in order to give her face a more oval appearance.

The high curl she wears just above her eye also gives added length. If your face is shaped like Virginia's, then this headdress would be ideal for you.

Alice Faye gives added length to her heart-shaped face by the cluster of curls right smack on top of her head, leaving her forehead clear. The sides are pulled back, thus making her face appear narrower. The snood she is wearing is ideal for this hair style, since it starts just behind the curls and keeps her back hair securely in place. The absence of hair showing around the front and sides of her neck also makes her face seem more slender.

"It's as necessary for the hair to breathe as it is for the body," is Barbara Stanwyck's contention. Barbara lets her hair fly wildly when she is engaged in outdoor sports. She says, "Most girls think it's imperative to tie their hair up in a bandana the moment they poke their heads out-of-doors. It's true, of course, that the hair doesn't gather dust when covered, but what if it does have to be shampooed more often? The benefits derived from letting hair breathe in the sun and the air can not be overestimated."

Besides brushing her long hair constantly, the only other care Dorothy Lamour gives it is to have it shampooed once or twice weekly with a very fine, pure soap. Dorothy has her hair set with water after each shampoo, and highlights it with a touch of brilliantine when it's dry. One of her favorite beauty tricks is to have a few drops of her favorite perfume in the final rinse water to give her hair a delicate scent.

We've given you the best advice and hair routines that we could find in Hollywood. From now on, you're on your own. We can only suggest that you experiment with your hair to find the best coiffure for yourself, then take the same expert care of it that the Hollywood stars do; once you have found the coiffure and hair routine that does the most for you, stick to it faithfully and it will repay you in added loveliness.

YOU'LL LEAD THE SPRING FASHION PARADE IN

"CREPE ENTICE"

WOVEN WITH

Celanese

RAYON YARN

Bowery Checks



From the sidewalk cafes on Fifth Avenue..to those on the boulevards of sunny California you'll catch the eye of every young eligible in these Bowery Checks

HOPSCOTCH

Tailored to the taste of every young glamour girl... this lively jacket dress with sprightly bow-knot pockets. You'll keep the males hopping (and hoping) for dates whether you wear it with the jacket or just the impudent little frock with its bias cut yoke. In navy or black. around \$16

CROSSPATCH

As soul-satisfying to your ego as the compliments it is sure to bring. A terse little jacket nipped to perfection... its bright red nail-studded collar and pockets young and proud. Beneath, a spirited frock as you like it. In navy or black. around \$16

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in Undies"
-says BEVERLEY CLARKE
Lovely John Powers Model*



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Lovely models who must maintain a smart appearance, now insist on this smoother, more comfortable Celanese rayon undie... MINIKINS. It fits better, never shrinks, runs nor sags, and the NOBELT waistband that actually breathes with you is guaranteed to last the life of the garment! Try a pair . . . you'll see the difference.

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Send me free booklet 56 and actual sample of the Nobelt waistband; also name of my nearest MINIKIN dealer.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 17)

sensible little thing is probably lying in that great big tropical house right now with an ice pack on her head."

Randy sat up. "Why shouldn't Ann be happy? She's married to the man she idolizes. She's the wife of the handsome, intelligent, sensitive. . ."

"Careful, don't overdo on sweets," Caroline said. "You know your tendency to mental indigestion, dear."

". . . the top male box-office star in America. Ann is twenty-three, unbelievably successful in comedy, sighed after by every male under and over fifty. If she's not happy she should go back to Russia."

"She didn't come from Russia. She came from Weehawken, New Jersey," Caroline added irrelevantly, after a moment, "—and you're a fool."

Randy bowed elaborately. "Believe me, dearest, I would not wound you for worlds. If I seemed harsh. . ."

Caroline interrupted, "You know David pretty well, don't you?"

"I've washed his back many times," said Randy. "Before he got a bath brush, that is."

"What happened between him and Laurel Crane?"

"Who?"

"I may look weak and feminine, but if I'm put to it I can kill you with my bare hands. Don't say who to me again. What happened between David Crawford and Laurel Crane?"

"I don't know," Randy said, flatly.

"You're a liar," Caroline said, as flatly.

"All right," Randy said.

"How does David feel about Ann?"

"I don't know," Randy said. "He told me they were going to be married and I said congratulations. Or maybe I said . . . no, that's exactly what I said."

"I don't blame you," Caroline said. "What else could I say?"

"No, I mean if you asked me things about how Ann felt, I'd do just what you're doing. I'd lie if I had to. But . . . Ann loves him so much, Randy."

And they were silent because the shadow of Laurel Crane lay between them and they could both see it.

THE house Ann Adams and David Crawford had taken for their honeymoon was a large one. This was fitting and proper, since their combined incomes were something to stagger the mere fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year man. They had been ushered into it two days before in a flurry of open secrecy, had posed for pictures on the long, palm-fringed lawn which sloped down to the sea. They had posed eating guavas from the tree near the lanai, ("It's a porch to me," Ann had said, "but I'll try to remember.") and one enterprising photographer had presented Ann with a dish of poi (the dish filched from her own kitchen) and caught on celluloid her look of wonder as she tasted it. "It couldn't be," Ann had said, "that Hawaiians eat much of it?" David was luckier. He drew a pineapple to pose with, and when everybody cleared out they had devoured the pineapple with relish, and unpacked.

Now, lying in the middle of the huge lounge on the lanai (porch to Ann still), Ann was remembering that unpacking. She stared at the sea and tried valiantly to crowd back down her throat the fear that kept rising there.

"If only I hadn't read it," she kept thinking. "If I had just laid it on his dresser and said, 'This is something I found in your pocket. . .'"

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



A Spring song from Universal: Singing starlet Gloria Jean, appearing in "If I Had My Way"

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 84.

1. Samuel Goldwyn, after seeing this star's screen test, told him to go home and gain weight; instead he signed with M-G-M:

Henry Fonda	Jimmy Stewart
David Niven	Robert Taylor

2. One of this shy star's favorite hobbies is playing the ukelele:

Ronald Colman	Greta Garbo
Jane Bryan	Paul Muni

3. He was once a member of the King of England's personal bodyguard:

Ray Milland	Errol Flynn
Basil Rathbone	Edward Arnold

4. Two of these directors are famous for the way they murder the English language:

Michael Curtiz	Frank Capra
Woody Van Dyke	Gregory Ratoff

5. Irene Dunne is married to:

Arthur Hornblow	Dr. Francis Griffin
Bob Howard	J. Walter Ruben

6. This studio uses the trademark of Leo the Lion on its pictures:

Warner Brothers	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
RKO-Radio	Columbia

7. Two of these stars have just recently secured divorces:

Brenda Joyce	Ann Sothorn
Madeleine Carroll	Penny Singleton

8. This film beauty is considered the best cook in Hollywood:

Priscilla Lane	Marlene Dietrich
Rosalind Russell	Ginger Rogers

9. This actress made the song, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," famous:

Ethel Merman	Mary Martin
Mary Healy	Gloria Jean

10. Noted for his gangster roles, this actor is famous for his art collection:

George Raft	James Cagney
Humphrey Bogart	Edward G. Robinson

She was to blame for this misery. But when you're going through your husband's bags, preparatory to sending out his laundry, you always look in the pockets to be sure they don't get a ten-dollar bill to wash. She bit her lip and stared at, without seeing it, a flashing little hummingbird which darted in and out of a plumeria blossom. No matter where she turned she kept coming up against the fact that David had asked her to marry him. That should cancel anything that had happened before. But the letter had been written after their marriage. She was ashamed to realize how well she remembered every word in the letter. Her memory wasn't ordinarily as good as that. She'd only read it once and then folded it quickly, the blood in her face suddenly as hot as though she had a fever.

So you did it. You're hurting yourself more than you're hurting me. I won't say I wish you happiness because I don't. I hope you're utterly miserable and lie awake nights thinking of me as I shall lie awake thinking of you and wishing you were dead. Wishing we were both dead. . .

THERE hadn't been a signature. Indeed, a signature would have been superfluous. Only one woman could have written it. Only one woman could step back in when it was too late and so deftly ruin everything. Until now, Ann had never gone in for comparisons of herself with other women.

She was small. (Should she have been tall and very thin?) She had that sprinkling of freckles that goes with red hair. (Would it have been better, that delicate dead-white skin stretched tight across high cheekbones?) Her mouth curled up at the corners, full of the suggestion that she laughed more often than not. (Somewhere a mouth that he had kissed turned down sullenly but too desirably.) Red hair or black, which was best? Or was it more important, what was behind the eyes and in the heart and the bloodstream? Was it more important to want always to give him happiness than to want him to give it to you? Laurel Crane demanded happiness and fought bitterly when she didn't get it. Bitterly and unfairly. But can you get it that way? Does life deal it out to the people who make the most noise? Or is there a wheel somewhere, turned by a hand past happiness or pain, which stops spinning and points out: Ann Adams, one measure of happiness, sufficient, if judiciously used, for a lifetime.

What had the wheel pointed at the night she met him? His smile had been the kind that seems to hurt the mouth with the effort of keeping-it in place. During the months that followed he had never mentioned his former marriage. Laurel's name had not passed his lips.

The night he asked her to marry him he said, "I didn't know that a woman could be so decent. I thought when women helped men there was always a great noise about it. But you've helped me through the worst time of my life and I want to go on with you always. I don't ever want to be without you again. Will you, Ann?"

And now had he changed his mind? Was he regretting those words?

How does one begin the conversation when one suspects a husband of being sorry he married one? As he opens

(Continued on page 78)

Joan Crawford

IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

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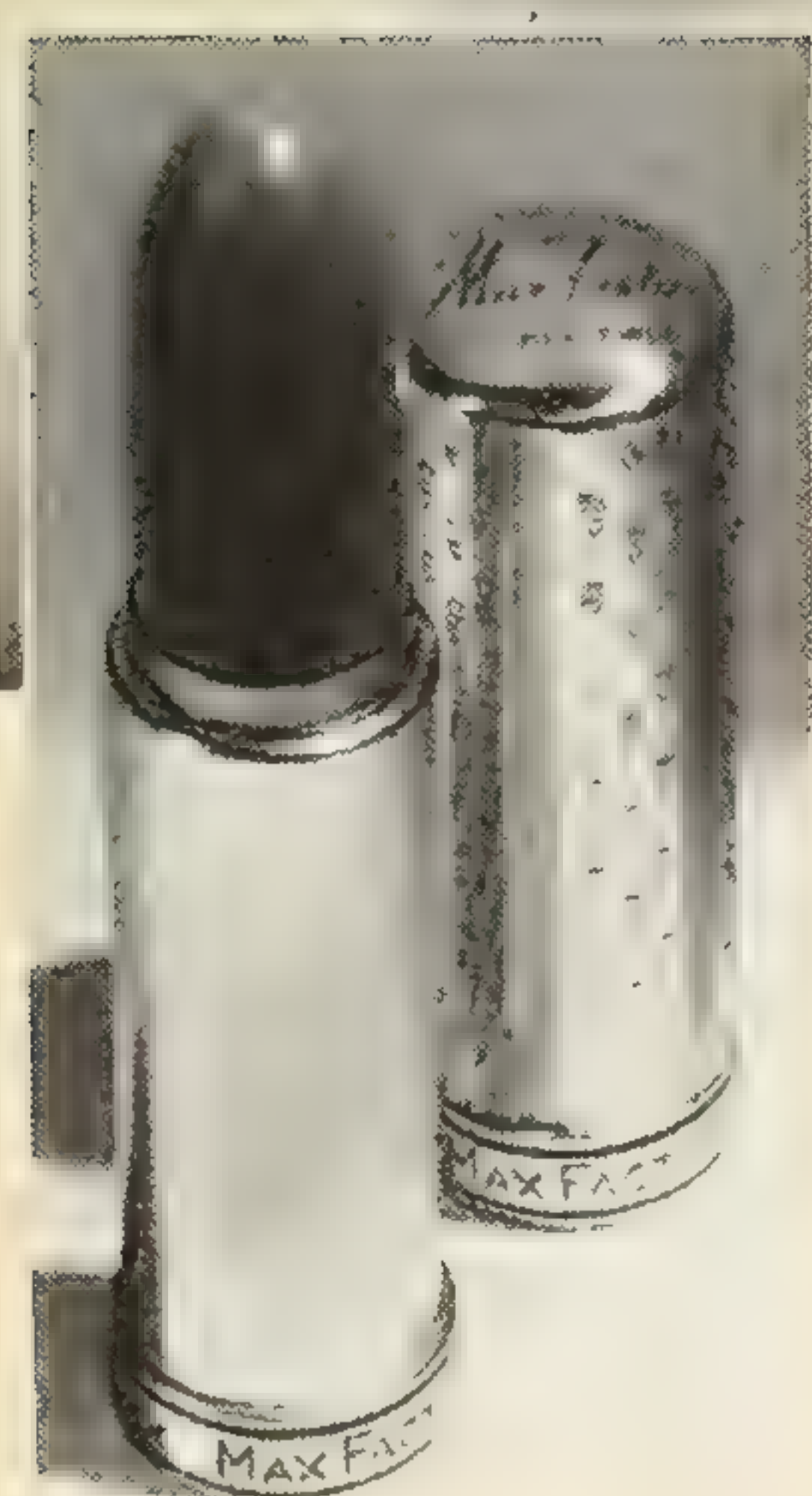
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Med um ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Lashes) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here
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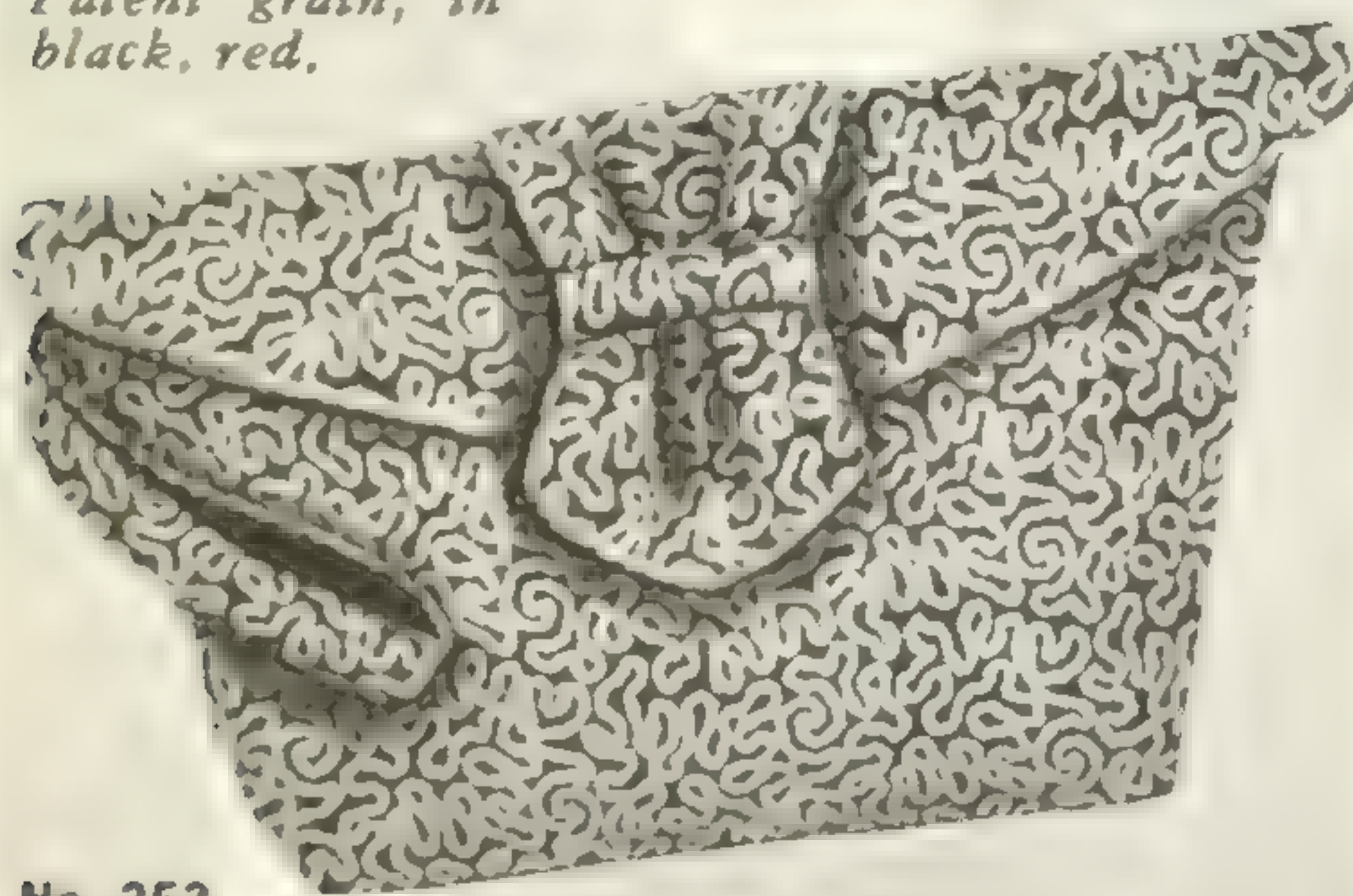
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the door, you could sing out cheerily, "I know what's wrong with you. You're sorry you married me and I don't blame you. I've been looking in the mirror and I have a very ordinary face." Or one could say, "Has it ever occurred to you how easy divorce is these days? Six weeks in Reno and it's all over. It's a wonderful age we live in, isn't it?" Ann found herself twisting her hands together as though they were cold. She thought: "I'm cracking up. This is the way it happens. You crack up inside and then it starts coming out and you twist your hands and find the back of your neck aching as though somebody had hit you with a mallet. You try to tell yourself jokes and you feel very clever, but you can't laugh."

The tightness in her throat got worse and she had a queer aching feeling behind her eyes. All her life, Ann had responded to these symptoms with one course of action, which was to take a bath. She deserted the couch and went swiftly to the bathroom where she turned on the water and sat on the edge of the tub undressing and crying at the same time. As she cried, she thought irrelevantly, "I always thought there'd be wonderful songbirds in Honolulu, but there aren't. I wonder why."

The traces of tears had effectively been erased with cold cream and applications of hot and cold water, when the creaking of the bedroom door announced the presence of the little Japanese doll who served them their breakfast and quietly padded about effacing all evidences of their untidiness. Keiko stood in the doorway, hiding her hands in the folds of her gaily patterned kimono. "Please," she said shyly. She always began that way.

After she had given that word time to sink in, she repeated it and added, "A man and a lady."

ANN found Randy and Caroline in the drawing room watching the bedroom door through which she came as though they were a couple of cats who had cornered one mouse. "Well," Caroline said heartily, as though she had practiced it, "hello."

"Hello," Ann said. She looked at Randy and her worst suspicions were confirmed. Whenever Caroline was worried, Randy looked serene. The worse things got, the serener Randy got until, when things were at their blackest, his face wore a vacant expression usually attributed to those who walk in their sleep.

"We just came over," Randy said, in response to Ann's look.

They seemed singularly jumpy. "What's up?" Ann said.

As one voice they said, "Nothing."

Ann said to Randy, "Do you want a drink?" Randy said, "Yes, please," with such alacrity that the words ran together. Ann rang for Keiko. "See David over at the beach? He went surfing."

"Well..." Randy said.

"As a matter of fact, yes," said Caroline rapidly.

"The Scotch, Keiko." Ann looked at Caroline and then at Randy. "What's the matter with you two?"

Caroline said brightly, "Nothing. We—we just came over."

Keiko came in and put the whisky at Randy's elbow. She plopped some ice into the glasses and said, "Please," to Randy.

"Please, what?" Randy said.

"That's all," Ann said. "Just, 'please.' Don't press her about it because she cries very easily."

Randy smiled rather uncertainly at Keiko, and she bent in the middle as though she were hung from the ceiling

on strings. Randy said to Ann, "What do I do now?"

"Say 'Thank you' and she'll go away."

Randy said, "Thank you," and Keiko vanished, eyes demurely downcast. Caroline drew a deep breath. Randy's face took on added serenity and he sipped his drink, staring into it.

"We met David on the beach," Caroline said. "He—he asked us to give you a message."

Randy said testily, "Don't act as though it were the message to Garcia. What's so world-shaking about a man's being late for dinner?"

"Did he say how late he'd be?" Ann was puzzled. She kept looking from one to the other of them, but they were strangely unhelpful. Caroline shook her head. Randy shook his head. Caroline looked at her shoes and Randy inspected his drink. Ann said, "Well, I'd better tell them in the kitchen. You'll stay, won't you?"

"Yes," Caroline said, as though she were accepting an invitation to commit suicide.

When Ann was gone, Randy put down his glass impatiently. "Now see here," he said, "the very least she could suspect, the way you've been acting, is that we've murdered David and buried him somewhere between here and Waikiki. All that's actually happened is that he came up to us on the beach, seemed rather upset and asked us to tell Ann he'd be late for dinner."

"Why was he upset?" Caroline demanded. "Why is he going to be late for dinner? Where could he go that he couldn't take Ann?"

"I don't know!"

Caroline's was the voice of doom. "Something's wrong."

"All right, something's wrong. But if being late for dinner is synonymous with trouble, then the world's full of trouble."

"There's no reason to be late for dinner in Honolulu," Caroline said, with a kind of feminine logic which should be stamped out.

Randy said, "I'm not going to marry you. I've just made up my mind."

"I don't remember ever accepting you," Caroline retorted, huffily. She picked up the evening paper, effectually indicating that the discussion was at an end. They sat in hostile paper-rustling and ice-clinking silence. Presently, Randy said, "Maybe Ann knows how pineapples grow. I think... I'm not sure... the man I borrowed the money from wears glasses. It's coming back to me gradually. He said, 'I'm in the pineapple business,' and I said, 'Do you need any capital?' and he said, 'No,' and then I said, 'Well I do,' and he gave it to me and then we spent the rest of the evening together somewhere in a cellar..."

"What?" Caroline jumped.

"It was a very nice cellar," Randy said, on the defensive. "Some kind of a club. What's wrong with you? You've gone quite white. Can I get you something?"

"No thank you. I've got something." She brandished the paper under his nose as though he'd been responsible for printing it. "Do you know who's here?"

"Napoleon?" Randy said, politely.

"Laurel Crane. She came in this morning on the Clipper."

Randy set his glass down and snatched the paper. There it was, in the list of Clipper arrivals: Laurel Crane. He lowered the paper, looking grave. "Better throw up the fortifications," he said, "there's going to be a fight. Laurel's not giving up so easily."

"What kind of a woman can she be?" Caroline was almost crying.

"Laurel's not a woman. She's just trouble wrapped in skin."

And in the cocktail bar of the Royal Palms Hotel, David sat facing Laurel Crane. He remembered a lot of things, sitting there. While Laurel's long, nervous white hands mashed out the fire of a cigarette just lit and turned to the careful destruction of a paper napkin in Laurel-like patterns, Laurel's deep voice said the cutting and wooing things which were Laurel-like too. David, without wanting to, remembered months back when she'd left him without even saying good-bye. He could still feel the pain he'd felt (as though a man could forget those long nights staring at the ceiling and wondering where he'd failed), still writhe at the recollection of going into the studio to work under lights that stabbed eyes which had been open all night. He could remember trying to say easily, "Laurel? Oh, she's away for a rest. Nobody can go the pace that Laurel goes without needing a rest occasionally, you know. When? Oh..." vaguely, "she'll be back soon." Then that awful, cheery smile. "I hope she'll be back soon. Being a bachelor isn't my idea of fun. Dinner? I'd love it."

THOSE dinners. Sometimes he'd drunk too much trying to keep from seeing Laurel where she wasn't. The mornings after those evenings he would tell himself nervously that his depression was caused by the alcohol the night before. The thing was to keep a clear head, see things clearly. He'd go for several weeks without a drink and then the dinners were one long, clear agony. Once he remembered kissing a girl violently and telling her he was mad about her, and after that she kept calling him up and he felt an awful swine, but he couldn't bring himself to talk to her. And all these things, one by one, he piled up against Laurel without knowing it. But he still waited to hear from her. He did, finally. She had filed suit for divorce. She was unfair that way and full of surprises.

"I don't mean to say," Laurel was saying, "that I believe marriages are made in heaven, but I've come to believe that if something's in your blood it's there to stay. You try and put me out of your mind. Just try."

"I don't have to try," David said. "I have."

"You're lying," Laurel said, dispassionately, "I don't blame you, but I don't believe you either. You've married a milk-sop who's willing to bring you your slippers. But that isn't what you want. I know you better than you know yourself, David."

"You're a vicious woman," David said.

"I may be vicious, but I'm the woman you want," Laurel said. "You've tried to tell yourself that it's the way I look and your pride in me that you're missing, but that's not true either. It's something else. It's what I am. It's what you wanted to live with for the rest of your life and without me you feel empty and unfinished. When you're with her you feel quite separate and all one person inside your own skin. But when we were together you didn't feel that and that was right. That's the way it should be."

"Will you, for God's sake, stop talking?" David said.

"No," said Laurel. "They've laid down nice little rules about what a woman should say when her former husband has married another woman. But I don't follow the rules. I never have. Why should I start now?"

David reflected despairingly that the usual arguments couldn't be used

against Laurel because she had a way of cutting the ground out from under them with one nasty swoop and making you feel a fool. And if she wasn't right, the way she said things made them sound logical and true and fair.

It was twelve o'clock and Caroline couldn't stand it any more. Ann wasn't trying to talk. She was just trying to live until David got there. Randy had given up long since and quietly immersed himself in drink, having looked up in the encyclopedia during one of the thick silences after dinner, how pineapples grew. He said, "Well, think of that, now. The second largest industry in Hawaii is growing and canning pineapple. It is conducted by nine companies with a capital totaling \$17,825,000 and assets exceeding \$35,750,000. The pack in 1930. . . ."

"Oh, shut up," Caroline said. "Who cares?"

"I care," Randy said stiffly. "I am interested in things that are going on around me."

"Well, pineapple is growing all around you," Caroline said. "Why don't you go out and listen to it and leave us in peace?"

Ann smiled at Randy wanly. "Caroline is mad at you because David didn't come home. Don't pay any attention."

Then, at twelve o'clock, Caroline said, "I'm going home. I don't want to be here when David comes because I'm quite sure I'll give way to murder."

Randy paused ceremoniously in the doorway. "It was a lovely dinner," he said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Ann said.

Randy couldn't seem to get himself out of the door. He said uncomfortably, "Don't worry. They're probably just hashing things over and don't realize how late it is."

"Probably," Ann said.

Caroline said from the darkness, "Come on, Pollyanna, before I really give you something to be cheerful about."

Ann sat on the lanai when they had gone. It was a beautiful tropical night with a beautiful tropical moon, but it was pretty useless to her. She didn't feel like crying. She hadn't felt like crying since Caroline had told her about Laurel's arrival. All her energy had been concentrated in trying to

breathe. Before she'd always taken breathing for granted. Now she was acutely conscious of it as an effort. During this breath he might be kissing Laurel and admitting a mistake. During this one he might be on his way home. Or . . . he might be on his way swiftly in another direction, leaving her as Laurel had left him, without a word. She was amazed when she realized how many places in the world a person could go, and you'd never know, unless he left you some word where to look for him. If he didn't come. . . .

But he came at one-thirty. He looked very tired, even in the half light of the lanai. His hair was wind-tossed as though he'd been driving like mad (would Laurel kill him one way or another? On a curve, perhaps, trying to push the memory of her out of his head with the impact of wind?) and as he lit a fresh cigarette she could see his hand shaking. He said gently, "I'm desperately sorry, Ann."

"That's all right," Ann said.

"Caro and Randy were here for dinner, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"They told you Laurel is here?"

"Yes."

"I meant to come earlier," David said then. "I really meant to, but it got so involved."

Ann said, "David . . . is it true?"

"Is what true, darling?"

"Do you lie awake nights wishing you were dead as she said you would in the letter?"

There was a long silence. David turned his back and crushed out the cigarette with a quick, nervous gesture. He just stood there. Ann wanted to scream, or to run but she didn't do either. She could hear herself breathing and his breathing crossing hers in sound. She forced her voice, just to hear something in the stillness. "Do you, David?"

"Yes," David said. "Yes, I do. I have, ever since the night she left me. I'm sorry, Ann."

A shattering awakening for a bride on her honeymoon—and especially for Ann! With her carefree, childlike charm, how can she hope to compete with the allure (and the determination) of David's former wife? Don't miss the unexpected developments in May PHOTOPLAY!

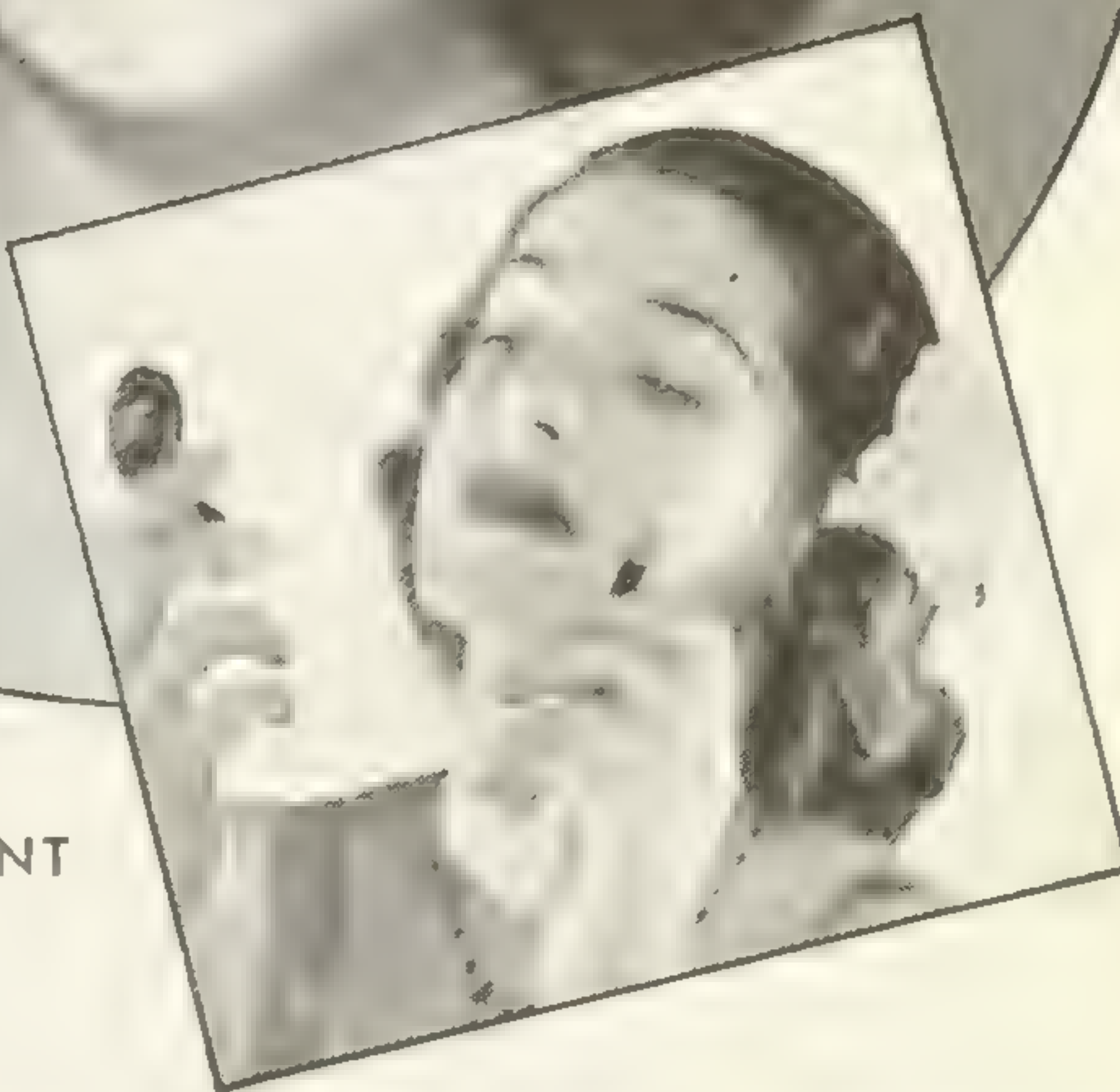
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Hollywood's Greatest Lessons in Love

(Continued from page 23)

like that, and that's to ask: To ask happy wives, and women many-times-divorced—husbands of ten years' standing, and ex-husbands of a month—press agents, and maids on the lots. To get the answer, you must become a universal pest.

I became such a pest, and I finally came to a single conclusion, which is herewith presented to those who may be smug about their own success in marriage:

Hollywood marriages have no outside props to keep them up. If they survive, it is because the man and wife concerned are truly happier together than apart!

Analyze the marriages which have failed in the moving-picture colony, and you'll notice that they have failed for causes which rarely crop up in the average American home. Analyze the ones which have succeeded, and you'll see that they have survived difficulties which are abnormally severe.

Here are the abnormal circumstances which make marriage a difficult accomplishment in Hollywood—here, in distilled form, is the comment made by

dozens of confidantes close to the stars:

1. Many of these wives work, and work at very exacting jobs. They must often sacrifice their husbands' needs, as well as their own inclinations, to the necessities of their career.

2. Hollywood homes have too much money.

3. There is no Mrs. Grundy in Hollywood, to look askance at couples eager to break up.

4. Marriage is a normal way of life, developed for the average man and woman; but Hollywood is inhabited by people of very different dispositions and tastes from the average.

5. Many of the stars are too pampered and spoiled for marriage.

PPOINT No. 1 was mentioned so often that I sought out a famous psychiatrist and asked him to tell me whether he thought a wife's moving-picture career causes an unusual strain on a marriage.

"Certainly," he said. "Hollywood homes have no one who puts the marriage first—and a happy home demands great sacrifices on the part of at least one of its members.

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"All working women have trouble with their marriages. For they have to divide their loyalties between two men—the husband and the boss.

"Suppose," he said, "that you're a working woman, due on the job at nine in the morning—at eight-fifteen your husband runs a temperature. If you stay at home, your career may suffer, but your marriage will be strengthened. If you rush off, you're taking the first step toward Reno.

"A great many screen actresses, under similar circumstances, have kept their engagements on the lot."

That's a mistake, from the point of view of married happiness—we all can see that. But this is a difficult decision, which the average wife is never called upon to make. Point No. 1, alone, shows why marriage is more difficult in many Hollywood homes than in the average American town.

And yet—look at the Gleasons, and the George Burns, and the Joel McCreas—in those homes, six successful careers are going full tilt, without a divorce decree in the sky. Point No. 1 need not be fatal!

But there are many broken homes in Hollywood in which the wife has been a lady of leisure. For a clue to such divorces as these, we must move on to Points 2, 3, 4 and 5.

"**HOLLYWOOD** homes have too much money." That struck me as absurd. Half the domestic squabbles in the average household take place because there isn't enough money! Why should ample means lead to the divorce court?

I found a divorced actor who gave me one explanation.

"Most happy couples," he said, "think about a divorce, at some point, during their first years together. But if the man is making \$2,000 a year, they have to think it over. They're still making payments on the car, and the wife can't get a job while she has children to care for, and so they have to delay the divorce until the husband will make enough money to support two homes.

"That little breathing space saves their marriage. In a month or so they forgive each other. Poverty holds more homes together than it ever breaks up."

When you think of it, that's true. There's a vast difference between saving your nickels for the bus fare to Reno, and simply notifying the studio lawyer you want a divorce by Tuesday next. Separation is fearfully easy for stars who make mammoth salaries. Circumstances do not force them to stop and think it over.

Then take Point No. 3: "Hollywood lacks a Mrs. Grundy."

A happily married wife of a famous actor told me, with feeling, about this.

"You see," she said; "nobody in Hollywood can afford to be old-fashioned about accepting the divorced. Some of our least conservative men and women are in the most influential positions here, and we've got to accept anybody who's Box Office.

"So what happens? Any prominent star can break up a home without fear of social consequences. People in other towns may be held to their marriage because they know their friends would disapprove if they gave up without sufficient reason. Any old whim of a reason is good enough for a Hollywood star's friends; so long as she is pulling down her \$4,000 a week, nobody's going to cut her."

So that's another coaster brake without which the Hollywood marriages have to get along. Public opinion helps the rest of us over the rough spots in our married life, more often, perhaps, than we think. By their success, the stars are deprived of its aid.

On Point No. 4—the difficulty stars have in adjusting themselves to so nor-

mal an institution as marriage, many of the experts spoke with a bitter emphasis. How can a marriage have a chance, they said, when husband and wife lead erratic lives, with irregular hours—when they have separate social circles during the working hours of every day—when all parties are given over to shoptalk? Non-acting husbands and wives are outsiders in Hollywood social affairs, and are often made to feel it.

"Marriage is hard when either husband or wife is more successful in pictures than the other," a divorced man-star said to me. "But it's hell when one of them is an outsider, with no standing in the community at all."

So think of that, you husbands and wives who live in normal towns where the husband's standing is no higher than the wife's, and where shoptalk ends with the business day! Point No. 4 places a greater strain on the devotion of Hollywood couples than any other.

BUT there was another point which many of these Hollywood observers made to me—Point No. 5: "Many of the stars are spoiled." A woman who had been married twice to well-known actors spoke passionately on this score.

VENGEANCE

For months he had carried a blunt-nosed automatic in his pocket, seeking vengeance for a wrong, until the hatred in his heart drove him to the determination to take his own life. Then a strange thing happened to stay his hand. You will find this man's dramatic story **FIVE MINUTES FROM SUICIDE** by Crawford Trotter in the March issue of the nonsectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH

At Your Newsdealer's
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"The average star," she said, "has worked hard for his success and he relishes it. He loves to drive through a city with the sirens making way for him. He adores the clamor for his autograph.

"And then," she said, "he comes home, fresh from these triumphs, and expects his wife to treat him as if she were writing him a fan letter. He doesn't want a wife—he wants an all-time stooge. And if his wife falters in her flattery for a single day, she knows there are scores of silly women ready to worship at her husband's profile."

So there you have them—the five severe handicaps under which Hollywood marriages must suffer, if they are to survive. How is it possible, with all these difficulties, to remain married in Hollywood, at all?

And yet we know that it can be done. We know there are such promising ventures as the Fred Astaires, the Gary Coopers, the Melvyn Douglasses, the Don Ameches. (Nobody dares predict whether any of them will make the silver wedding anniversary, but so far the Five Points don't seem to have worn them down.)

Well—how do they do it?

IWENT back to my eminent psychiatrist to find out. I showed him the list of abnormal difficulties these famous people encounter. He looked at the list, and then he smiled.

"Why, all these things," he said, "can be grouped together under one simple

heading: 'Lack of crutches.' A marriage that is a thumping fine success doesn't need a crutch!

"Hollywood," he said, "may be the acid test for the happiness of a home. Many will not pass it, but those that do will probably be among the happiest homes on earth!

"If a man and woman are hobbling along together, with no great ecstasy over their love, then lack of money, or fear of Mrs. Grundy may hold them together in a kind of makeshift substitute for a happy marriage. But these things won't make their homes happy.

"Hollywood's attitude," he said, "is admirable in a sense: These people are as ruthless as a surgeon in discarding relationships which are not up to their ideal. Hollywood can afford to reject all shoddy substitutes for true, married love—it will accept no patched-up pretense of happiness. If a marriage on the Coast has failed, the fact is immediately blazoned forth to the world.

"But if it succeeds," he said, "the husband and wife know that its success is the real thing. These people stay together because they're happier together than they would be apart. That's the only real test for a marriage's success, no matter where you live.

"We would all be happier," he added, "if we made our marriages as strong and enduring as the Hollywood successes—if we were all sure that we are not being held together by artificial, outside influences."

"Give me some rules for a marriage that will be strong enough to pass the Hollywood test," I asked him.

He did—and here they are:

1. Somebody must put the success of the marriage first, and be willing to pass up professional opportunities for its sake. Almost always, it is the wife who can most gracefully assume this job. If she works, she will clearly understand that her work is secondary to her husband's needs for her. If she keeps house, she must not make his happiness subservient to her passion for cleanliness or caring for her children. He must be her first concern.

2. Interrupt your quarrels before they really begin. If a husband and wife are determined to get along without squabbling, they will never reach the stage of wondering whether they can afford a divorce or not.

3. Pay no attention to the advice of outsiders—especially of in-laws. There are always plenty of people around who are eager to act as troublemakers.

4. If you lead a normal social life, thank your lucky stars you do! See couples in other occupations, so that the evenings will never tend to descend to shoptalk. Share your friends in common and never move in social circles to which you do not both belong.

5. If your husband or wife demands an abnormal amount of pampering, give it to him! Only those who are unsure of themselves need bolstering up, and they usually need it badly. A wife can do worse than to behave like an adoring fan for a few minutes every day!

Such marriage without props is the considerable accomplishment of many men and women on the Coast. Other Hollywood couples have found its difficulties too severe. But from both groups, the non-Hollywood married and the about-to-be married can learn many things, among them this:

Any marriage that is a true success can survive, even under the conditions of Hollywood.

No marriage, held up by crutches, is wholly satisfactory, in Hollywood, or in any other town; but such a makeshift marriage can, by effort and the observance of five rules, be made strong enough to pass the Hollywood Test. And that means—ladies—a Golden Wedding one of these fine days!

When Sonja Henie Met Alan Curtis

(Continued from page 26)

appealish and an extraordinarily good actor as he demonstrated when he played the role of an unregenerate heel in "Mannequin," his first important picture, and yet made people like him. He should have been pushed right ahead after that first click. Instead he somehow got lost in the shuffle at the casting office.

Even though nobody told him the truth, Alan knew what was blocking his career. Some wise person once said that few people fail through actual lack of ability. What creates their failure is their lack of skill in handling other people. That was the situation with Alan. It is always a tough lesson for a sincere person to learn that flattery is just as potent as ability. Alan was not only sincere, but he was also in that concentrated state known as being in love, which always interferes with anyone's keeping his eye on the main chance.

THE girl was Priscilla Lawson, a pretty young thing, also under contract to Metro. She and Alan had met each other while they were both models in New York. They encountered each other again in Hollywood, both a bit homesick, both a bit scared, both young and eager—they fell in love. Having fallen in love, they got married.

Perhaps if Alan had scored an overnight success, or if Priscilla had registered an immediate hit, the Curtis-Lawson marriage might have been wonderful. Instead, Priscilla was let out of her contract, Alan's career stood stiller than a cigar-store Indian, and under that disillusion the propinquity that had originally lent enchantment got to be the

propinquity that meant only boredom. Exactly what made them separate is not generally known, largely because neither Alan nor Priscilla was important enough at the time of the smash-up for Hollywood to inquire about it.

Whatever the situation, however, the fact remains that Alan had practically not dated any girl from the time he and his wife had separated until that night in early October of the "Hollywood Cavalcade" premiere. But that evening he particularly did want to date someone. That picture represented his first sympathetic movie role of any importance. So he wanted to celebrate.

Alan thought immediately of asking Sonja Henie to go with him, and then he got an attack of shyness. He had been introduced to Sonja on the 20th Century-Fox lot and had been immediately attracted to her, for she was his kind of girl—direct, friendly, fond of sports and utterly without pretense. If she hadn't been a celebrity and the place hadn't been Hollywood he would have tried to date her at once, but second thought made him fear he might be repulsed for being presumptuous. A premiere, however, is a really first-class occasion, and so, weeks later when the "Hollywood Cavalcade" opening was scheduled, he sought out a friend of Sonja and asked if it would be all right if he telephoned her. The friend said there was no harm in trying, and so Alan called and Sonja accepted. It was just as simple as that.

They made a handsome couple, photographed together, he so dark and she so fair. They did a great deal of dancing that first night and shared a vast

amount of that light, delightful laughter peculiar to two people who have been made wise to the hurts that deeper emotions can give.

Sharing happiness, though, is nearly as much of a bond as sharing misery, and so, the next day, Alan wanted very much to telephone Sonja, and did, and she agreed to another date for the next week. They had that, and it turned out to be fun, too, and then Alan met Sonja's mother and brother, who liked him tremendously, and so they had a third date and a fourth. Four dates in Hollywood being equal to about two solid years of steady courtship anywhere else, it was then that the film colony began to sit up and take notice. When it was learned that Alan and Priscilla had been discussing a divorce, the excited whispers began singing around movieland.

Just what might have happened if Sonja herself had not at that point thrown the monkey wrench into the love machinery, is no telling. She did it by suddenly going into rehearsal for her annual skating tour of America. She has taken that tour every winter for three years now, but still Hollywood did speculate on whether or not she did not welcome it this time as a breathing space in which to think calmly about her own and Alan's intentions. But asked the question direct about Alan she would only say, laughing the while, "Well, I have to go out with somebody, don't I?"

The answer to that is yes and no. She did go out certainly after her romance with Tyrone Power broke up, but she definitely was not the vibrant, gay figure she was last fall, when she

and Alan were popping into this night club or that, evening after evening.

As for Alan—a gentleman who is not yet divorced can't very well form an alliance that may follow the one that is not yet broken up. But the well-known volumes that his eyes say when you discuss Henie with him should really be bound in asbestos to keep them from igniting the surrounding territory.

All of which adds up to the fact that almost anything can happen.

THE Henie skating tour will keep Sonja away from Hollywood until the first of spring.

Hollywood doesn't get a really terrific spring. No business of lilacs bursting into bloom, or birds flying back from the South, or thaws. Still it does have its own kind of spring; a magical, overnight kind of spring, when suddenly the brown hills become all golden-green, and gigantic scarlet and yellow, and the days fluctuate between bitter cold mornings to red-hot noons and shivery, scented evenings. And on one such day Sonja will come back to town again, with her yellow hair flying and her blue eyes dancing, and Alan, who is all brooding and intensity, will meet her. And if the gentle springs of other climes make young men's fancy turn to thoughts of love, think what is more likely than not to happen with two vivid people in a spring that is so swift that it is like a kind of lovely gasp before the heat of summer comes.

Nobody can tell exactly what will develop then, of course, and least of all right now Alan and Sonja. But it will most certainly bear watching.

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Glamour Girl—1940 Style

(Continued from page 18)

current Grade-A, gilt-edged glamour *femme* of the moment. This, of course, will necessitate a complete new wardrobe, but it is about time that you were changing your dress mood. Being identified with one kind of role, one style of dress, coiffure, chapeau (whoops!), is prelude to the sounding of the death knell of your career, you think.

YOUR hair, to continue, has been shorn in all shapes. Years ago, when you were doing only small parts, you had Jim, the barber, do you a "wind-blown" bob. Tiring of a shingled head, you adopted the long mane of wavy, curling locks that fell below your collarbone. The front hair was fluffed and banged about the face. Since that time your hair has been curled into tight ringlets, à la sculpture of the Greeks.

With the fashion edict of "hair up!" you spent several troublesome moments consulting your hairdresser (who is probably your most intimate friend and confidante). You both decided that it added ten, maybe twelve years, to your age. Even earrings, hats as big as postage stamps, plus pink veils didn't help. You decided to stick to your guns and look like an aborigine. (You do.)

Your figure is the pride of your life, and the livelihood of several masseuses. You are about five-feet-five inches tall, and you weigh ten pounds less than the figure stated as normal for that height (132 pounds) by the life insurance medical directors. You avoid excessive intakes of starch, sugar, fats, and, illogically, go off on terrific food benders. Repentant, you swear never, never to indulge again. (You do.)

Your bust is thirty-seven inches, your waist twenty-five inches, your hips thirty-five inches. Secretly you envy Ginger Rogers' tiny waist, and wonder how she does it.

Next to popcorn, crossword puzzles, new beaux, your prime passion is for shoes. You wear a size four-B, and you prefer the cut-out sandal type, although the wedge-heeled oxford makes you look little-girlish and helpless, a role that you like to play on occasion, in real life. Your shoe racks are loaded with dozens of shoes that range from square-toed ski shoes to flimsy chiffon-scarved evening sandals with platform soles. Around the house you invariably wear an old pair of lapin-lined (rabbit to the furrier) scuffers that you bought out of your first week's contract money.

You are a violent fad addict. Last year you discovered Sun Valley and winter sports. (Also that handsome ski instructor.) Before last winter, ice had merely been a frozen commodity used for a skin conditioner, and something to chill the Daiquiri cocktails that the studio stubbornly maintains you do not drink. Now ice is a bracing new medium for conquest. (The skating teacher is handsome, too.) On the set, between scenes, you knit madly. Or crochet. At the moment it is an Early American rug of thick white cotton that you are crocheting.

You are not a Hollywood cinema darling because you have great histrionic abilities and you want to exercise them. If you were sincere about wanting to act, you would try the theater—even if it were only a microscopic "Little Theater." You are a glamour girl by sheer exertion of personality.

You know the growth of a personality is aided by publicity. The more a glamour girl is seen at the right places—early in her career—the faster the

legend of her devastating charm grows. Therefore, you are seen, for a time, with the Writer-Producer who is currently Hollywood's Beau Number One. He is a cavalier of quality caliber. He goes to the right places, knows how to order a perfect supper, knows the right wines with the right courses, and how to sympathize charmingly over producer-trouble, leading man-trouble, director-trouble, et cetera. He's witty, too.

During your career you will be seen with Howard Hughes. Here you have Money; also a Romantic Aura. You will also dine, sometime during your career, at the Russian Bublichki with Pat di Cicco, go to Venice and roller coast with Jimmy Stewart, dance divinely to Troc, Victor Hugo and Beverly Wilshire music with Cesar Romero, spurn an invitation to go on a little cruise on That Producer's yacht.

Along about the age of twenty-five you will marry. He will be an actor. You will have been engaged, successively to: a Wall Street broker; a Virginia horse breeder ("he looked so stunning in his jodhpurs"); a junior-lieutenant in the U. S. Navy; a French title who wanted your money. You will have eloped to Yuma, by chartered plane, with the leading man in your current picture, not because you love him honestly or intellectually, but because he is on your emotional plane, and emotionalism is contagious.

One morning, three years later, you will suddenly see the face that has been sitting opposite you at the breakfast table for approximately one thousand eight hundred days (there was that two-weeks' location trip your husband made to Chino last year). Really see the face, we mean. The setting will be the ruffled sunroom of your Bel-Air two-acre estate, with swimming pool, badminton court, "rumpus room." There will be jonquil plates on real damask, and the silver will be sterling, but that doesn't help matters. You wonder what ever made you marry him, the dope. Such vapidty. And you had never noticed that he parted his hair in the middle! You divorce him, immediately, on grounds that he is "sulky." If he divorces you, he does it on the grounds that you read in bed, love your career more than your husband.

You would be very lonely if it were

not for Michael. Michael is the six-months' old baby you adopted from Evanston's The Cradle. He makes life worthwhile for you, watching him grow, listening to his childish prattle. You debate about taking another youngster; perhaps a little girl. You would call her Susan Ann. You are a great one for homespun names. A nice contrast to your exotic moniker. You decide to let the girl-child wait a bit, and you throw yourself into charitable activities.

YOU have a mother who may make her home with you, from time to time, but no record of an existing father. You have a sister whose best talent is motherhood. Sometimes you envy her. You have a brother, too, who sometimes needs a check. This you impulsively send him, and your business manager lectures you for it.

You have charge accounts at I. Magnin, Saks Fifth Avenue, Bullocks-Wilshire, and you have your *tailleurs* constructed by the town's best man's tailor. You like nothing better than to have a Magnin saleswoman phone and tell you that the new imports have just arrived and there's a love of a raspberry chiffon with chartreuse trimmings ("It sounds mad, but it's a divine combination!") that would be stunning on you. You strive to be *soignée*. You're not quite sure what *soignée* means, your French being what it is. You buy the Hattie Carnegie number.

Another pleasure is attending the openings given by the fashion-lad crew—Howard Greer, Travis Banton, and others. It gives you a quickening of the pulse, a sense of being a privileged member of the snobbish fashion aristocracy (for you are a small-town girl), to be able to call Hatter John-Fredrics "Mister John" and buy half a dozen original models from off his models' heads. Having flowers, colors, perfumes, race horses (everything, in fact, except brassières and panties) named after you is old news, but always flattering. Glamour babe Shirley Temple has a rose-pink sweet pea named for her; Mary Pickford a pompon chrysanthemum; Barbara Stanwyck a dahlia.

You worship culture and in pursuit of it you join the monthly book clubs (the books always look well between those solid onyx book ends, even if you haven't time to read them), subscribe to the leading women's and fashion magazines. You consider yourself a Liberal, and sympathize with the Underdog. You buy the most expensive radio and a cabinet full of symphonies, all played by Leopold Stokowski. His interpretations of the classics make sense to you. You also have a complete set of Crosby records, and a few of the better platters by the Andrews Sisters. The men in your life, you tell interviewers, have been your best introduction to knowledge—book knowledge. Paul introduced you to Proust, John to Pater. You found James Cain yourself.

At the moment you are between love affairs and life is a little boring. You know that the next White Knight will set you off, willy-nilly, on a new hobby. His hobby, of course. You know this as well as you know that God made green apples and roving Romeos. You took up golf and flying for Howard, and another time you went in for yachting. Your swain had a boat. Carole Lombard, you reflect, took up skeet shooting for Gable. You hope, devoutly, that your next Romeo will not be a whaling enthusiast. So messy, you know.

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This Woman Has Loved!

(Continued from page 70)

his arm to interrupt his reading for the minute it would take her to fly upstairs and be reassured about drafts and covers in the nursery.

For more and more that was how it was with them. He forgot the ambition for land that had been instilled in him when he was a boy and he had learned to measure a kilo's length by counting his strides. And she no longer dreamed of the way it would be when she sang in the opera house and flowers fell on the stage at her feet. Their love for each other grew greater with time and brought them back to simple things.

Then, one day they had a long talk and they rebuked themselves for having allowed their love to run away with them.

"You must marry that rich girl it was planned for you to marry," she told him, "and live in peace with your mother and your father on your land."

"And you," he said, "must study so you can sing in the opera house. And soon you will be famous. And I will sit in the stalls beside my rich, dull wife. . . ."

"Loving me still?" she whispered. "Just a little, Niklos—to take nothing she would miss from her. . . ."

"I hope not," he said bitterly. "By that time I hope I will have become so dull that I will feel *nothing*. . . ."

Three days later they were married!

HER parents and two of his cousins went with them to the office of the notary. Niklos settled a little house and some land on the Hajmassey's so they would not miss the money Ilona had brought home from the theater. And he and Ilona left for the fertile countryside over which his father ruled like an ancient king.

"I will be such a fine wife to you," she told him as they rode on the train, "that your mother and your father will bear with me. And when our sons are born they will be so strong and brilliant and handsome that it will be forgotten I had no rich dowry."

The Savozd lands reached over four thousand acres. They counted their cows and steers by hundreds and their pigs by thousands.

Niklos' parents lived in the Big House. He and Ilona were assigned a fifteen-room dwelling down the road. They gave him what was his due as their only remaining son. But beyond this they didn't go. There was no warm welcome for his bride. There were no parties to introduce her to the countryside. And had they known Ilona had hoped for these things they would have pitied her for a fool.

All day Niklos was away from home—riding over the land, supervising the men in fields and barns and gardens, and doing accounts in the office. And all day Ilona waited for him to come home. At the sound of his voice the house that had been cold and forlorn sprang into splendor. Ilona would laugh at herself because she had wept.

And she would discount what she had overheard the chauffeur from the Big House telling her cook . . . how the boss would not rest until she and Niklos were divorced.

When Niklos came home at night and Ilona flew down the stairs and flung herself into his arms, it concerned him that even the radiance of her smile could not hide the fact that she was growing paler and that once more she had been weeping. And while he wondered how he could support life without

her he asked if she was sorry she had come there with him.

"I am not sorry—ever!" she told him, as she pulled off his gloves and warmed his hands and led him to the fire. "And now that you think that, I am afraid to ask you something . . . Niklos, would you mind if I studied singing and English? I have no friends here and it would occupy me if a teacher came sometimes. I am not happy when I have no work to do."

He was grateful to her for planning this way of keeping occupied and of escaping the cold air of disapproval for a little while. For he knew her ardor. And he lived in fear of the hour in which she would tell him she could not stay any longer—in spite of all her protestations.

THEN one day when Ilona and Niklos had been married about a year, when things were no worse than they had been all along, the elder Savozd demanded that a divorce be arranged at once. Either this or he would disown Niklos completely.

"We're going away from here," Niklos told Ilona. "We're going to live in the city. Until I find my way, we'll be poor. But that will not matter, for we'll still have each other."

She did not ask him to explain the reason behind all this. She knew too well. And suddenly, although he was ten years her senior, she was the older one.

"Niklos," she said, "what could you do to earn money in the city?"

"At first," he told her, "just so we'll have something to eat, I'll be a chauffeur!"

Her eyes traveled over his face. It was strong and lean and full of pride and confidence. These were things she loved and would preserve at any cost.

It was for him she was afraid. She knew how to be poor. And she was, besides, one of those favorites of the gods who could forget the thin jingle of coins in her purse while she laughed at a Punch and Judy show in the park.

"Sweet Niklos," she said. She did not try to hide her tears for she knew the kindest thing she could do was let him see her heart was breaking, too—so when she went away he would not too quickly doubt that she loved him.

"Niklos, my darling—sometimes you act like such a little boy that you make me feel a very old woman. This is such a time as we must do *not what we want to do but the best we can do!*"

His eyes lifted to ask the question.

"And the best we can do . . . You must stay here," she told him, "where you will have money enough and to spare and I must go into the city where I can study and get work in the opera house so we can be independent . . . For it is only because your father knows our helplessness that he tells you what you must do—and how you must do it—and when. . . ."

She left his side and walked up and down the room. Now she wasn't the yielding, tender girl he always had known. There was about her the strength and force of the matriarch she might have become had she borne sons to inherit the Savozd gold and land. Watching her, Niklos took heart and remembered what his good friend, Mrs. Hajmassey, had told him . . . that whatever Ilona *would* do she *could* do!

IN Vienna Ilona lived with the Wellers. Mrs. Weller had taught her English.

Anne Shirley

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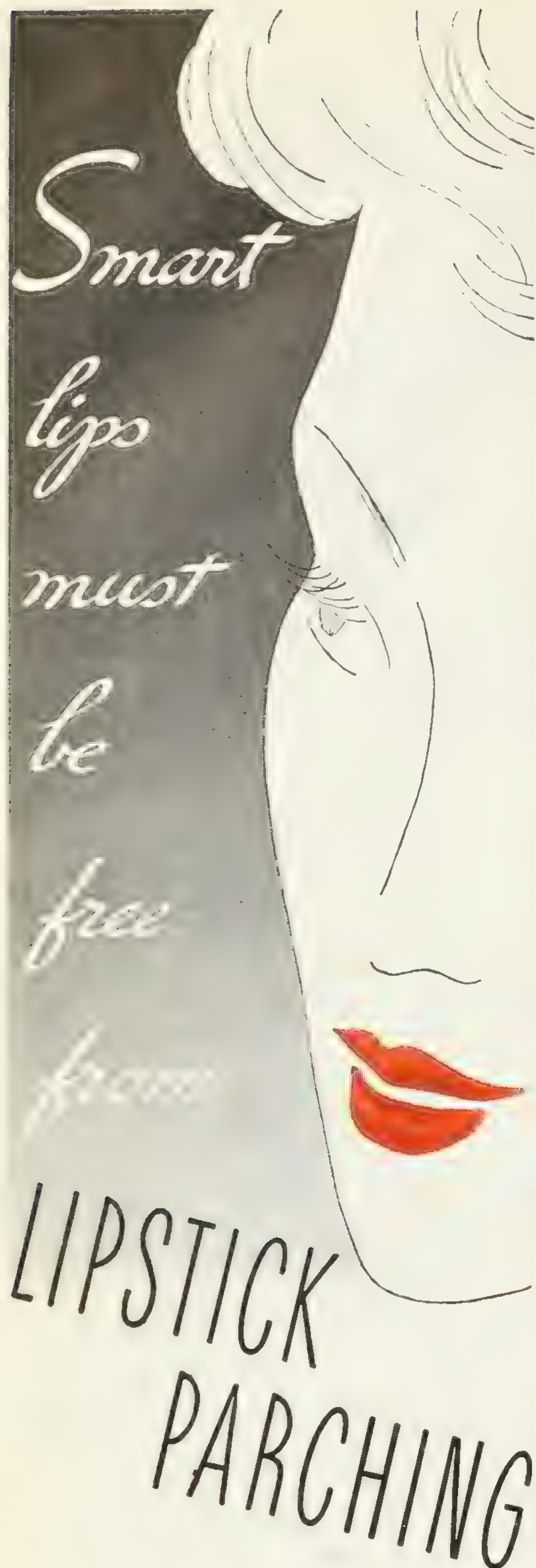
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Mrs. Weller understood how things were. There was no need for Ilona and Niklos to explain to her the eagerness with which they rushed to each other's arms when he came straight from the train... even while their plea for a divorce was held in the court.

Then one day Ilona went to the opera house for an audition. It was just the way she had dreamed it would be when she was a child and she had sung "Tosca" in the courtyard with little Albogen Arpad, the first youth ever to catch her romantic fancy.

She stood alone on the large bare stage. Several gentlemen, the impresario and his associates and friends, were scattered through the first rows. The musicians played the introductory phrase of the aria. Then her voice floated out over that theater and those men listening forgot to look indifferent.

When she had finished, the impresario said: "You know 'Tosca!' Could you sing it here—in a week, say?"

She did not think it necessary to explain that aria she had sung was the only part of the role she knew. After all she could go home and study. And she did study too, for four days and nights. Then she considered her progress with that impersonal attitude that always has been such a boon to her and decided it would be another week before she really would be ready. And she said this to the impresario. And he was impressed that anyone so beautiful and talented and young should have such clear purpose and wisdom.

THE same night Ilona sang at the little opera house, her name was heard in the cafés and coffeehouses. And the next morning Maria Komka, Ilona's childhood friend, hurried to the Wellers to see her. "You were so beautiful last night," she told her, "and you sang like an angel!"

"What you say about me," Ilona answered, laughing, "I cannot trust. But what the newspapers say this morning and what my impresario says—that is important—that promises I will have money!"

News of Ilona's success in the little opera house reached Felix Weingartner, the great Felix Weingartner who had studied with Wagner. He went to hear her. He asked her to come to see him at his big opera house.

"I like you very much," he told her. "If you will learn German I will give you a contract."

"Every day," Ilona answered him simply, "I have three hours for myself. Every day in those three hours I will do nothing but study German. That way it will not take too long."

In everything she did now she was conscientious and painstaking. Her mother never had known her to be like this before—except for that short time when she had rehearsed for the chorus. And one day when Niklos Savozd called on Mrs. Hajmassey, she spoke of this to him.

"It's always been Ilona's nature to be like quicksilver," she told him. "Now here... now there... In the theater she is a stranger to herself. She finds nothing too much trouble! And nothing takes too long!"

"When Ilona is in the theater," Niklos answered Mrs. Hajmassey gently, "it is the same with her as it is with you when you sit under your lamp with your needlework. In the theater Ilona is at home. So there is peace in her heart and she is able to work patiently. Try to understand this and be glad—since things are the way they are..."

Even when the divorce of Ilona and Niklos had been final for months they sought each other. And their voices still grew soft as they spoke each other's name. And they still found it important

to tell each other everything that had happened while they were apart.

Ilona counted the days it would take her to master German... and the days she must rehearse with Weingartner... and the days after that before she could be sure of a contract... For these days added together would bring her to the security that would allow her and Niklos to marry again.

And Niklos' love for Ilona was no less than her love for him. It was Ilona he thought about until the end. He wrote her a note one day and sent it by a servant as it was his custom to do. He told her to be sure to hear Maria Nemeth sing and he told her how much he loved her. And it was his servant bringing back her answer who found him dead.

All the people who knew Ilona and how she had built her life around Niklos were afraid to see her. Only her mother had the courage to go to her with that question others asked among themselves.

"What will you do, my daughter?" Mrs. Hajmassey asked.

"I was coming to you," Ilona answered, "to ask you that..."

"You will not believe me when I say this to you..." Mrs. Hajmassey made a supreme effort to keep her voice matter-of-fact. "But all this will not hurt so much when time has separated you from it. For that, my child, is a law of life. And if you can push time ahead

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 76 with these correct ones:

1. Robert Taylor
2. Greta Garbo
3. Ray Milland
4. Michael Curtiz, Gregory Ratoff
5. Dr. Francis Griffin
6. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
7. Madeleine Carroll, Penny Singleton
8. Marlene Dietrich
9. Mary Martin
10. Edward G. Robinson

of you with work, it will be so much the better."

Work was her narcotic. Every week that year she sang two or three times. In Budapest and Vienna and Berlin they talked of her capacity for doing whatever had to be done. And when she was on the stage and when people were around her she was gay and volatile and laughing.

"She does not grieve so much now," her father said, relieved.

But her mother shook her head. "People affect her like wine," she told him. "I have seen her when she is alone and then it is different—then she sits very still."

THE German UFA company offered Ilona thirty thousand marks to make a picture for them.

"For that money I cannot do it," she told the gentlemen who waited upon her.

They protested. Times were not prosperous. This was all their company could afford. After all, she would have a very fine production.

"The sum is enough," she interrupted, "but I want you to pay it in shillings or Austrian money."

She was not naturally shrewd about affairs of this kind. But every word Niklos Savozd ever had said to her lived, clear and fresh, in her memory.

So it was as if his great knowledge of finance—acquired through inheritance, study, and experience—had been grafted upon her artist's brain.

The UFA gentlemen frowned. Even in an ugly woman they would have resented such acumen. Coldly they told her what she asked was out of the question, that they would not be permitted to pay her in anything but German currency.

"And," Ilona says, "when they told me they would not be permitted to pay me in anything but marks, I knew I had been wise to ask what I had asked. And I bid them good day. But they had done me a great favor. They had given me the idea of being in a motion picture. And I wrote to the head of the Austrian Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

George Cukor, one of the greatest directors in Hollywood, was in Vienna at this time. He saw Ilona's letter and went to the opera house to hear her. And that same night he telephoned Bob Ritchie and Benny Thau, two Metro executives, who were—by happy chance—in London. What he said isn't a matter of record, but the gist of it was, "I've got something here!" And the next time Ilona sang these three men were in the audience.

"They wanted to give me a contract right away," she says, "So I went to London in an airplane and a contract was arranged. It was very simple. It was marvelous."

THAT was the winter of 1936. For over a year Ilona had lived without the comfort of Niklos Savozd being in the world with her. There still were moments when the realization of her loss assaulted her. But slowly her response to life was coming to be quick and warm again. And because, following the romantic attachments of her youth and the excitements of her adolescence, a deep woman's love had stirred her soul there was an added quality about her. It was as if her beauty and her voice and her acting had been refined by the emotional fires she had come through.

When Ilona returned from London after signing her Metro contract Maria Nemeth's name shone on the marquee of the Budapest opera house. That opera house held six thousand people; yet it was difficult to get tickets for this performance. Ilona was going. She never missed hearing Nemeth if she could help it.

The performance was to be on Sunday. On Wednesday of the same week the impresario from the opera house called Ilona on the telephone. "Miss Hajmassey," he said, "Maria Nemeth is scheduled in 'Empress Josephine' on Sunday..."

"Yes, yes," Ilona told him, "I know. I am coming!"

"Miss Hajmassey," the impresario interrupted, "Miss Nemeth is ill. She will be unable to appear..."

Ilona sympathized. "Everyone with tickets will be so sad... That day you are going to hear Maria Nemeth—you reach towards it, as if it was a bright star!"

"Miss Hajmassey," the impresario began again, "I'm calling to ask you to take Miss Nemeth's place..."

"That is impossible! IMPOSSIBLE!" Ilona's voice shook. "She is the biggest star... Those people who have tickets to hear her, they would not have me! And I do not know one word of that part..."

But one hour later the score of "Empress Josephine" was strewn all over the salon of her little flat. The accompanist from the opera house was at the piano. She stood beside him. And over and over she sang the opening aria.

Not one seat in the opera house was unoccupied. In the back they were standing.

One little group in that great theater had fear in their eyes and hope in their hearts. . . Mr. and Mrs. Hajmassey, Ilona's sister, Dodo, and her husband who owned a beauty shop, and Maria Komka. . .

Said Mrs. Hajmassey to Mr. Hajmassey, "I have always said what Ilona *would* do she *could* do. Now I am afraid because this always has been so, she has been spoiled—and she reaches too far. . ."

The lights went out. She stepped forward. The conductor raised his baton. In the split fraction of time that came before her cue she wondered if Niklos could know about this, even if he wasn't right there. . . And she thought he could. . . And her voice rose in clear beauty to exalt her song.

Women tore roses and orchids and gardenias from their corsages and threw them to the stage. And lying among these flowers at her feet were the single maroon and white carnations that men had pulled from their button-holes. And the next morning the papers said, "Not in fifty years has there been such a performance of 'Empress Josephine.'"

* * * * *

It was the summer of 1937. Swiftly the *S. S. Normandie* cut through the deep water that lay flat under a hazy July sky. Ilona and her sister, Dodo, walked the deck. So many times around equalled a mile and so many miles equalled their day's exercise.

Quietly Ilona and her sister dined at a preferred table. Like two schoolgirls on a holiday they marveled that everything on this ship had been so perfectly arranged for them and that although they had the best it cost them nothing; M-G-M paid all the bills.

But, while Ilona was on the sea and while she was journeying across the continent from New York to California, there was consternation at the M-G-M studios. There were many who didn't relish the idea of having an Hungarian prima donna on their hands.

"One good thing about it," they said to one another, "foreign celebrities usually don't last long. . . Too grand for their own good, that's the trouble! Besides, they can't take the rigorous working schedules we have out here."

Then Ilona arrived. She didn't accept the American Beauties that were presented to her with a shrug. She took them in her arms and her eyes broke into blue stars. At the hotel she did not find fault with the suite that had been reserved for her. She assured them, a little solemnly, that it was very beautiful. "Rosalie" went into production and she did not have a tantrum when they asked her to record her first

song a dozen times and more, because her accent reproduced with a little lisping sound. It was with annoyance at herself that she shook her golden head, then started from the beginning again—miraculously sustaining warm joy in her voice.

She and Dodo took a little house. Someone called her attention to the fact that it wasn't in the fashionable part of town. They thought she might like to know. "But it's pretty, my house," she said, surprised. "I like the way the palm trees grow around it. You mean only that it isn't the right number on the right street. . . Oh, that's all right. Such things I do not worry about!"

One day, however, she reached the studios with eyes blazing.

"This morning," she announced, "a girl comes to see me about being a maid in my house. I never heard of such a girl before! She tells me, 'I am studying singing and I would like to use your piano in the afternoon.' I say to her, 'Just a minute, do you wash floors, do you clean windows?' And she says, 'No! No!' Then I say to her, 'Thank you. I can't use you! Good-day!'"

It was explained that there was a serious servant problem in California, that maids were difficult to get, that she might have to make compromises.

Her laughter rose triumphantly. "Well, I won't have a maid. I can cook. And I'll find some woman who'll be glad to come to my house in the morning and clean up and add to her husband's little money and buy her children shoes."

"But," it was protested, "when your sister goes home to her husband and her little Francois, you'll be lonely."

"Do not worry!" she said, "I am never lonely. I have a little cat. And I have a Scotch terrier. We are very good friends."

They were prepared to withstand any temperament she might display and reserve judgment until they saw her on the screen. But her complete simplicity so impressed them that long before "Rosalie" was released they were willing to grant she was as great as "Balalaika" later convinced them she would be.

Once again the simple Hungarian peasant blood that also is part of her helped her keep her bearings when she easily could have grown confused and lost her way.

"Watch Massey!" says Woody Van Dyke, the most hard-boiled director at Metro, or any other studio. "It's not hard to do. And I have an idea she'll be around for a long time. She's got a lot of what it takes!"

And he could have added: "This woman has lived. And loved. And had her heart broken. And found her way back to a full, warm life again. And that never did anyone any harm as an artist or a woman!"

MY SON, MY SON!

PHOTOPLAY is indeed proud to present the next of its great Movie Books, condensed for busy readers and published complete in one issue—the poignant best-selling novel by Howard Spring which is being brought to the screen by Edward Small, with a brilliant cast headed by Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward and Madeleine Carroll. Be sure to read "My Son, My Son!"

May PHOTOPLAY

APRIL, 1940



She's nobody's April Fool! With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

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FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS...PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY...COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS

(Continued from page 51)

Hollywood's Favorites

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give the whole scene that jiggly, car-in-motion look.

Fred and Jean wrap up and get to work in an earnest love scene. "Cut!" decrees Wes Ruggles. "That's fine."

But Fred isn't satisfied. He thinks he's a lousy lover. "Don't you think I could get a little more into my kissing?" he asks Ruggles.

"I don't know," replies Wes. "But if you want me to, I'll send out for a Hollywood High School boy to teach you how!"

PERSONALLY, we can't imagine anything more terrifying than a H.H.S. Casanova in action. Unless it's "Black Friday," the chiller that Universal is brewing for macabre-minded movie lovers. "The House of Seven Gables," next door, isn't any too cheerful, either, as you'll know if you've read your Hawthorne. Vincent Price, Margaret Lindsay, George Sanders and Nan Grey are suffering through the long, drawn-out curse of the *Pyncheons* at Universal this month, too. But alongside of "Black Friday," a cozy little curse is a mere bagatelle. "Black Friday" comes across with ten—count 'em—ten bona fide murders and one execution! Not a bad average for Karloff and Lugosi.

Oddly enough, on the set we find Boris comparatively unmangled by make-up, except for a Hindenburg hairpiece that bristles like a vegetable brush. Odder still, the set doesn't have a dark shadow, graveyard or haunted house within sight. It's just a regulation Hollywood night-club layout. Luscious Anne Nagel steps up on the band stand and croons a song.

The story's about a skilled brain surgeon who transplants a dying criminal's cerebellum to injured college professor Stanley Ridges. From then on Universal scenarists have dreamed up some extremely novel ways to put a murder victim out of his miseries.

It has also been our conviction that there are few tougher star gentlemen in town than Brian Donlevy. We arrive on the "Down Went McGinty" set at Paramount, then, quite naturally expecting some rough stuff. We know it's a rowdy travesty on municipal corruption in a big American city. We know that Brian has plenty of battles with Akim Tamiroff, a vicious political dictator, until good wife Muriel Angelus gets to work on his conscience. Frankly, we expect some fireworks.

But when we step inside the heavy, soundproof door, we find Brian and Muriel knee-deep in a nursery scene. And Brian is down on his hands and knees playing with an electric train!

Poor Preston Sturges, the playwright, is on his very first directing assignment with "Down Went McGinty." He's tearing his scalp lock out by the roots, trying to get his scenes shot on schedule. But he made a mistake when he let Donlevy get near that electric train.

"Hurry up, Brian," pleads Sturges.

"Just a minute," Brian beams. "Now if I can route the track over that bridge—"

OVER at RKO, too, a couple of darling kids, Scotty Beckett and Mary Lou Harrington, have considerably softened the hard bachelor crust of a chap we'd never tag as a home man. Cary Grant is having the time of his life, we discover, playing papa in "My Favorite Wife," with Irene Dunne.

"It's the first time I've ever been a father," grins Cary, "and believe me, it's swell!" Cary is sitting back in an

easy chair wrapped up in an atrocious leopard skin bathrobe and puffing a pipe peacefully, while Scotty and Mary Lou climb all over his knees and muss up his thick hair.

"My Favorite Wife" is another of those insane comedies to out-awful "The Awful Truth." Leo McCarey is again producing it, but this time Garson Kanin, RKO's wonder boy, has the director's load on his young shoulders.

The plot parallels "Too Many Husbands" for its general idea, only in this one, Cary has too many wives. Briefly, Irene, an exploress, disappears, to be declared legally dead. Whereupon Cary marries Gail Patrick. Whereupon Irene returns out of the nowhere just as Cary and Gail set off for a honeymoon in Yosemite Valley. Whereupon Irene sets out after them. Whereupon—it's a case of hellzapoppin! You can bet on Dunne to win in the end.

We watch Garson Kanin guide Cary through a scene with the kids. They get along so well, it's over before we know it, and Cary is being dragged over to the set piano to play tunes for his picture progeny. It happens between every scene, he admits. "This is what I get for being a family man," he complains, but we know he's loving it.

WE can't help wondering, though, how Cary would feel about fatherhood if he had someone like *Little Orvie* to handle. If you've ever read Booth Tarkington's sagas of that young Hoosier holy terror, you'll have a good idea about the problems of film parents Ernest Truex and Dorothy Tree.

"Little Orvie" has been narrowed down to the story of *Orvie's* terrific desire for a Great Dane. Johnny Sheffield (*Tarzan's* son) is playing *Orvie*, and the Great Dane is one of the biggest, lion-like dogs in Hollywood. It frightens us just to look at him. And Daisy Motherhead and Ray Turner, the two Negro actors who have to lead him by the collar, are a good two shades lighter than usual. Johnny Sheffield is about the only principal who seems to enjoy this scene. And that includes the dog.

For the take they lead him into a tiny shack set, the kitchen of Daisy's cot-

tage. She's supposed to be hiding the mutt for *Orvie*. It's so cluttered up with props that the Dane hasn't room to budge. He suddenly and suspiciously tries it anyway, swipes his tail on the red-hot kitchen stove, and in a couple of seconds there isn't much left of the "Little Orvie" set. The fire extinguishers come out and pandemonium reigns, as they say. The Dane is long gone at once, but Johnny Sheffield is grinning broadly. Now, we wonder just what *Little Orvie* had to do with this? Anyway, Johnny's a pretty cute kid.

But for a couple of the cutest kiddies of the month, we'll be forced to pick Busby Berkeley's dual discoveries at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Barbara and Beverly, who are doing their eight-months-old best to steal "Forty Little Mothers" from veteran Eddie Cantor.

Barbara and Beverly are two separate babies—twins, in fact. But in this picture, they're the same baby! You see, small babies can work only a very limited time on Hollywood sets, according to rigid California law. Barbara works in the morning; Beverly works in the afternoon. And try to tell them apart!

Beverly is on the afternoon shift when we catch Eddie Cantor in grease paint for the first time in two long years. He's singing "Little Curly Hair" to Beverly. As for Beverly, she can take Cantor's songs or leave them. She yawns two or three times to break up the scene. Then she wails. "She's cutting teeth!" declares Eddie.

"How do you know?" asks Berkeley. "How do I know," bristles Eddie. "And me with five daughters?"

"Forty Little Mothers" sounds like good fun to us. It's the story of a teacher who isn't at all welcome in a fancy girls' school. The good-looking professor whose place Eddie takes, got bounced for making love to the pupils. So the girls give Eddie the love treatment, hoping results will be the same. They aren't at all—but it's a springboard for Cantoresque chuckles.

Bonita Granville (so grown up now!) and Rita Johnson are sitting around raptly watching Eddie's maneuvers with Beverly. Just then Diana Lewis walks on the set—her first day in her first choice M-G-M part. Diana, of course, is the brand new Mrs. William Powell, and don't think the gang doesn't know it. Just for a second, Eddie hesitates on the set with Beverly still in his arms. Then he steps across and places her on Diana's lap.

"Rockabye-Baby" he sings, in his best mammy manner. The whole set joins in. Poor Diana—such blushes! But that's what you get around Hollywood sets—and you've got to take it.

ONE star we know who is certainly learning to take it, too, but in a little different way, is Tyrone Power.

Ty had told us "Dance with the Devil" was a sock part for him, but we didn't take him literally. Now when we walk on the big Movietone City stage, we know what Ty meant. It's a prison scene and Ty and tough Lloyd Nolan are about to square off for a battle. Director Henry Hathaway stands by, watching keenly with level blue eyes. Ty's in grey prison cloth, mussed up and mean looking. They're about to go.

"Dance with the Devil" isn't sophisticated high life drama, as you might think from the rather naughty title. It's a picture about a vastly wealthy and socially prominent stockbroker, (Edward Arnold) who fails and goes to the



With Paul himself dividing his time between stage and screen, Edward G. Robinson gets his first "Muni" role with "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet"

penitentiary. (Could this be a Hollywood echo of Richard Whitney?) Tyronne plays his son, a soft-living but smart youngster who falls in bad hands, becomes the brains of a gang and plots his father's release. But the old man has some ideals left. He'll have none of it, and Ty ends up in the Big House himself. The only feminine thing about it is Dorothy Lamour, Nolan's girl friend, who likes Ty's looks. You can see the plot doesn't pull punches. Neither does Ty.

The scheduled knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out between Ty and Lloyd is booked to go just for a couple of powder-puff punches. "Then I'll cut," explains Hathaway. "These stunt men will carry on and really mix it up in a long shot. All right, let's do it!" The stunt men grin to themselves, and Ty and Nolan start swinging.

But the stunters soon stop grinning, and so do we. You've never seen such a set-to as Ty and Lloyd work up.

"Print it," orders Hathaway. We're glad to learn the stunt fellows get their checks just the same. Also that Tyrone isn't just a name with Power. There's some real Irish in him, too.

IT'S a wonder, in fact, that Warners haven't corraled Ty and all other even faintly Hibernian heroes around Hollywood for their all-Erin epic, "Three Cheers for the Irish"! Even without Cagney and O'Brien, the Warner sham-rock twins, there are enough Irishmen on the set to start a Sinn Fein rebellion when we visit it one morning.

Thomas Mitchell, his thatch dyed carrot red, Alan Hale, Pat Lane, Irene Hervey, Dennis Morgan, Virginia Grey—even Lloyd Bacon, the director, all trace their family trees to the Ould Sod. Bacon is the fellow who thought up the first Warner all-Irish movie, "The Irish in Us," with Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

We find almost the entire cast circling a big dining-room table, for the key scene in the picture. It's where Thomas Mitchell, kicked off the police force after twenty-five years of faithful pave-

ment pounding, resolves to run for alderman and show the department a thing or two. The picture's whole plot depends on this scene, so it's plenty long. While all the six cast members chime in at their cues, Tom Mitchell slices a big ham energetically—a little too energetically, it turns out, because glib Alan Hale, of all people, fumbles his lines time after time.

Alan's terribly embarrassed, because it means everyone else has to go through the long business again. Finally, almost through, Alan blows up again. This time, Tom Mitchell has sliced all the big ham to shreds. He signals a prop man. "We need more ham," he explains.

"More ham!" explodes Alan, remorsefully. "We've got too much already. Just put me on the table and carve me up!" Everybody howls and the next take is perfect. That's what a little relaxation does to a set sometimes, when the hard luck sign is up.

Hard luck is rank understatement, however, for "Saturday's Children," which we find under way at last after a double star rebellion on the Warner lot. Olivia de Havilland is still under suspension as we write because she said absolutely nothing doing after "Gone with the Wind." Jane Bryan flew off and married, even announced that she would retire from the screen. Marilyn Merrick, a new Warner stock actress, was booked for it then—but she just wasn't ready for that much acting. All in all, "Saturday's Children" is starting off with a leap-year jinx—even though Anne Shirley did finally rally to play with John Garfield, Dennie Moore and Claude Rains. To top all the ill omens, John announces that "Saturday's Children" is his last Hollywood picture for some time. The minute it's over he leaves for Broadway and the old familiar footlights, and Warners' will get Garfield back when they can catch him, which will probably be not until late summer at least. By then, Hollywood will be so busy that John may have to fight his way back in!

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 5)

pictures in the Philippines is fifth leading in the world market, you could arrange to print these in your magazine.

ALFRED B. MURILLO,
Manila, P. I.

UNDYING GIFT

THE Film Society was showing the old silent version of "Robin Hood" and, although I was still shocked and unhappy over the news of Douglas Fairbanks' death, I decided to attend. The early scenes were slow, full of subtitles, and the student audience giggled. When Fairbanks, poised on the edge of the cliff whence he believes his sweetheart has thrown herself, draws his sword, kisses the hilt and, raising it like a crucifix, cries: "For God, for Richard, and for Her!" the audience became hysterical and the senior beside me shifted his feet (which he was resting on the neck of the girl in front of him) and guffawed. But something was alive in that room; the slight, swarthy, grinning man with the incredible acrobatic grace was *real* and magnetized even that audience into reluctant admiration. Not the years, not the preposterous subtitles, not even the cynical, jeering students, could prevail against the vitality and charm of the man who was Robin Hood and D'Artagnan and the Thief of Bagdad. It's too bad for the young in heart to have Robin Hood and D'Artagnan and the

Thief die all at once. Or are they dead? Robin Hood lived the other night, against tremendous odds, as Fairbanks heroes always did. "That vibrant and gay spirit" was a gift to all of us. A gift which can never be taken back.

RUTH ELSPETH RAYMOND,
Lexington, Mass.

BATTLING FOR BRENDA

HERE'S my biggest BOO of the year, and it's going straight across the plains of Kansas, the Rockies of Colorado, the salt flats of Utah, through scenic Nevada, to Julia Smith in California. My, what a traverse—but it's worth it!

You see, I don't like Miss Smith's criticism of Brenda Joyce. I wonder if she realizes "The Rains Came" was Brenda's first introduction to those huge, hot lights, a staring camera, a host of stars, and then—Royalty visited the set during one of Brenda's most difficult scenes, which undoubtedly became doubly difficult.

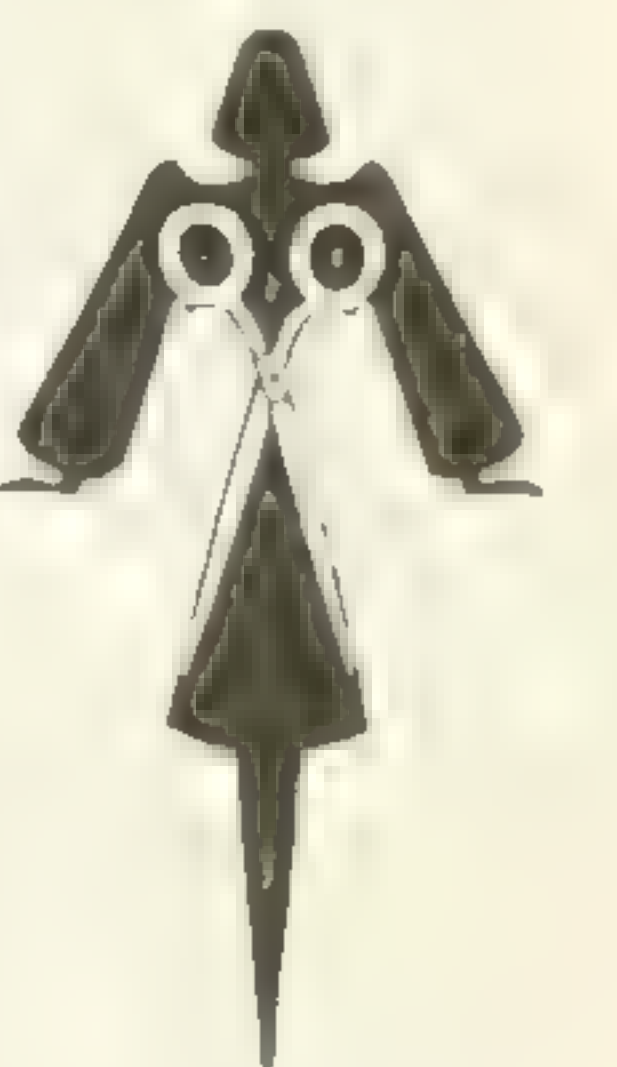
Nevertheless, Miss Joyce came through beautifully. She possesses a speaking voice of perfect pronunciation, and personally I think Myrna Loy groped hither and yon with a covered-up look because of Brenda's superb acting. Please—put yourself in Brenda's slippers, then go see the picture again!

JOSEPHINE MYERS,
Kansas City, Mo.

Why Hollywood demands screen tests



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won't let her eat what she wants and as much as she wants.

Ann's been a chorus girl, gangster's moll, nurse, and everything else on the screen she never could be in real life. So watch her go places.

How old is Ann? Just twenty. That should settle that riddle for all time.

Here Comes the Groom

"Now, Mr. Raft, would you mind telling the radio audience which team, in your opinion, will walk off with the pennant this year?"

And the sports broadcast between Actor George Raft and Radio Broadcaster Ronald Reagan proceeded. For away back there three years ago, Ronald Reagan never dreamed that one day he, too, would be an actor who would be interviewed over the air.

Middle West to his eyebrows, Ronald was born in Tampico, Illinois, and was graduated from Dixon High School when the family moved to that town. Eureka College in Eureka, Illinois, found him working hard for an A.B. degree in Sociology and Economics. It found him on the football field, too. Nothing, not even his movie career, has given him the thrill that receiving his football letter did.

Perhaps I should amend that to say that nothing had thrilled him so much until Janey Wyman said, "Yes." Or no, wait. Ronald says it wasn't one of those "will you be mine?" proposals at all. He said they just kinda' drifted into matrimony, he and Janey, and he thinks it's really the only way to be sure of the right girl.

They met, a year and a half ago on the "Brother Rat" set, and liked each other in a mild, congenial sort of way. They had a few dates and then a few more, and found they liked being together a lot, and one day they discovered they liked the idea of being together well enough to make it permanent and—well—they did.

Joy Hodges got Ronnie into movies, believe it or not. Ronald had known Joy back home in Illinois and each year when he came West with the Chicago Cubs for their spring training (Ronnie was their sports announcer), he'd look up Joy. Deep in his heart he'd always wanted to be an actor, but he'd never had the nerve to speak of it until he mentioned it to Joy one time. Next day (Thursday, to be exact) she had an agent around to see him and the next day (Friday) the agent had him testing at Warners, and Saturday morning he was on his way back to his Des Moines, Iowa, radio job. The next week the telegram came from Warners to come to Hollywood immediately for a role in "Love Is on the Air." He's made twenty-five pictures in the two and one-half years since that, and finished "Brother Rat and a Baby" just in time for his Parsons' tour.

He brought his father and mother to Hollywood and lived with them until he married Jane. His one wild, uncontrollable love is spaghetti. In every city they toured, he and Jane would seek out Italian restaurants, but they never found one that could surpass Jack LaRue's spaghetti place out in the Valley. You can find the two of them there, at least twice every week.

Double for Dietrich

A strange woman, is Italian-born Isa Miranda, star of "Adventure in Diamonds." Known as one of the great stars of Europe, she is yet shy and frightened. Her brown eyes flecked

Round-Up of Familiar Faces

(Continued from page 25)

with gold, widen with alarm when new faces surround her. "Please take me away from here," she'll whisper.

In both her first film, "Hotel Imperial," and in her "Adventure in Diamonds," her resemblance to Dietrich in looks, accent and allure was noted. But it was no imitation. Miranda of Italy and Dietrich of Germany, by some strange coincidence, could pass for sisters.

In Hollywood she remained secluded. The studio commissary, the Hollywood night spots, never saw her. While here she quietly married Alfredo Guarini, her Italian manager.

Her spare time was given to answering personally the thousands of letters that poured in from European fans begging her to come back home.

And she went, too. When the war at sea raged at its heaviest, Miranda sailed quietly for home, determined against all arguments to see the little mother whose photographs adorn her dressing-room and living-room walls.

Five-feet-five, blessed with a natural grace, she carries herself with distinction. Her large Hungarian sheep dog followed her meekly about, the two creating quite a picture. At one-thirty every morning, she'd awake, and, unable to sleep, would walk through her garden, her dog by her side.

"I'm glad I have this insomnia," she'd say, "for otherwise I could not enjoy the quietness of the garden, the flowers and soft sky of this California of yours."

Hers is a strange story. She had to be fairly thrust into the glamour spot she now holds in Europe. As a slip of a girl, she haunted the Palace of Fine Arts in Milan, her native city. A longing for beauty in her own life led her to become a dress model. But oddly enough, the money earned at modeling went into a stenographic course (she was graduated with top honors), and soon this beautiful woman who could type a hundred words a minute was superintending the work of twenty typists and drawing a salary of 1,500 lira (\$75) a month.

But the theater called, despite her business capabilities. Soon she was attending the Academy of Dramatic Arts at Milan, and again she was graduated with honors—an achievement that won her the leading role in Pirandello's "Tonight We Improve." Movies came next—in Rome, Paris, Vienna and Berlin—with Isa picking up the languages as she went. In fact she gathered together her English, or most of it, after she arrived in Hollywood.

Yes, she's the dream queen of Europe, no mistake about that. She's a good scout to those of us who met her in Hollywood and who are anxiously awaiting her return. We know one thing. When she does come back we're in for the biggest, heartiest handshake you can imagine.

He-Man—With a Sense of Humor

Broderick Crawford wouldn't be Helen Broderick's son if he didn't possess a sense of the ridiculous beyond all scope. In fact, it's like mother, like son, in more ways than one. Helen never wanted to be an actress. She even ran away from home at fourteen because her mother, a former opera singer, talked theater morning, noon, and night. But the only place she could find a job was, ironically enough, on the stage in the chorus.

And never in this world did Broderick want to be an actor. "I'm not going to be an actor," he would say to his father. "And that's final." To which his father would reply, "I'll not put

up with a son in business. You're going to be an actor, and *that's* final."

Well, all right, he told his family he'd concede this much; he'd get a job in a producer's office with a view to working up to be a director or something. He'd show actors in and out of an office, but *he wouldn't be one*.

He opened in London in "She Loves Me Not" and was terrific *as an actor*. He doesn't know how it happened. Everything just went black and there he was—an actor. He came home to find no job, so he went on to a stock company at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as sort of an extra handy man. However, in London, Brod had met Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and one day while he was at Stockbridge a wire came from the Lunts for Brod to be ready to begin rehearsal that fall in "Point Valaine."

He was good in "Point Valaine," but from that point Brod hit one wonderful flop after another. He came to Hollywood and made two comedies, "Woman Chases Man" and "Start Cheering." And all the time out on the Westside golf links, he wondered why Bing Crosby and all the guys would greet him with, "Hi, Lennie, how are the rabbits?" On his way back to New York he decided to read Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" to discover what all this Lennie business was about. When he arrived in New York, he knew. He raced to his friend, Moss Hart. "Moss, I've got to play Lennie," he said.

Moss understood. "George Kaufman's in Hollywood casting now," Moss told him. Brod got back in a hurry.

He made history as Lennie on the New York stage, and he's spent all the time since dodging the same kind of role in movies. Brod is a smart young man. He knows the danger of being typed. So he held out and waited. One day at a party, Director Tay Garnett said to him, "Why do I think you're funny? I never saw you act. Come over tomorrow. I want to talk to you about a part."

Tay saw in Brod the latent humor, the clumsily appealing Babbitt of "Eternally Yours," the amazing attorney of "Slightly Honorable"; and Brod-Crawford, under contract to Garnett, is now on his way.

He still likes New York best. He can't quite make up his mind to plunge into Hollywood head-on. But it's given him some awfully good times, this Hollywood, and vice versa, I may say.

Although he maintains an apartment in Hollywood, he spends most of his time at his parents' San Fernando Valley home.

At nine of a morning, Helen will go into his room. "All right, Barrymore, get up," she'll say.

They're wonderful together. Only Brod has the longer, curlier, eyelashes. Because of them he calls himself the male Marie Wilson. I call him Tops.

Her Heart Belongs to Daddy

"Yeah, well what's she done in pictures?" Pat O'Brien and Broderick Crawford, preparing to step into the leads of "Slightly Honorable," demanded of Director Tay Garnett.

"Not much, I'll admit," said Tay, "but when you see Ruth Terry, you won't worry a minute."

Not more than five scenes had been shot when Pat and Brod began casting slightly puzzled glances at each other. Far from the bungling little amateur they had expected, "little bittie Woofie" was in there like a veteran.

It's a funny thing, in Hollywood, how

one studio's poison can be another studio's meat. For here was Ruth, at 20th Century-Fox, doing occasional little bits and getting nowhere. The day her contract expired, her agent sent her to Walter Wanger, who was looking for a pert girl, who could put over a song as it should be put over. When Ruth's try-out flashed on the screen the other contestants just oozed away.

Ruth's father, Milton McMahon, a huge six-feet-three Irishman, thought she was wonderful.

Ruth has been entertaining the public since she was a child, and doing it well. At fourteen, she "doubled" between Loew's State Theater and the Hollywood Restaurant in New York, singing four times nightly.

Daddy thought she was wonderful.

At fifteen, Ruth had moved on to singing at the Royal Palms Hotel in Miami, Florida, and when on the following New Year's Eve at the famous Chez Paree café in Chicago, as she was putting over her songs with her usual zip, a note came back from Joe Schenck (that man gets everywhere) asking Ruth how she would like to try pictures. Daddy thought it would be wonderful, so off she went to 20th Century-Fox.

After "Slightly Honorable," Ruth went back to New York to sing at the famous Casa Manana before resuming her movie career.

She was born, October 21st in Benton Harbor, Michigan, and finds the modest little Hollywood bungalow quite a haven of rest after her hectic travels about the country. Her brother Stewart, another six footer, is a student at the University of Southern California.

Ruth herself is a bookworm, the cutest of all worms.

She never studied voice and somehow just naturally knew how to put over the torchiest, hottest love songs.

Her nose must have rammed on the brakes for the red light and then forgot to go on, for it just stops there on her face much too soon. Her brown eyes twinkle. She's five-feet-four, and her legs are something, her shoe size 4½B, her hose size 9 (well-filled), her bust 34, waist 24, hips 34½ inches.

And Daddy thinks she's wonderful.

All Hale Broke Loose:

Hale, currently of Warner's "Irene" even after thirty years in movies will be the first to tell you he's kidding when it comes to his romantic sounding name. In Washington, D. C., where Alan was born on a cold February 10th, he was named by his doting Scottish parents, Rufus Alan MacKahan. At eighteen, when his family had moved to Philadelphia and he'd had a go at the University of Pennsylvania, Alan decided to become a newspaper man, but try as he would, he could get no drama, love interest, or suspense into his obituary reporting so he became an osteopath. He rubbed osteopathy right into the ground in no time and, changing the MacKahan to Hale, he went on the stage.

In Philadelphia the old Lubin Movie Company was next to his favorite bakery; because it was so convenient to his favorite scones, Scotch Alan become a movie actor. That was in 1911. Since then he has acquired a wife, a home in Hollywood, two children, many silver threads among the gold, and a lot of gold among the silver.

He's the most incongruous person in Hollywood. For instance, when a director wants a good, tough he-man fight, he thinks of Hale, and if lucky enough to get him (for Alan works all the time), the director would get a knockdown, drag-out sequence. But that night he might wish he were going out with the boys, and when he'd call Mrs. Hale to say, "Look, Gretchen, I'll

be late," a voice from the extension upstairs would say, "What's the matter, Pop, going to be late? Well, I think you'd better get home early."

And that would be Jeanne who, as Mr. Hale says, rules them with an iron hand. Jeanne came to the Hales when their boy and girl were babies. The Hales advertised for a nurse, and this French girl was the first to answer. Jeanne's official title is now roost-ruler, and the Hales adore her.

Another astonishing incongruity about our hero is his straightforward he-man adventures into business, and his utter submission to his horoscope. If the stars say yes, he goes ahead. If not, you could build fires under him and he wouldn't budge.

From his father, who was a manufacturer of patent medicines, Alan inherited the urge to find new ways to help humanity; not by the "pink pills for pale people" route exactly, but by the inventing, or backing the inventions, of helpful commodities. Hence his flyers into the promotion of greaseless potato chips, sliding theater seats, automatic car brakes and, lately, miniature fire extinguishers.

"I'll probably make a million dollars on the extinguishers," Mr. Hale says, "and I don't want it or need it."

His home is an easy, natural habitation with each member of the Hale group maintaining his own room furnished exactly as he wants it. Eighteen-year-old Bud usually has all Alan's ties in his room and Alan is lucky to get one wear out of the blue polka dot.

Several months ago he and Mrs. Hale celebrated twenty-five years of marriage. Right here in Hollywood. Mrs. Hale was overcome when Alan presented her with a legal document that read:

"I hereby take up your option for another twenty-five years."

A Trouper Who "Kept A-Comin' "

"Rich fellas come up an' they die. An' their kids ain't no good an' they die out. But we keep a-comin'. We're the people that live. Can't nobody wipe us out. Can't nobody lick us. We'll go on forever. We're the people."—Ma Joad.

Everyone in Hollywood is pretty well agreed that one of the finest pieces of character delineation the screen has seen for many years is the compelling portrait of *Ma Joad*, the uncomplaining, courageous "Okie" matriarch of "The Grapes of Wrath."

And everyone, particularly the old timers who have seen several generations of film stars born in a blaze of ballyhoo and die out with the fading of public fancy, is pleased that at last Jane Darwell is having her day.

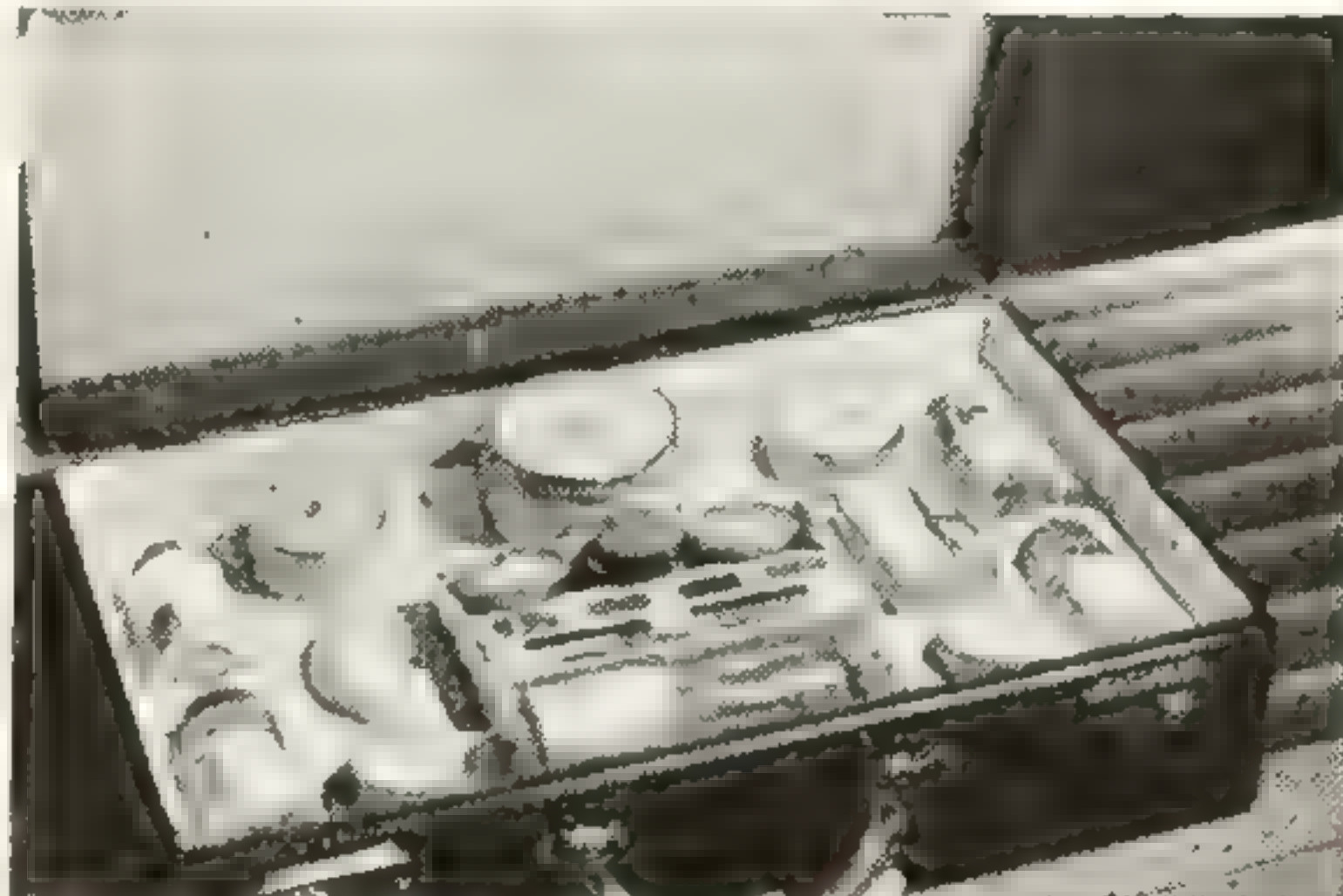
For twenty-five years Jane Darwell has been plodding along in pictures, one of that little army of dependable character actors and actresses who supply the unspectacular background against which are silhouetted in bold relief the more richly rewarded performances of the stars. The names of these dramatic dray horses seldom reach the headlines devoted to the leaders in the cinematic steeplechase. A line among the screen credits of the cast, an occasional mention in a buried phrase in a review, are their only recognition.

But behind the scenes they're known for the all-important mood and tempo they set in a film, and their steadiness often saves many a more elaborately spotlighted star from disaster.

"Troupers" they call them in the show business, and for a quarter of a century Jane Darwell has been proving her right to that brave badge.

She won it quite young, that actors' accolade of trouper. For Jane Darwell was never an ingenue who aged into character roles, a star who slipped back

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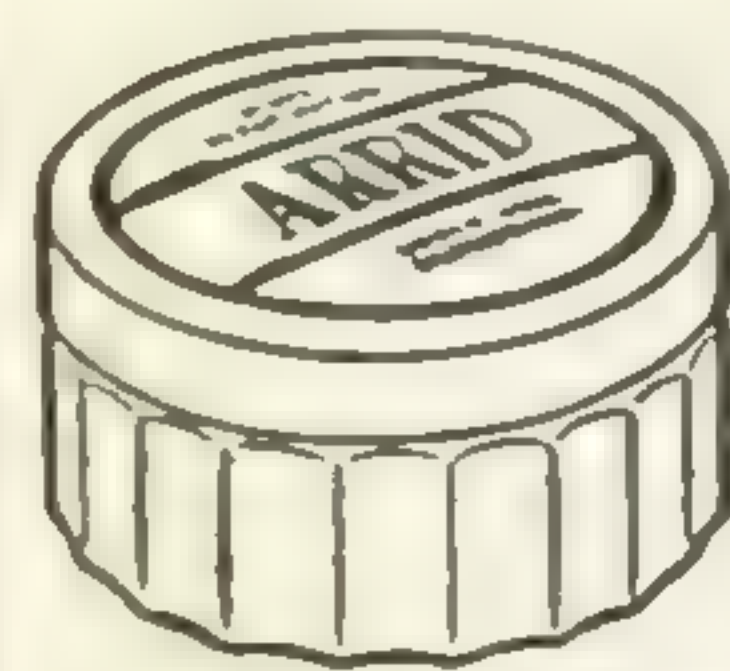
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to supporting roles. She's been playing character parts from the very start, and playing them in preference to leads.

Her career started in Chicago in the stock company of the old Chicago Opera House, in the days when Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman were the matinee idols of the Mid-West. She had come around to the stage door, fresh out of Dana Hall, the finishing school in Boston, and her eagerness and quickly demonstrated ability won her a berth for a two years' apprenticeship in the famous old repertory company.

She was, at the time, one of the first society girls to desert debutante party dresses for the secondhand costumes of a stock company actress. Born in Palmyra, Missouri, the daughter of W. R. Woodward, a railroad tycoon of the 80's, Jane Darwell had spent her girlhood in St. Louis, Chicago and Louisville, where her father was president of the Louisville Southern Railroad, be-

fore completing her education at the exclusive Dana Hall in Boston.

Patti Woodward was her christened name which she changed to that of a favorite fictional character for her stage career, and among her other forbears in a long line of American ancestors, was Andrew Jackson.

After two years with the Chicago company, Jane Darwell went to Europe to study dramatics in Paris and London and add to her experience with minor roles in productions in both capitals.

The death of her father cut short her European stay and in 1915, returning to America to live with her brother, W. C. Woodward, in Los Angeles, Miss Darwell first entered pictures in a small part in "Brewster's Millions." She has been on the Coast ever since, except for two seasons on the Broadway stage, and a summer with the Keith Albee stock company at Providence. Alternating with her picture work, she played

several years with the Henry Duffy Players in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

A long career, and, as the casting directors would reckon it, a successful one, Jane Darwell's, yet it has been only in the past few years that her assignments have measured up to her experience and her talent, with substantial roles in such pictures as "Jesse James," "The Rains Came" and "Gone with the Wind," in which she has the memorable bit as Mrs. Merriweather.

And after twenty-five years of trouping, Jane Darwell is still looking forward to years more of acting. With the critical acclaim she has received for her magnificent job in "Grapes of Wrath," the character actress is hoping for a whole new lease on her professional life. Here's hoping she has it. She deserves her share of the sweets of success. For, like Ma Joad, she has "kept a-comin'."

"We Have a Wonderful Time Together"

(Continued from page 64)

Theater, the next night, none drew as many appreciative glances from the first night crowd as the dainty Olivia and her rangy escort.

As the house lights went on for the intermission of the screen's longest saga, Olivia was startled to hear Jim say: "Hello, shoes!" She turned and saw him looking down at his shiny black evening pumps.

"Just getting acquainted with them," explained Jim with a grin. "Bought 'em this afternoon." The lanky young man looked at his feet again. "Hello, shoes!" he repeated. "I'm just breaking the ice, we'll get on a more personal basis later."

Jim Stewart kept Olivia laughing the whole five days they were together in New York, laughing and delighted.

There was a bit of behavior that particularly delighted her. Whenever she made a remark that bordered on the bromidical, such as: "Travel broadens one, doesn't it?" Jim would suddenly look at her with feigned wide-eyed admiration and say:

"You know, that's good. . . You've got something there. 'Travel broadens one.' Say, do you mind if I use that?"

It became a game between them, that phrase. Jim might make some trite comment about the weather and Olivia, parroting his manner would cry, "That's good! You've got something there. Do you mind if I use that?"

They were together constantly for those five days of the week before Christmas. New York was wearing its holiday ribbons in its hair and Olivia and Jim were like two college youngsters snatching at precious vacation. Olivia had planned to stay only two days but each morning when she announced she was taking that afternoon's plane back to the Coast, Jim had a tempting new adventure planned.

It was the evening they went to see "The Man Who Came to Dinner," that Jim and Olivia decided to make a night of it and tour the supper clubs.

They went to Jack White's "Club 18" where blasé New Yorkers congregate. Typical of the effect Jim Stewart has on his surroundings, the revelers in the little night club at two o'clock in the morning were singing Christmas carols with the lanky, former Princeton cheer leader directing the cocktail choir.

From the "Club 18," they went on to another night club and then they followed the night owls to Harlem. And it was in Harlem that one of their most amusing experiences occurred.

About half an hour after they entered the Negro night club, the round-faced little master of ceremonies halted the

floor show and, as a spotlight began to wander around the dimly-lit tables, started a speech of introduction.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "We are indeed fortunate to have with us tonight a young couple who have distinguished themselves in the entertainment world by their outstanding artistry. I am sure you will all recognize them." Jim and Olivia began to wear that self-conscious look.

"And now," droned the master of ceremonies. "It gives me great pleasure to present the two best-known figures from the entertainment field this club has been honored by having for a long, long time." The spotlight, darted across the room to a table at the far side, as a pale little figure in a pink dress rose, clutching at the hand of her table mate.

"Miss Sadie Gluckheimer, of the Bronx," shouted the master of ceremonies in conclusion, "who has just completed a sensational tour with the Ice Frolics of 1939, and her equally well-known partner, Mr. Joe Mannerheim, of Brooklyn, former world's champion barrel jumper!" Jim and Olivia collapsed in hysterical guffaws.

There was another time when a celebrity hunter's failure at recognition provided an ironical twist.

Outside the entrance to a smart luncheon spot, the usual band of autograph hounds lined the curb when Jim, with Olivia on his arm, started toward a taxi cab. The pair were surrounded in an instant by a clamoring group of teen age boys and girls. Among them was a slightly older man who shouldered his way up to Jim and shoved a folded card at the actor.

Jim, as he had done with the younger fans' books, passed the card to Olivia to sign too. But brusquely the man snatched his souvenir from the girl. "Never mind yours," he mumbled to the puzzled Olivia. "I just want the names of movie stars." Then he turned and moved away.

An amused smile lit Olivia's eyes as Jim, embarrassed and incensed, began to rant at the stupidity of the man.

"Did you notice what it was you signed for him?" asked Olivia as they got into the cab and she cut short Jim's explanation of why her quiet charm was not recognized off screen.

Jim shook his head.

"It was a souvenir program of 'Gone with the Wind!'" said the Melanie of the famous cast.

Well, there it was, we thought as the telephone jingled a signal that our call to Hollywood was completed. Two attractive youngsters had met, and for five gay days in Manhattan had been

inseparable. And now, their vivid, bright vacation over, were they still as much in love as they had appeared in New York? We'd soon know.

"Hello?" came Jim's drawl across the continent.

"Hello, there," we greeted. "We're just going to press with PHOTOPLAY and the hottest story of the month is your romance with Olivia de Havilland. What's the status, Jim?"

"Well, there isn't any exact status." The young man at the other end of the wire was reaching for just the right answer.

"Are you still seeing a lot of each other?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed!" There was a note of eager pleasure on this.

"Often?"

"Quite often!"

"How serious is it, Jim?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say it was serious," he parried. "But we have a wonderful time together."

"Have you proposed, Jim?" we queried and kicked ourselves for a busybody. There was a moment's silence and then:

"No, no. I haven't proposed."

"Well, tell us about it. What are you doing, where are you going together?"

"We've been out dancing frequently, and to lunch several times since we got back to Hollywood. And I've taken her flying. She's keen on flying. Right now, though, she's out of town. Went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball."

"You working?" we suggested, wondering why, if all that Hollywood gossip had reported was true, Jim had not followed his favorite actress East.

"Yes, I start Monday on a new picture with Margaret Sullavan."

"And Olivia is due back soon?"

"I hope so. 'It can't be too soon!' Ah! There we were getting something. But our next question, as to when he expected to see her again was met with another pause that hinted we were pushing the cross-examination a little too far.

"Well, thanks, Jim, for putting us up to date. And Jim. . ."

"Yes?"

"Look. We're going to press Saturday morning. If you should get engaged before then, will you give us a call?"

There was an amused chuckle at the other end of the wire and then:

"Let me know your deadlines next month," laughed Jim Stewart as he said good-by.

Now, what do you think he meant by that?

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 1)



11. DICKYS ARE IN AGAIN!

With "Little girl" fashions came round white baby collars. Then suddenly a bright idea popped into a bright young mind and the "Florence Walsh Dicky" was born! College girls took to these dickys like ducks to water because they cut laundry problems in half! Then the rest of the feminine world awoke to their crisp white charm, and now women of all ages wear dickys under their sweaters, collegiate-like, and to fill in the neckline of new spring suits. \$1.00 each.



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14. HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF SOCIAL SECURITY?

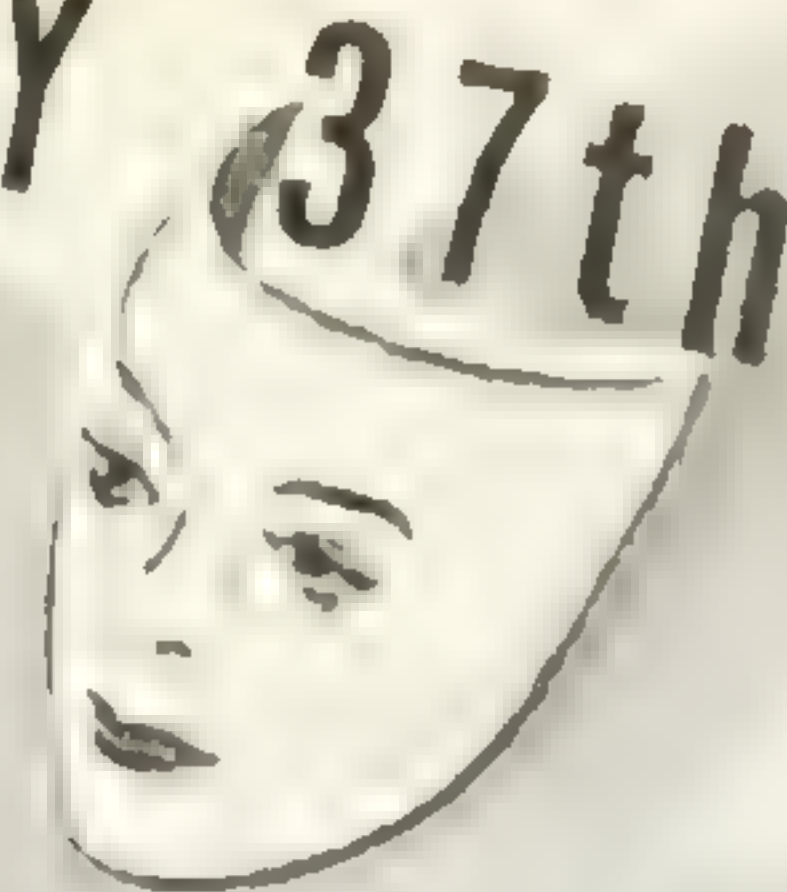
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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

A Break for Carminati

FILMING of Paramount's "Safari," in which Tullio Carminati makes his first Hollywood appearance in much too long a time, reminds us once again of that unpredictable quality in screen careers which is the only thing a sensible scribe is ever safe in predicting! Remember what an utterly gay success Carminati was as the temperamental impresario with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"? It certainly looked as though the one-time idol of Broadway was all set to repeat on the screen.

What happened? Somehow, in typically Hollywood fashion, he got lost in the shuffle in succeeding film assignments. Disappointed, he went to England, where great plans were afoot to team him with popular Anna Neagle in Herbert Wilcox productions. The Neagle-Carminati combination made a couple of light, frothy pictures which never got a chance to make a splash in this country, and Carminati slipped still further into oblivion, as far as casting offices were concerned. Subsequent Broadway ventures were none too successful, either, despite Carminati's usual excellent personal notices.

In the meantime, Anna Neagle has become the toast of Hollywood, by virtue of "Nurse Edith Cavell" and "Irene." It remains to be seen whether "Safari" will do the same for her former co-star, Tullio Carminati. Cal isn't predicting anything—but he does want to go on record as saying that the breaks (when, as and if) couldn't go to a nicer guy!

The New Garbo

EVER since Garbo became interested in Dr. Häuser and tried out his famous diet, she has been like a new woman. During her fittings for "Ninotchka," she announced that she was tired of wearing black. She wanted clothes with life, with color. She wanted to look gay! So Designer Adrian ordered from the stock room dozens of bolts of materials for her to choose from. After long deliberation, the great one made her choice. She selected—*slate grey!*

For her personal wardrobe, Garbo is shopping in the Sub-Deb department of Saks' Wilshire Boulevard store. A group of Beverly Hills High School girls almost froze in their tracks when they discovered the shopper in their midst



Tullio Carminati returns to Hollywood by way of Paramount's "Safari"



"At home": William Powell and his bride (until very recently Diana Lewis) welcome Fink, on a first camera visit to the new household

was Greta the Great. Fascinated, they watched her select a navy blue print, size 15. The price was \$12.95, and Garbo was as pleased with her purchase as if she had been a Beverly Hills High School girl herself.

Recently, just as the whole town was discussing the Garbo-Häuser romance, she was discovered lunching in a local smart spot with Leopold Stokowski (and, incidentally, a touch of humor was added to the rendezvous, when Garbo adhered strictly to the diet endorsed by Dr. Häuser).

Now Hollywood wants to know two things:

1: Was the luncheon a renewal of Garbo's old romance with the famous conductor?

2: Was she breaking the news that she might become Mrs. Häuser?

Only two people can tell, and neither Garbo nor Stokowski is talking.

This reticence of Garbo's recalls the story of how she became the mystery woman of the decade. She had just completed her second picture, "The Temptress," when she complained to the late Lon Chaney about having been dragged to the studio that day to pose with some prize fighters.

"When I am as big as Lillian Gish," she said, "I won't have to pose with prize fighters!"

"You're big enough now not to have to do it," Lon told her. "Listen, Greta, when I'm on the set my time belongs to the studio. When I am not, it is my time. My private life belongs to me. If you are a little mysterious, the public likes you better."

Whereupon Lon sat down and mapped out a routine for her. She followed it and became the least-known famous woman in the world. She never posed for another picture, never gave an interview. When the studio found out how this sort of "suppress agency" worked, it fell over backward collaborating with her.

Oh, the Futility of It All!

IN heaven's name, *how* or *why* would you like to be a Hollywood beau? Especially if you had to face the experi-

ence recently faced by Cesar Romero.

It seems Cesar had a date with the girl of his dreams, Ann Sheridan, to attend a swanky opening. But on the day of the affair, an official of Cesar's studio announced that the actor would have to take a starlet from their own lot for publicity purposes.

Cesar raved. The executive remained adamant. Finally Cesar agreed to do so if the executive would phone Ann and explain the situation. Readily he agreed. Ann was furious. She has since refused to speak to Cesar. But the eligible executive *has been courting* "Miss Oomph" ever since.

Now put that situation in a play sometime and watch the laughs pour in.

Poor Cesar!

Cal Sympathizes

ANN SOTHERN bears more than one scar these days—one from a recent appendectomy, and one from the loss of her beloved David, the child whom Ann and Roger Pryor took into their lives, who recently departed.

David's parents (we have been informed), who were struggling to support their large family, came one day suddenly and took away the unusually sensitive and brilliant little boy. All the comforts, advantages and Ann's love were left behind.

We know, first hand, of this love, for in Ann's home one day we listened to her talk of "my David." What he'd done that day at school. His music lessons. The camp he was going to that summer.

And then, suddenly, he was gone and Ann, leaving immediately afterward for the hospital and operation, faced a double suffering. Here's hoping *Maisie* finds comfort in her new screen success.

When Irish Eyes Are Pleading

GUESTS of the several Saint Patrick Day balls given this year are probably guests of Geraldine Fitzgerald as well. For the 1940 Saint Patrick Day charity balls are benefits for the Irish Emergency Fund, which is headed by the attractive Irish actress and her husband, Sir



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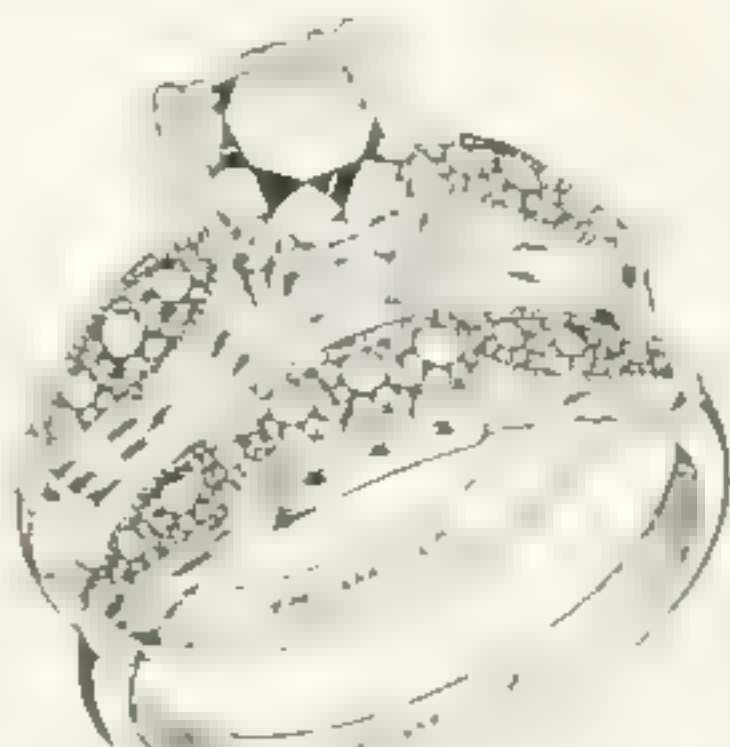
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4

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Edward Lindsay-Hogg, wealthy Anglo-Irish sportsman.

When Geraldine and Lindsay-Hogg, who some years ago became a naturalized citizen of the Eire Republic, left Dublin for Hollywood, several weeks after war broke out, they were asked to head the American drive for funds to be administered by the Irish Red Cross in caring for the fast growing ranks of war refugees in neutral Ireland.

"Since the *Athenia* disaster," Lindsay-Hogg explained, "there has been an average of two sinkings a week off the Irish Coast. The survivors of these wrecks have swelled the already large number of unemployed and destitute, many of them refugees evacuated from England. The ordinary channels of charity have not been able to care properly for these people and accordingly this special Emergency Fund was created."

James Cagney, Dudley Digges and Maureen O'Hara are among the actors active in support of the drive, which has been aided by a short reel produced by Warner Brothers, collection boxes in a number of theaters and Hollywood and New York night clubs, and private subscriptions.

"Infilmation, Please"

FOR years we have been tiptoeing onto sound stages and, when the warning bell rang for quiet, refraining from even taking a deep breath for fear it would register as an offstage gasp. It was something of a shock, then, albeit a pleasant one, to visit the New York studio of Fox Movietone News one afternoon recently.

The production was the sixth in RKO's series of "Information, Please" film shorts, featuring the omniscient stars of radio's number one quiz program; and the method of its production was as unique as its subject matter. To begin with, the entire stage, except for one end where the experts' table faced the cameras and sound recorders, was fitted out like a small theater. Next, Clifton Fadiman, the interlocutor of the radio show, explained to the several hundred invited guests that they were welcome to laugh at the questions and answering quips with just as much freedom as if they were listening to the show on their radios. There was only one restriction: NO promptings, please!

The film short, like the air show, he pointed out, was completely unprepared and unrehearsed and the action of the ensuing two hours proved his point. With Christopher Morley, as their guest guesser, "Information Please" experts John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, and

Oscar Levant, extemporized versatily in answer to Fadiman's barrage of questions. There was no "Cut," or "Let's take that again." Six reels of film were shot; the best (not necessarily the most correctly answered) scenes will be cut into one reel.

The film quiz was much like its radio parent, and the experts' knowledge of everything from geography to cheese was tested. The innovation not possible on the air was the acting out of pantomime skits before the experts, who were asked to identify such fancies as an armor clad extra, parading by in an empty flour barrel, as representative of the title "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

As on the air show, there is a penalty in the film for muffed questions—RKO pays twenty-five dollars to the Will Rogers Memorial Fund for every quiz that stumps the experts and their guest. Unlike the air show, however, the film production does not accept suggestions from the public, the question being prepared by Dan Gollenpaul, the originator, and Fred Ullman, Jr., the producer of the program, and a board of advisors.

Oh, Nurse, Are You Beautiful?

THERE never has been such a contagion of hospitalization among the celebrities of Hollywood as there has been recently. Envious eyes are turned toward the nurses who care for these famous bruised and injured.

"It's all in a day's work," one pretty nurse told Cal, "but movie people (especially the men) are harder to nurse than other patients because they never relax from their work and worries for one minute. Joe E. Brown's nurse had almost to hold him in bed during a big football game. Joe wanted to get out of bed to lead cheers.

"Director Leo McCarey is the worst of all. He starts at six every morning yelling commands either by phone or by dictating to stenographers. He's supervising the picture, 'My Favorite Wife,' you know, and doing it right from his bed. Every night, temperature time or no temperature time, his room has to be darkened and a white screen put up where he can view that day's rushes. What with all the nurses in the hospital finding some excuse or other to be in Mr. McCarey's room at 'preview' time, it's awful."

"And what of Clark Gable?" we asked another nurse, when Gable was under treatment for laryngitis.

"Oh," she said with a pout. "All he demands is a plain, middle-aged nurse who doesn't care a darn for movie stars. And the rest of us can go hang as far as he's concerned. But he is wonderful,



Hyman Fink records the happy ending to the love story of Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, who ruled out the usual film elopement and had their wedding quite publicly in a church!

just the same, isn't he?" she asked.

You can't beat the Gable charm; even when he spurns 'em, they go for him.

On the Record

BIG news of the movie music month is, of course, wizardous Walt Disney's "Pinocchio." You'll be hearing the tunes from it all season. First to bat is Buddy Clark who does six of the seven songs: "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Turn on the Old Music Box," "Give a Little Whistle," "I've Got No Strings," "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee," "Three Cheers for Anything." (Varsity 8156-7-8.) You can't go wrong on any of them. Sammy Kaye, too, swings and sways his way through what he has picked as the two hit songs from the picture: "Turn On Your Old Music Box" and the star wishing piece. (Victor 26455.)

M-G-M's and Nelson Eddy's "Balalaika" overflows with solid, lusty bari-toning. If you like Eddy, "Ride, Cos-sack, Ride," "The Volga Boatmen" and "At the Balalaika," with Nelson booming out in the grand style, are necessities. (Columbia 17172-D, 17173-D.)

The Astaire-Powell "Broadway Melody of 1940" has Cole Porter, one of the nation's cleverest tunesmiths, at work. "I Concentrate on You" is a swiny little ditty, while "I've Got My Eyes on You" sounds like one of those typical Porter ballads which ends up on the Hit Parade. Les Brown does very nicely—in a semi-swing way—by both of them. (Bluebird 10551.)

Tony Martin sings "It's a Blue World" from his Columbia starrer, "Music in My Heart," and "All the Things You Are." (Decca 2932.) The latter is one of the loveliest things Jerome Kern ever wrote and Tony skillfully realizes that fact. "Oh, What a Lovely Dream" is the other interesting musical item from "Music in My Heart." Freddy Martin, in that smooth sleek way of his, couples it with "Am I Proud" from Paramount's "Sweet Moments." (Bluebird 10562.)

As a gesture to Zanuck's film "Swanee River," the Plantation Singers sing four of Stephen Foster's best known songs. Heading the list is PHOTOPLAY's "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." Jeanie's companion piece is "My Old Kentucky Home." Then, back to back, are "Swanee River" and "Oh! Susannah." (Varsity 8141-42.)



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WESTMORE
HOLLYWOOD

setups—sometimes Don and Alice against Ty or Ty and Alice against Don, or Alice against the two of them—and the fun never ceased. It raged during the making of "In Old Chicago" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band." It was all childish but that very factor delighted them. Alice planted garlic in Ty's dressing room but he, getting a whiff of it as he was walking that way with her, pushed Alice in the room first, locked her in and left her to nearly smother.

Another occasion was the day that Don was to die in "In Old Chicago." Alice and Ty sent him dead flowers all day long, to get him in the mood. He returned that compliment by sending Alice a necklace made of empty gin bottles when she had to do her hysterical lost-in-the-fire scene. When Ty had to do his big regeneration scene, they prepared him for it by planting a pail of garbage in his car. (You may have gathered the idea that they'd discovered Mr. Power doesn't care for unpleasant odors.) In case you think all this is pretty juvenile, remember that despite their always inventing telephones, or writing Stephen Foster's songs, or building the Suez Canal or trying to stop on screen the French Revolution, Ty and Alice are still in their twenties, and Don not long out of

Don, Alice and Ty

(Continued from page 15)

them, and if your work forces you to take everything seriously all the while, you've got to relax somewhere.

Not that they always goofed around. They waited to see one another mornings with their eyes sparkling with mischief. But if they had to they could see deeper into one another's feelings. There was the day when Alice was playing in "Sally, Irene and Mary" and Don was making "Happy Landing." Don walked on her set, just to call. Alice was feeling miserable. She is a truly nervous girl and she drives herself too hard, but this day she was too pale. Don said, "Alice, you're sick."

"Oh, no, I'm not," retorted Alice. "I've just got a lousy cold and I'm tired. Don't worry about me."

Don did, however, and Don is always a man of action. He went to the telephone and told his doctor to come out and check up on Alice. The doctor took one look and ordered her to bed. She was straight on the edge of pneumonia and without such prompt action she might well have died.

Underneath all this clambake, however, they are serious about their work, so the one thing they do seriously together is discuss roles and how to play them. Tyrone, the most talented, knits his handsome brows and suggests they play such and such a scene this way.

Don and Alice listen respectfully. Alice, the magical song plugger, tells Don she'd sell the tune in such a manner and he gives it a try. Then they go into the scene and all three try to steal it.

Love had its effect on them, too. Don was the old rock in that department, of course, but the other two were always bringing him the sad news about each romantic upset they would go through. The Ameche, as a matter of fact, is a rabid matchmaker, so he was forever trying to push the two of them into marriages that he was persuaded would be as happy as his own. Thus he was very much among those present, beaming like a sunset, when Alice and Tony Martin did finally, after their many quarrels, unite, and he was the joyous best man at the Power-Annabella nuptials.

But what Hollywood is waiting for is the day when the first Power or the first Faye-Martin heir arrives. For just as much as Don slaved to get his pals married, just so much double he wants them to know parenthood.

When that day comes, Twentieth Century-Fox, if it's smart, will padlock the whole studio. If they don't, Don will probably burn up the executive building for the sheer joy of it, and Alice and Ty will wreck the rest of the joint just to get even.

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—M-G-M

IT is not surprising that Metro shelved this picture months ago as hopeless; the wonder is that the piece was ever finished and offered the public. With any other stars it would be simply another second-rate film. But as Hedy Lamarr's first offering after the not-too-successful "Lady of the Tropics," and with Spencer Tracy cast in a waste role, the whole thing is cause for bewilderment. If you would take "The Citadel" and change the background to New York, you'd have the basic story—that of a doctor who works for the poor, accepts a swank practice in order to give his wife more luxury, and finally regains his professional integrity. This is all mixed up with the slowly told account of a neurotic woman's efforts to forget a great first love by marrying the kindly physician. Oh well, Tracy plays the doctor, Hedy the woman, and Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness with her fast portrayal and blue cracks.

★ THE BAKER'S WIFE—Marcel Pagnol

HERE is a worthy successor to the French "Harvest." Once more, Monsieur Pagnol has used his beloved Provence countryside and a group of gifted character actors to produce a delightfully entertaining film. It is hard to believe that the picture is not actually a piece of every day French village life—so true to type are those who make up the cast. The distinguished French comedian, Raimu, is the rotund baker whose pretty wife, Ginette Leclerc, causes a village scandal by running off with a handsome shepherd, Charles Moulin. The resultant uproar is not so much due to moral transgression, as to the fact that worthy baker cannot concen-

trate on baking his delicious bread while his wife is gone. So the hungry citizens rally to the betrayed husband's aid to devise a plan of getting his wife back. The village priest, the marquis, the schoolmaster, the town gossip all have a hand in it—and there is a happy solution. Highlighted by the English subtitles of John Erskine, the sly humor of the film is memorable; and the photography is outstanding.

HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox

IT took four screen writers, including John O'Hara, rewriting from an original by two other authors, to turn out this strange and fearful story of the mad-mad-fun school. Quantities of people, including Joel McCrea and Nancy Kelly, ride around in fabulous custom-built cars, and week-end at the country estate of Mary Boland, vaguest of all vague matrons. Joel has been divorced by Nancy because of his penchant for buying race horses which don't win, and tries to marry her off to an old school friend to get out of the \$1500 per month alimony. The friend, Lyle Talbot, is only too willing but Nancy takes up with a Latin charmer, Cesar Romero. This rouses Joel's latent jealousy, with gay results. Miss Kelly, cast as a cynical divorcee, mugs somewhat but looks attractive, despite her hats; the McCrea plugs along and loses scene after scene to Romero, who gags a character obviously overdrawn. Boland is wonderful. Everyone has just pots of money and is neurotic as anything—the wonderful thing is, this film, calculated to send every Liberal in America into hysterics, was made by the same company who simultaneously produced "The Grapes of Wrath." What balance, what relief, if the two should happen to play on the same bill!

THE LION HAS WINGS—Korda-U.A.

SOON after the start of the second World War, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and sundry other patriotic Britishers offered their services to make this war-time propaganda picture. And well done propaganda it is, too. Handled in the March of Time style, with Lowell Thomas as narrator, the film's purpose is to assure jittery English subjects that the Royal Air Force has the Nazi air menace well in hand. There is a fine re-enactment of the Kiel Canal raid by British air men; also an imaginary attempt by the Germans to bomb London that is easily repelled by Britain's defense units. This portion of the picture seemed to be wishful thinking on the part of the producers, but, even so, the glimpse of England's preparedness should make all Englishmen sleep easier at night. Don't expect to see much of the stars—their roles are minor compared to those of man's latest gifts to Mars—the modern bomber and pursuit plane.

THE LONE WOLF STRIKES—Columbia

THERE'S a girl in trouble and Warren William, whose feelings about the law are not always so friendly, turns detective to help her out. A string of pearls is involved, a man is murdered, and the usual comic-strip chases and near-escapes build to the finish you expect. William is the same old smoothie, and he has Joan Perry to work with.

THE SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—RKO-Radio

YOU get three murders in this and George Sanders, playing that modern Robin Hood, the Saint, in a dual role. You see the Saint discovers there's another man, a murderous diamond smug-

gler, who is his perfect double. Naturally the *Saint* can't have such a thing, so he sets out to rectify the situation. It's all a bit confusing, since Sanders looks so much like Sanders you sometimes forget which man he's supposed to be, but there's plenty of suspense and the pace holds throughout. Helene Whitney, Jonathan Hale and the rest are good.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

CASHING in, a little late perhaps, on that song you heard umpty-leven times a day recently, Republic offers Gene Autry, the fabulous cowboy success, in a film intended for top billing at big theaters. It's the best picture he has made and adequate entertainment even for city-feller audiences. Gene plays a secret Federal agent in South America to foil a revolution—he knows, you see, the whole ruckus is just to establish a submarine base for a foreign power. Autry's voice is as good as ever.

MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia

TONY MARTIN, having emerged from his practical seclusion at his own studio to make a great success on radio, now stars for Columbia in an unpretentious but acceptable musical, which has good music and Andre Kostelanetz to play it. Martin plays an understudy in a Broadway show who gets a chance to act just before he's supposed to be deported. He meets love interest, Rita Hayworth, by crashing into a taxi in which she is riding—an extreme measure, but effective, as the story turns out.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK—20th Century-Fox

REMEMBER "The Valiant?" Here it is again, with a new title and with Lloyd Nolan cast as the confessed murderer who refuses to say what his name is or why he committed his crime. Opposite him, as the sister who tries to make him talk, is Jean Rogers. She gives a sympathetic performance. Nolan's work is better than he has done in many months. Onslow Stevens, Eric Blore and Elizabeth Risdon have supporting roles.

★ THE FIGHT FOR LIFE—United States Film

PARE LORENTZ, supreme master of the documentary film, again pulls no punches in showing us the world we live in. Inspired by Paul de Kruif's best seller, "The Fight For Life," he has used the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center to demonstrate the crying need for more obstetricians and better trained ones. This cannot be termed, in any sense, an entertaining film, yet in its unsparing realism, it is definitely astringent. Doctors and patients at the Center have co-operated liberally in offering authentic case material for the story of the young doctor, Myron McCormick, who, after losing a hospital maternity case, comes to the

Center to serve his apprenticeship. Here there are not the refinements of a wealthy medical center; here the earnest, hard-working doctors and nurses must go out into the homes of their slum patients to deliver their babies. They must cope with the most sordid surroundings—and yet they have established an amazing maternity record. The relentless camera of Lorentz shows the actual conditions under which the Center doctors work; the actual methods they use in their child birth cases. There is much here to make you wince and perhaps shock you, but you cannot deny the power of the film to stir you immeasurably. It may even serve to recruit new medical crusaders and slum clearance advocates.

★ THE OUTSIDER-ALLIANCE

THERE is natural appeal in a story of the struggle to overcome a physical handicap. And when it deals with a very beautiful cripple in the person of Mary Maguire, assisted by a handsome doctor in the person of that superlative actor, George Sanders—the result is bound to be good. These two English stars in their respective roles turn in a duet of excellent performances. The former—as a frail, lovely girl, brilliant, talented, but a miserable outsider in the world of love and sport. The latter—as a precocious, cocksure bone specialist—a modern miracle man, whose skill has healed hundreds, but who is, nevertheless, labeled an outsider by his colleagues. The girl, *Lalage Sturdee*, goes to *Doctor Ragatzy* as a last resort when she has been given up as a hopeless case. He agrees to treat her for the publicity. His method of cure is long, and during it, the girl's spiritual qualities have a humanizing effect on the arrogant, insufferable egotist the doctor is. The climax, of course, is the day the Doubting Thomases come to witness the results of the treatment. The young man for whom the lame girl wishes to get well is Peter Murray Hill; the other woman, Barbara Blair. They are shadowy figures compared to the clear strength of the two main characters. You can't go wrong on this one—but come prepared to shed a tear or two.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

WELL, just what you might expect from the combined efforts of la Belle West and that master of comic chicanery, W. C. Fields, you get, in this lurid meller-drammer of frontier life in Greasewood City. It is as ribald a piece of hi-jinks as has skidded by the Hays Office in many a moon. The team of West and Fields don't miss a chance, in this tale of a fair lady named *Flower Belle Lee* and her partner in crime, *Cuthbert J. Twillie*, to use the double entendre and innuendo supreme. The two rate some honest laughs besides. It's a "Destry Rides Again" story, with Mr. Fields sporting the dummy sheriff's badge, while the town boss and saloon keeper,

Joseph Calleia, makes love to his fulsome wife. There is also a *Masked Bandit* who visits the West boudoir by moonlight, and when Mr. Fields adopts the bandit's intriguing disguise, a case of mistaken identity arises and plenty of trouble. Somehow the setting of a raw Western town, with its gun-in-holster props, is a perfect set-up for the talents of the co-stars who, by the way, don't quite succeed in stealing the picture from the other. You'll see Dick Foran, Margaret Hamilton, Fuzzy Knight in supporting roles. Typical shots: W. C. Fields shooting Indians with a sling shot; Mae West beguiling a grizzled guard to let her out of jail.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—20th Century-Fox

IT may be that Don Ameche missed out on being Robert Fulton because of his recent illness. Richard Greene plays the inventor of the steamboat instead, and if you don't think they had some difficulties getting that contraption in the water, just see the picture. Everyone from a very heavy boatbuilder with a grudge against Fulton to Thomas Jefferson himself gets in the way. Finally, of course, off it goes to revolutionize the transportation industry and Mr. Greene embraces Brenda Joyce, and everyone is happy except the aforementioned villain. Fred MacMurray is at his best as the rough and ready shipwright who builds the *Clermont* on money raised partly by Alice Faye. He not only makes time with the boat, but with Alice too. She's a tavern keeper without much refinement but with plenty of what MacMurray wants. These great troupers struggle valiantly with a story cast from a convenient and ancient mold. The situations are masterpieces of banality and supporting performances are routine. The picture probably will make a fortune as Darryl Zanuck's epics do, but nevertheless "Little Old New York" is a little old bore of a box-office hit.

★ VIGIL IN THE NIGHT—RKO-Radio

THIS is reminiscent of "Nurse Edith Cavell" except that Carole Lombard plays the leading character. The production has the stamp of authenticity on it, dealing as it does in a solemn and sincere manner with such enormities as life and death and integrity and loyalty to one's job. It must be said that the picture is magnificent cinema, as emotional and gripping as anything you have seen this year. It is also without one moment of lightness and unless you are in a mood for tragedy you will find it inexpressibly dreary. Miss Lombard is the nurse assigned to the less glamorous floors of the hospital whose job is everything to her. Anne Shirley plays her sister and Brian Aherne is the doctor who fights desperately against disease, common enemy of all three. The performances are superb, especially that of Lombard who here proves again how versatile an actress she is.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood. Based upon the Pulitzer Prize play by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by John Cromwell. Cast: *Abraham Lincoln*, Raymond Massey; *Stephen Douglas*, Gene Lockhart; *Mary Todd Lincoln*, Ruth Gordon; *Ann Rutledge*, Mary Howard; *Elizabeth Edwards*, Dorothy Tree; *Ninian Edwards*, Harvey Stephens; *Joshua Speed*, Minor Watson; *Billy Herndon*, Alan Baxter; *Jack Armstrong*, Howard da Silva; *Judge Bowling Green*, Aldrich Bowker; *John McNeil*, Maurice Murphy; *Mentor Graham*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Ben Mallory*, Clem Bevans; *Denton Offut*, Harlan Briggs; *Seth Gale*, Herbert Rudley; *Stage Driver*, Andy Clyde; *Mr. Crimmin*, Roger Imhof; *Mrs. Rutledge*, Leona Roberts; *Mr. Rutledge*, Edmund Elton; *Mrs. Bowling Green*, Florence Roberts; *Dr. Chandler*, George Rosener; *Mrs. Seth Gale*, Fay Helm; *John Hanks*, Trevor

Bardette; *John Johnston*, Syd Saylor; *Sarah Lincoln*, Elisabeth Risdon.

"ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Leonard Lee and Franz Schulz. Based on a story by Frank O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Cast: *Capt. Stephen Dennett*, George Brent; *Felice Falcon*, Isa Miranda; *Michael Barclay*, John Loder; *Col. J. W. Lansfield*, Nigel Bruce; *Nellie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Lloyd*, Matthew Boulton; *Piano Player*, Rex Evans; *Barltender*, David Clyde; *Pageboy "Buttons"*, Rex Downing; *Steward*, Douglas Gordon; *Stout Man on Boat*, Harry Stubbs; *1st Immigration Officer*, Guy Bellis; *2nd Immigration Officer*, Norman Ainsley; *Mr. Perrins*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Perrins*, Nikolayeva; *Mr. MacPherson*, E. E. Clive; *Mrs. MacPherson*, Vera Lewis; *Lou*, Ed Gargan.

"BAKER'S WIFE, THE"—MARCEL PAGNOL PRODUCTION.—Adaptation and dialogue by Marcel Pagnol. From the story by Jean Giono. Directed by Marcel Pagnol. Cast: *The Baker*, Raimu; *The Baker's Wife*, Ginette Leclerc; *The Handsome Shepherd*, Charles Moulin; *The Priest*, Robert Vattier; *The School Teacher*, Robert Bassac; *The Marquis*, Charpin.

"BLUE BIRD, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Based upon the play by Maurice Maeterlinck. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Mytil*, Shirley Temple; *Mummy Tyl*, Spring Byington; *Mr. Luxury*, Nigel Bruce; *Tylette*, Gale Sondergaard; *Tylo*, Eddie Collins; *Angela Beringol*, Sybil Jason; *Fairy Berylune*, Jessie Ralph; *Light*, Helen Ericson; *Tytil*, Johnny Russell; *Mrs. Luxury*, Laura Hope Crews; *Daddy Tyl*, Russell Hicks; *Granny Tyl*, Cecilia Loftus; *Grandpa Tyl*,

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"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer. Original story by Jack McGowan and Dore Schary. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Johnny Brett*, Fred Astaire; *Clare Bennett*, Eleanor Powell; *King Shaw*, George Murphy; *Bob Casey*, Frank Morgan; *Bert C. Matthews*, Ian Hunter; *Amy Blake*, Florence Rice; *Emmy Lou Lee*, Lynne Carver; *Pearl*, Ann Morris; *Juggler*, Trixie Firsche; *Masked Singer*, Douglas McPhail.

"DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET"—WARNERS.—Screen play by John Huston, Heinz Herald and Norman Burnside. Based upon original biographical material in the possession of Dr. Ehrlich's family. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: *Dr. Ehrlich*, Edward G. Robinson; *Hedi Ehrlich*, Ruth Gordon; *Dr. Emil Von Behring*, Otto Kruger; *Minister Althoff*, Donald Crisp; *Professor Hartman*, Montagu Love; *Franziska Speyer*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Dr. Hans Wolfert*, Sig Ruman; *Dr. Morgenroth*, Edward Norris; *Dr. Lentz*, Henry O'Neill; *Dr. Robert Koch*, Albert Basserman; *Mittelmeyer*, Donald Meek; *Dr. Brockdorf*, Louis Calhern; *Sensenbrenner*, Charles Halton; *Speidler*, Douglas Wood; *Judge*, Harry Davenport; *Dr. Kunze*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Becker*, Irving Bacon; *Dr. Krauss*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Miss Marquardt*, Hermine Sterler.

"FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE"—UNITED STATES FILM.—Written and directed by Pare Lorentz. From the book by Paul de Kruif. Cast: *The Young Intern*, Myron McCormick; *Teachers*, Storrs Haynes and Will Geer; *The Head Doctor*, Dudley Digges; *Young Woman*, Dorothy Adams; *Grandmother*, Dorothy Urban; *Receptionist*, Effie Anderson, doctors and nurses from Chicago Maternity Center, Chicago Lying-In Hospital, Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, medical students and women of the city.

"GRAPES OF WRATH, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Based on the novel by John Steinbeck. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Tom Joad*, Henry Fonda; *Ma Joad*, Jane Darwell; *Casy*, John Carradine; *Grampa*, Charley Grapewin; *Rosasharn*, Dorris Bowdon; *Pa Joad*, Russell Simpson; *Al*, O. Z. Whitehead; *Muley*, John Qualen; *Connie*, Eddie Quillan; *Granma*, Jeffie Tilbury; *Noah*, Frank Sully; *Uncle John*, Frank Darien; *Winfield*, Darryl Hickman; *Ruth Joad*, Shirley Mills; *Thomas*, Roger Imhof; *Caretaker*, Grant Mitchell; *Wilkie*, Charles D. Brown; *Davis*, John Arledge; *Policeman*, Ward Bond; *Bert*, Harry Tyler; *Bill*, William Pawley; *Father*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Joe*, Charles Tannen; *Inspection Officer*, Selmar Jackson; *Leader*, Charles Middleton; *Proprietor*, Eddie Waller; *Floyd*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Frank*, David Hughes; *City Man*, Cliff Clark; *Bookkeeper*, Joseph Sawyer; *Tim*, Frank Faylen; *Agent*, Adrian Morris; *Muley's Son*, Hollis Jewell; *Spencer*, Robert Homans; *Driver*, Irving Bacon; *Mae*, Kitty McHugh.

"HE MARRIED HIS WIFE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Sam Hellman, Darrell Ware, Lynn Starling and John O'Hara. Original story by Erna Lazarus and Scott Darling. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: *T. H. Randall*, Joel McCrea; *Valerie*, Nancy Kelly; *Bill Carter*, Roland Young; *Ethel*, Mary Boland; *Freddie*, Cesar Romero; *Doris*, Mary Healy; *Paul Hunter*, Lyle Talbot; *Dicky Brown*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Huggins*, Barnett Parker; *Prisoner*, Harry Hayden; *Warden*, Charles Wilson; *Detective*, Charles D. Brown; *Mayor*, Spencer Charters; *Waiters*, Leyland Hodgson, William Edmunds.

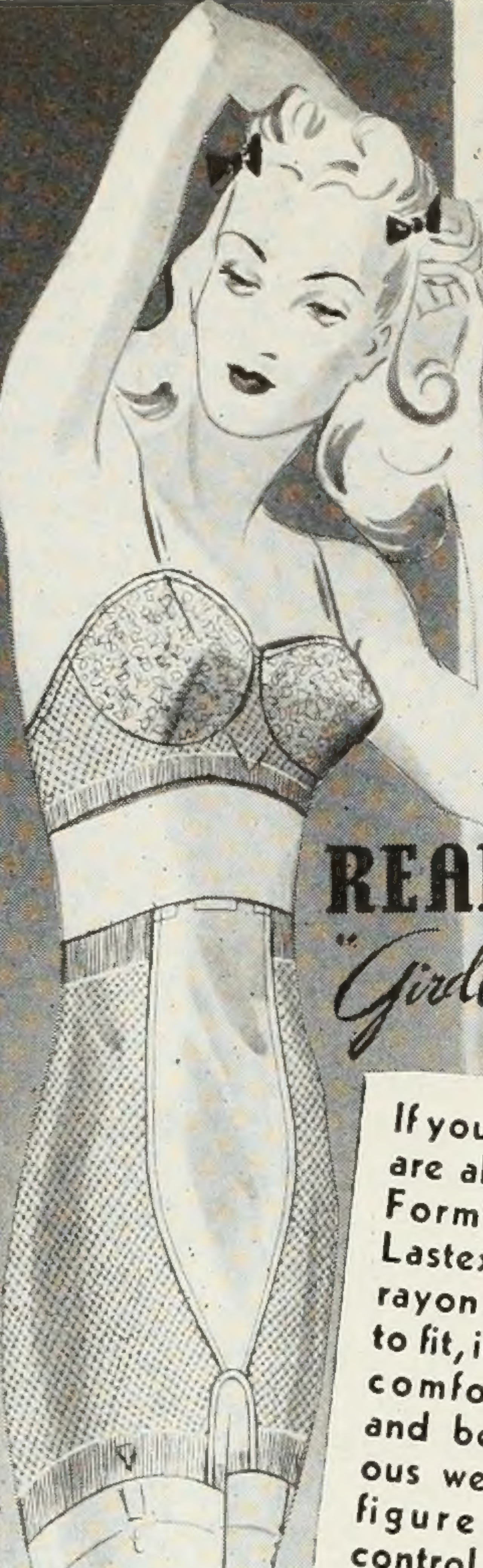
"HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola. From an original story by Myles Connolly. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Brenda Bentley*, Joan Bennett; *Steve Larwill*, George Raft; *Slant Kolma*, Lloyd Nolan; *Tim Nolan*, Walter Pidgeon; *Mary Bogales*, Gladys George; *Babe*, June Knight.

"INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Kurt Siodmak, Lester Cole and Cedric Belfrage. From the original story by Joe May, and Kurt Siodmak. Directed by Joe May. Cast: *Richard Cobb*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Geoffrey Radcliffe*, Vincent Price; *Helen Manson*, Nan Grey; *Dr. Frank Griffin*, John Sutton; *Inspector Sampson*, Cecil Kellaway; *Spears*, Alan Napier.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by James Kevin McGuinness. Original story by Charles MacArthur. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Karl Decker*, Spencer Tracy; *Georgi Gragore*, Hedy Lamarr; *Madame Marcesca*, Verree Teasdale; *Phil Mayberry*, Kent Taylor; *Linda Rodgers*, Laraine Day; *Sandra Mayberry*, Mona Barrie; *Joe*, Jack Carson; *Bill Rodgers*, Paul Cavanagh; *Dr. Duveen*, Louis Calhern; *Lola Estermont*, Frances Drake; *Gertie*, Marjorie Main; *Sid*, George E. Stone; *Sambo*, Willie Best; *Ted Fenton*, Don Castle; *Joe Barnes*, Dalies Frantz; *Bob Hampton*, Reed Hadley.

"LION HAS WINGS, THE"—ALEXANDER KORDA-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Ian Dalrymple. Directed by Michael Powell, Brian Desmond Hurst and Adrian Brunel. Commentator, E. V. H. Emmett (By courtesy of Gaumont British News). Cast: *Merle Oberon*, Ralph Richardson; *June Duprez*, Flora Robson; *Robert Douglas*, Anthony Bushell; *Derrick De Marney*, Austin Trevor; *Milton Rosmer*, John Longden; *Ian Fleming*.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harry Tugend. Story by John Balderston. Based upon a play by Rida Johnson Young. Directed by Henry King. Cast: *Pat O'Day*, Alice Faye; *Charles Browne*, Fred MacMurray; *Robert Fulton*, Richard Greene; *Harriet Livingston*, Brenda Joyce; *"Commodore"*, Andy Devine; *Robert R. Livingston*, Henry Stephenson; *Tavern Keeper*, Fritz Feld; *Regan*, Ward Bond;



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"LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Harry Segall and Albert Duffy. From the story by Dalton Trumbo. Based upon a work by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Michael Lanyard*, Warren William; *Delia Jordan*, Joan Perry; *Jamison*, Eric Blore; *Jim Ryder*, Alan Baxter; *Binnie Weldon*, Astrid Allwyn; *Emil Gorlick*, Montagu Love; *Ralph Bolton*, Robert W. Wilcox; *Conroy*, Don Beddoe; *Dickens*, Fred A. Kelsey; *Stanley Young*, Addison Richards; *Phillip Jordan*, Roy Gordon; *Alberts*, Harland Tucker; *Dorgan*, Peter Lynn.

"MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Laurence Stallings. Based on a book by MacKinlay Kantor. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: *Sergeant Barstow*, Wallace Beery; *Oliver Clark*, John Howard; *Jenny*, Dolores Del Rio; *Vestry*, Donald Meek; *Parson Summers*, Robert Barrat; *Provost Marshal*, Addison Richards; *Campbell*, Frederick Burton; *Union Soldier*, William Haade; *Mr. Carpenter*, John Wray.

"MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan, Lester Ziffren and Edward Ettinger. Based upon the play "The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and Robert M. Middlemass. Directed by David Burton. Cast: *Joe Monday*, Lloyd Nolan; *Alice Sletson*, Jean Rogers; *Steve Phillips*, Richard Clarke; *Frederick Keller*, Onslow Stevens; *Horace Parker*, Eric Blore; *Miss Norton*, Joan Valerie; *Mrs. Sletson*, Mae Marsh; *Attorney Cluett*, Paul Stanton; *Walker*, Douglas Wood; *Paul Gilli*, Irving Bacon; *Henri Picot*, Lester Scharf; *Foreman of the Jury*, Harlan Briggs; *Woman Juror*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Lilly Wigham*, Renie Riano.

"MUSIC IN MY HEART"—COLUMBIA.—Original story and screen play by James Edward Grant. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Robert Gregory*, Tony Martin; *Patricia O'Malley*, Rita Hayworth; *Mary*, Edith Fellows; *Charles Gardner*, Alan Mowbray; *Griggs*, Eric Blore; *Sascha*, George Tobias; *Mark G. Gilman*, Joseph Crehan; *Luigi*, George Humbert; *Miller*, Joey Ray; *Taxi Driver*, Don Brodie; *Leading Lady*, Julieta Novis; *Blake*, Eddie Kane; *Marshall*, Phil Tead; *Barrett*, Marten Lamont. Music by Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra.

"MY LITTLE CHICKADEE"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Mae West and W. C. Fields. Directed by Edward Cline. Cast: *Flower Belle Lee*, Mae West; *Cuthbert J. Twillie*, W. C. Fields; *Jeff Badger*, Joseph Calleia; *The Masked Bandit*, Joseph Calleia; *Wayne Carter*, Dick Foran; *Amos Budge*, Donald Meek; *Ermingarde Foster*, Anne Nagel; *Mrs. Gideon*, Margaret Hamilton; *Cousin Zeb*, Fuzzy Knight; *Aunt Lou*, Ruth Donnelly.

"OUTSIDER, THE"—ALLIANCE FILMS CORPORATION.—Screen play by Dudley Leslie. From the novel by Dorothy Brandon. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Cast: *Lalage Sturdee*, Mary Maguire; *Ragatzky*, George Sanders; *Wendy*, Barbara Blair; *Basil Owen*, Peter Murray Hill; *Joseph Sturdee*, Frederick Leister; *Sir Montague Tollemeche*, P. Kynaston Reeves; *Dr. Ladd*, Edmund Breon; *Sir Nathan Israel*, Ralph Truman; *Dr. Hellmore*, Walter Hudd; *Mrs. Coates*, Kathleen Harrison.

"PINOCCHIO"—RKO-RADIO.—A Walt Disney Production. Based on Collodi's Immortal Story. *Story Adaptations* by Ted Sears, Webb Smith, Joseph Sabo, Otto Englander, William Cottrell, Erdman Penner and Aurelius Battaglia. *Supervising Directors*, Ben Sharpsteen and Hamilton Luske. *Sequence Directors*, Bill Roberts, Jack Kinney, Morman Ferguson, Wilfred Jackson, T. Hee. *Animation Directors*, Fred Moore, Milton Kahl, Ward Kimball, Eric Larson, Franklin Thomas, Vladimir Tytla, Arthur Babbitt, Wollie Reitherman. *Music*, Leigh Harline, Ned Washington, Paul J. Smith.

"SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Ben Holmes. From the story by Leslie Charteris. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *The Saint*, George Sanders; *Anne*, Helene Whitney; *Fernack*, Jonathan Hale; *Partner*, Bela Lugosi; *Behlen*, Donald MacBride; *Limp*, John F. Hamilton; *Professor Bilts*, Thomas W. Ross; *Monk*, Elliott Sullivan.

"SOUTH OF THE BORDER"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Gerry Geraghty. Original story by Dorrell and Stuart McGowan. Directed by George Sherman. Cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Frog*, Smiley Burnette; *Lois*, June Storey; *Dolores*, Lupita Tovar; *Patsy*, Mary Lee; *Andreo*, Duncan Renaldo; *Don Diego*, Frank Reicher; *Saunders*, Alan Edwards; *Duenna*, Claire Du Brey; *Pablo*, Dick Botiller; *Consul*, Selmar Jackson; *Rosita*, Sheila Darcy; *Flint*, Rex Lease; *Parde*, William Farnum.

"SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Walter Ferris, Gene Towne and Graham Baker. From the novel by Johann David Wyss. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast: *William Robinson*, Thomas Mitchell; *Elizabeth Robinson*, Edna Best; *Jack Robinson*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Ernest Robinson*, Terry Kilburn; *Fritz Robinson*, Tim Holt; *Francis Robinson*, Baby Bobby Quillan; *Thoren*, Christian Rub; *Ramsay*, John Wray; *Captain*, Herbert Rawlinson.

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Fred Guiol, P. J. Wolfson and Rowland Leigh. From the novel by A. J. Cronin. Directed by George Stevens. Cast: *Anne Lee*, Carole Lombard; *Dr. Prescott*, Brian Aherne; *Lucy Lee*, Anne Shirley; *Mathew Bowley*, Julien Mitchell; *Dr. Caley*, Robert Coote; *Nora*, Brenda Forbes; *Glennie*, Rita Page; *Joe Shand*, Peter Cushing; *Matron East*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Bowley*, Doris Lloyd; *Sister Gilson*, Emily Fitzroy.

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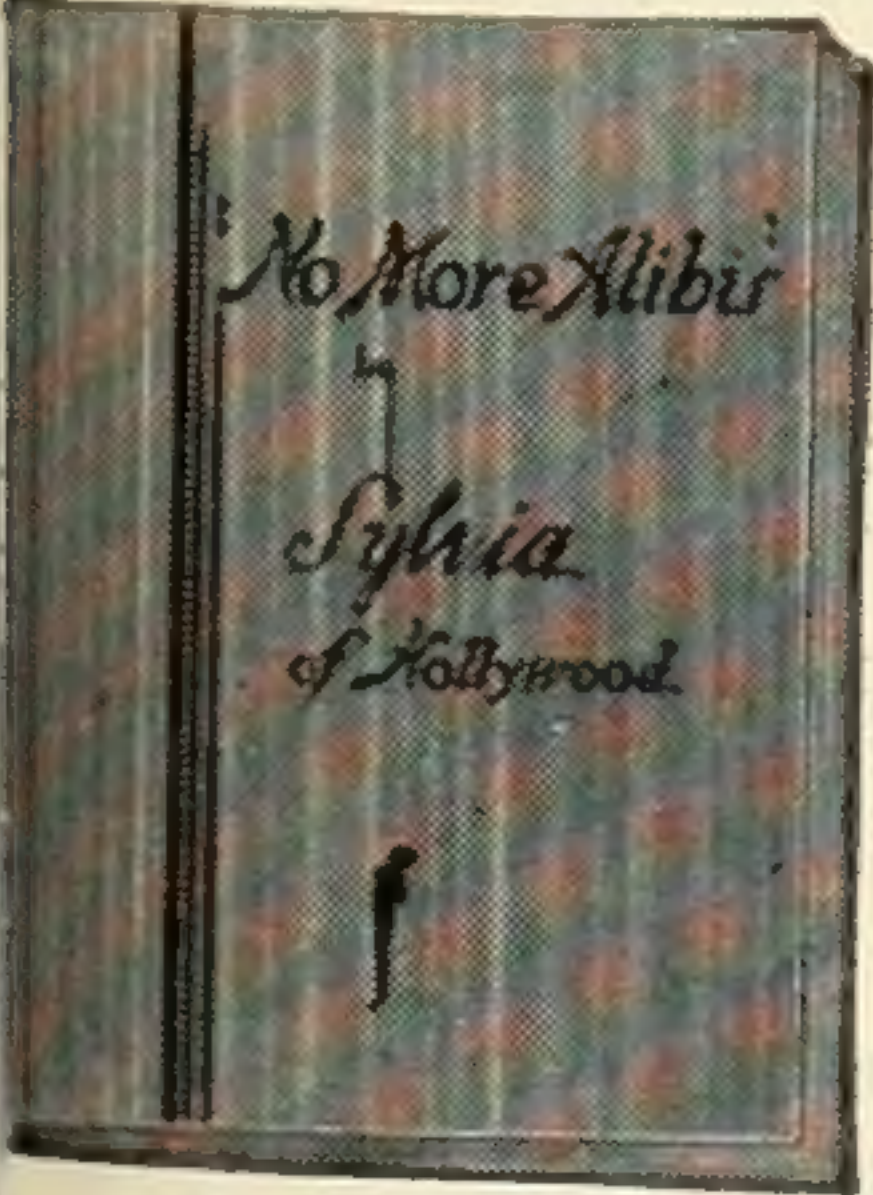


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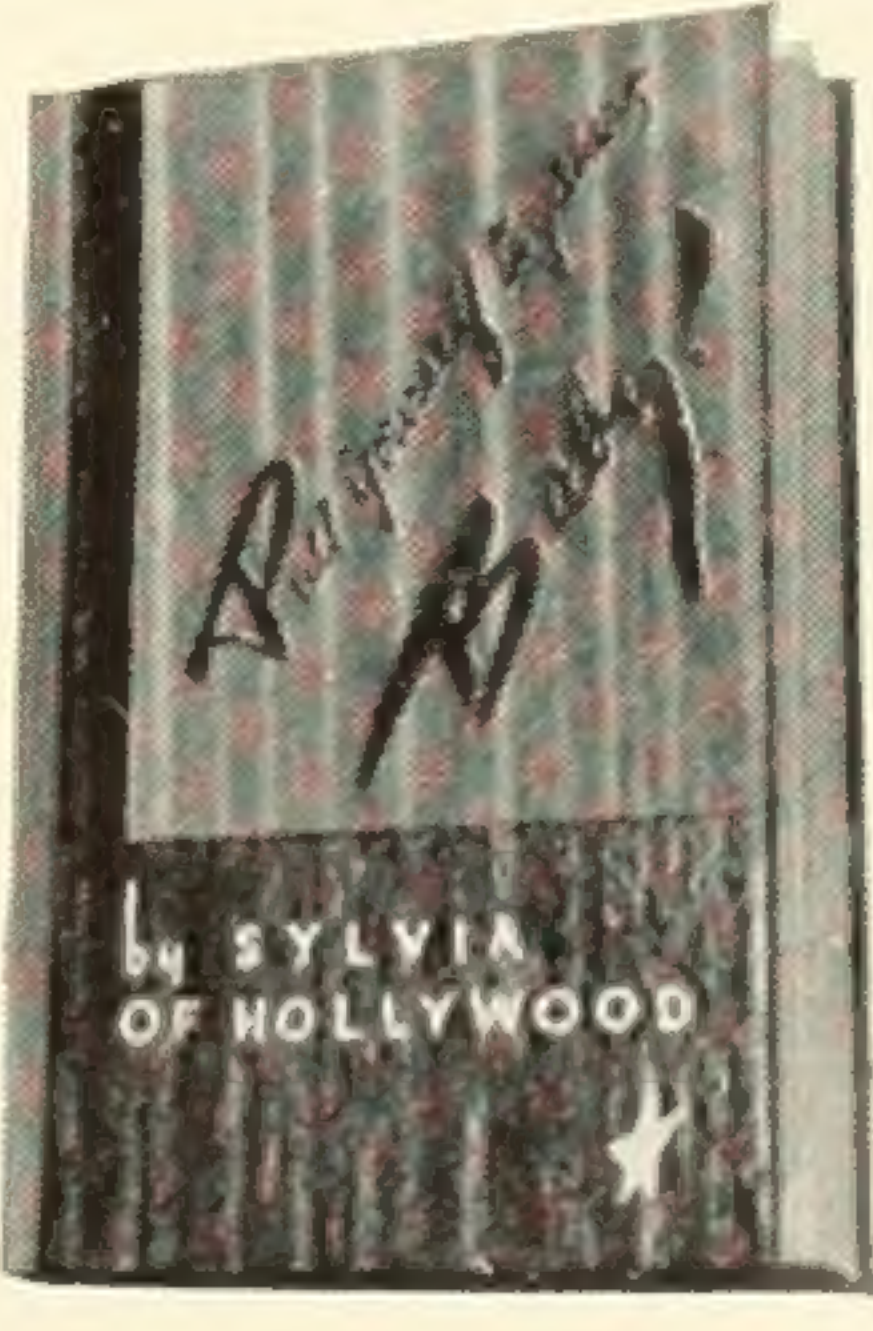


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